



THE



# LEISURE HOUR

AUGUST, 1885.

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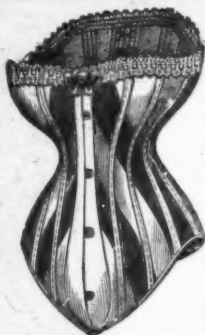


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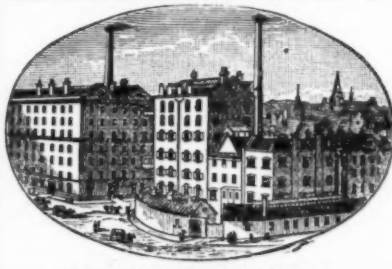
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## 'TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY.

BY TIGHE HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XV.—A PROBLEM IN HIGH MATHEMATICS.



DISCONSOLATE MARIAN.

IF only something would happen. But nothing ever happened. If the sun would leave off shining for one half-hour. But the sun never left off shining. If even the fruit supply could be interrupted for just two days, that one might try to forget the taste of rose apples and guavas. But ever Mrs. Warren appeared with fresh bunches of grapes, a foot long and eight pounds in weight; and ever when one came down to breakfast there were the girls just arrived from the mountains with strawberries newly gathered. If the fat wine merchant with his sled—but let him alone; he has sorrow enough with his sled.

Marian sat in the garden of the hotel, a pearl in the heart of a glowing bouquet, and looked as disconsolate as the Princess in the fairy-tale, who could not pull the sun out of the sky to play with.

It was the fretfulness of joy: there was really nothing worse the matter with her.

Life was too serene and golden in that enchanted island, where the sun is never too hot by day, nor

the air too cool by night; where the oranges may be picked from the trees and the grapes are as big as brazil nuts; where fifteen varieties of fish ("all tasting much like stewed blankets") are served up in the course of a week, and robust invalids eat whole melons after luncheon; where the sky and the sea are one unchanging blue; where geraniums grow twenty feet high, and fat and sober wine merchants whirl to their counting-houses in sleds, down perpendicular mountains, twenty, forty, and fifty miles an hour.

Marian sat in a low wicker chair, with a letter from home in her lap, which she had just finished reading. She plucked a rose and picked it to pieces, and was cross because there was not breeze enough to carry the petals away. She gathered a crowd of young lizards about her chair, and fed them with biscuit, until an old bloated fellow frightened her by dropping plump into her lap from the branches of an oak, and swallowing the largest piece at a gulp.

She drove away the lizards, and lay back in her



chair, and gazed up at the bare blue sky which never a cloudlet dimmed; then her eyes wandered over the vine-clad hills, and she counted as many villas as she could see up there, nestling white amid their fairy gardens of red and purple and gold. A gaudy butterfly went lazily sailing from rose bush to jessamine, from jessamine to hibiscus, lit for a moment on the edge of a lily, and floated over the high hedge of geranium. The light of a perfect sun streamed over this perfect garden, and scarcely a leaf was shaken in the warm and quivering air. But there was no hum of insects amongst the flowers, no trill of birds in the trees, almost the only sound that Marian heard was the droning "Ca ca ooa ca para mi boi—Come whoa, and come here to me, O oxen"—of the boys guiding the bullocks in the carros, as they climbed the steep and slippery streets.

"I would give three days' dinners and one dessert for a shower of rain that would wet me through," exclaimed Marian at length.

"When Gilbert comes, my dear child, he will take us up the mountains, and there you will have more rain than enough," answered Mrs. Warren, coming up behind her with a basket of nectarines.

"Is the Cape steamer expected?" asked Marian.

"The cook says she cannot arrive for several days yet."

"Does the cook know anything about it?"

"My dear! He is the only person who does know. I shall not believe the steamer is in sight until I see the cook coming upstairs to hang out the Union Jack."

"And is Mr. Reade coming by the next steamer?"

"If he doesn't, I have made up my mind not to receive him."

"You can scarcely receive him, dear Mrs. Warren, if he does not come."

"I mean when he does come, of course, dear."

"Will Mr. Reade amuse us, I wonder?"

"I shall insist upon his doing that," replied the gentleman's aunt.

"Though I don't think," she added, "there will be any need to insist. Gilbert is so good-natured. You did not see much of each other, I think, either on the steamer or during the few days he was with us?"

"He asked after my health every morning on the steamer," answered Marian, "but the stewardess was the only person I was really intimate with during the voyage."

"Yes, you poor child; you suffered a great deal. That Bay of—"

"Don't recall it to me, dear Mrs. Warren. It is more than sufficient to remember that I have to go through it again. And Mr. Reade was so provokingly well the whole time; positively enjoying it."

"Yes, dear, but he has travelled so much. He has been everywhere, and seen everything, and done everything."

"And made a fortune besides," said Marian.

"Oh, Gilbert could make a fortune every month in the year, I believe, if he chose to," replied Mrs.

Warren. "But he says he is so tired of making money. He would never have taken the trouble to become one of the richest diamond merchants if it had not been for the excitement. He said it was such splendid work outdoing all the others at the diggings."

"I am afraid he is of a combative turn," observed Marian.

"No," said Mrs. Warren, "I don't think he is combative, as you call it, but he does not like to be beaten. At least that is what he used to say in the old days when he set out to make his fortune; but I don't think he cares at all about it now. As for money, I think he became rich too quickly to set much value on it. He leaves his business now very much in the hands of his partner, and has in fact ceased to care about getting fresh riches at an age when most men are beginning to hunger for them. Let me see, how old is Gilbert now? Thirty—thirty-one—thirty-two—thirty-three:—he must be just thirty-four. He has spent the last two or three years in travel, and is probably getting tired of it; indeed I don't think he would have gone to the Cape just now if I hadn't wanted him to bring us here. I hope you and he will get on pleasantly, dear."

"We only had two conversations before he left for the Cape," said Marian, "and nearly quarrelled in one, and quarrelled in the other."

"You surprise me, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Warren; "I never knew Gilbert quarrel with any one. I don't recollect your telling me of this."

"I had forgotten it long ago. I should not have remembered it now but for your reference to the cook."

"The cook, Marian!"

"Well, the cook and the steamer. I mean that I should not have thought of it if you had not begun to speak of Mr. Reade's return."

"And what was it all about, dear? I am shocked to think you and Gilbert should have quarrelled so soon."

"Oh, it was nothing serious. We differed on a question of mathematics, that was all. Mr. Reade suggested that I had been wasting my time, and of course I did not like that. Dear me! is not Madeira a dull place?"

"You foolish, contrary child," said Mrs. Warren. "Only a week ago you thought it the dearest place in the world."

"A week is a long while—in Madeira."

"There, run away and write your letter home; that will put you in a good-humour. It will be lunch-time when you have finished, and after lunch we will go and do some shopping."

"But there is nothing new to buy. We have got mats and embroidery and baskets and inlaid work enough to stock a villa."

"A villa!" exclaimed Mrs. Warren. "Happy thought! We will try a change of scene. We will leave the hotel and take a quinta a little way up in the hills. How would you like that?"

"It would be delightful," rather languidly.

"Very well; that is what we will do. After lunch we will go and look for one. Now run away and write your letter. I'm going to the reading-room to look at the papers."

And Mrs. Warren moved out of the shade of the oak, and put up her umbrella, and marched away to the reading-room.

Marian got up from her chair and went slowly towards the house to fetch her writing materials.

But she found on looking into her case that she had exhausted her stock of foreign note-paper. Here was a new grievance, which our fretful patient made the most of. But presently she remembered that she had put away a reserve store in one of her boxes, and unlocking it, she fetched out a small bundle of papers—college memoranda, scraps of exercises, and the like, with a few sheets of note-paper scattered amongst them.

Rummaging in these she shook out a half-sheet of exercise-paper, covered with figures and symbols, the neatest imaginable. She picked up the paper and looked at it carelessly, and then with closer and more curious interest when she saw what it was.

It was the problem in high mathematics over which she had broken down. It was worked out with the neatness of embroidery, with the exception of the last two or three figures, in writing which the pen had suddenly begun to falter.

Marian very well remembered writing those last figures and the feeling of darkness which came over her all in a moment; then the getting up from her chair, the sensation that everything in the room was breaking up, and the floor giving way under her feet; and after that she could recall nothing.

Very singular feelings crowded in upon her as she looked at that almost forgotten relic of the winter. She shuddered, for the memories it awoke were painful. But she had no long time to spend in this fashion, for it was mail-day, and she had her letter to write. She put away the problem, and sat down at her desk to write to the lieutenant. She wrote three or four sentences, then her pen stopped, the brain no longer guiding it; she could not get the problem out of her mind.

She finished her letter hastily, promising a long and important one by the next mail; then took the problem out again and set it in front of her.

An irresistible curiosity impelled her to try and work it out. She began on it at once; it was a task not more difficult than many similar ones she had accomplished with ease in her early days at Cambridge.

But she had now hardly braced her mind for the effort when she realised that she knew no more of high mathematics than an infant. She might as well have set herself to climb Pico Ruivo or a foot as to work out that problem.

She did not give it up, though, until she had completely tired herself, the result being a headache and worse depression. But she hid the effects of these from Mrs. Warren, and exerted herself to appear more cheerful, for she meant to go to work again in secret, and Mrs. Warren must suspect nothing.

For several days she tormented herself with that miserable problem in high mathematics, to no purpose except the destruction of her peace of

mind, and the bringing on afresh of the old symptoms of mental prostration.

Now this alarmed as well as mortified her. She had seemed to be making advances, both physical and mental, during the past few weeks, not only steadily, but rapidly: yet here at the very first trial of her strength she had broken down as hopelessly as ever.

Then the thought of the future rose up before her, and she asked herself what would happen if she were to continue thus helplessly and hopelessly incapacitated.

All her past efforts had gone for nothing; everything must be begun again; and at present it did not appear as though she would ever have strength to begin.

How long was she to loiter in this fool's paradise?—for Madeira was nothing better if it could not give her back the health she had come to recover. Ought she not to make haste to return, that further needless expense might be spared, and cast about for some commoner and humbler method of supporting herself than the scheme she had set her heart on?

Her ambition was to take a high place in the sphere of education; to be a leader in a woman's college or mistress of a great school; and her career at college, so far as it had run, had given her reason to hope for success in such a province. But hope seemed vain in the midst of weakness like this.

The end of it all was that Mrs. Warren found her in tears one morning, with the *fons et origo mali* beside her.

"Heyday! What's the matter, child? Have you eaten a bad peach?" exclaimed the practical chaperone.

Then she picked up the paper containing that unlucky problem, and looked more puzzled than ever. Mrs. Warren's first thought was that this was a love-letter of an unpleasant nature written in cypher.

"Don't cry over it, dear," she went on. "I dare say if you could read it rightly you would find it a very pleasant letter; though why he should have taken the trouble to make you miserable with a scrawl of hieroglyphs like this I don't know."

"It—it isn't a letter, Mrs. Warren," said Marian, with a rather woeful smile, as she dried her eyes.

"Then what in the world is it, dear? I never saw an uglier-looking bit of paper in my life."

"It is a—a problem in mathematics."

"A WHAT, my love?"

"A problem in mathematics, Mrs. Warren."

"And do you mean to tell me that I have found you in a fit of tears over a problem in mathematics?"

"But I could not do it, Mrs. Warren."

"I should think you couldn't, indeed. I should be ashamed of you if you could."

And Mrs. Warren proceeded then and there to explode in this fashion. "Pooh, my dear! Pooh! I repeat, poo-ooh! It is the most ridiculous thing I ever heard in my life. All the mathematics that are, or ever were, are not worth

two tears, let alone a flood. "I have cried over rule-of-three myself, to be sure, but that was fifty years ago, when I didn't know any better. But mathematics at your age, and in a climate like this, and crying over them! Pooh! Mathematics indeed! with geraniums twenty feet high, and pineapples as cheap as potatoes, and two fine hammock-bearers ready to carry you all over the island, for love almost! Tear the thing up, and throw it to the lizards."

"But, Mrs. Warren," pleaded Marian, still rather tearfully, "you do not understand. All my future depends on these things. I could do this problem once, and then my future was assured to me. I knew that I should not be any longer a burden to Uncle Lemuel, and that I could do something for him in return for all that he has done for me. And now I can't do problems any more, and—and—oh! I don't know what will become of me."

Marian finished this amid a fresh flood of tears, and sobbed so violently for a moment or two that she woke a lizard dozing a few yards off, who came up blinking to know what was the matter.

Mrs. Warren perceived that the trouble was more real than she had imagined, and hesitated a moment before she replied. But she was a sensible old lady, and saw at once that, whether or no the issues depending on the solution of the mathematical problem were as grave as Marian described them, there were immediate issues of a much graver sort likely to result from this accession of nervous excitement in the present delicate state of her young charge's health.

This ebullition was evidently the outcome of much pent-up anxiety and suffering, for which, on the whole, it was well that a vent had been found at last.

"You know, my dear," said Mrs. Warren, stroking the soft brown hair of the girl, "I ought to begin by lecturing you severely for doing what the doctor has expressly forbidden you to do. But we will come to the lecture by-and-by. By-and-by, too, we will talk about the future, and what may be dependent on your being able to do this extraordinary thing in mathematics. But for the present, you see, our only business is to have you well again, and that will never be accomplished in this way. Here you have been worrying yourself into a brain fever almost over the very work which your uncle told me brought on your illness at Cambridge. Did not the doctor strictly forbid books or work of any kind? You have made yourself believe, now, that you are ever so much worse than you really are. If you had waited a few weeks I dare say you would have been quite well able to do this atrocious thing in mathematics—at least, if it is possible for any one to do it. You have been acting very wrongly, my dear child, and I take great blame on myself for not having kept a better watch over you."

Marian took this reproof very meekly, and, indeed, felt rather better for it. It gave her some hope that her incapacity to work out problems in mathematics might not prove so hopeless or enduring as she had tormented herself into believing.

She pleaded that she did not think she had been doing such great harm, and added that Mrs. Warren really did not know how necessary it was that she should get well as quickly as possible, and be able to return home and begin to work for herself.

Now this was a point Mrs. Warren had been anxious to approach, but delicacy of feeling had kept her from it.

"I should like to say something to you about that, dear," she began, "if I may do so without offending you."

Then she went on to suggest, as tenderly and diffidently as possible, that if monetary considerations were a cause of anxiety to Marian, it would be a sincere and lasting pleasure to her to be allowed to remove that cause. "I am an old woman, and childless, and have more money than I know what to do with," she added at the close.

Now, of course, Marian could not be persuaded to listen to any proposition of this sort, but it warmed her heart a thousandfold towards the author. Kindled in this fashion, she grew communicative, and told all about herself and her life—a great deal more than she had ever told before. This led to confidences on Mrs. Warren's part, and in a little while they knew all about each other. Mrs. Warren had her own story—a story of early and passionate love, ill-requited after marriage; the sudden and somewhat tragic death of the husband who had neglected her; and a widowhood of forty years, lived for the most part in solitude.

In that intimate talk the bond between them strengthened, and friendship merged in affection. "And now, dear," said Mrs. Warren, presently, when Marian was in the sun again, "I am going to talk to you like an old worldly woman—"

"No; for then you will not be talking in your true character," interrupted Marian.

"Oh, yes, I shall; you don't know how worldly I can be when I choose. Well, then, it seems to me, Marian dear, that you are not at all the sort of girl who need trouble her head about mathematics—I really can scarcely say the word with patience—as a means to an end in life. Mathematics is not the vocation for a girl like you."

"Well, provide me with another, please, Mrs. Warren."

"Marriage, my dear; marriage!"

"Mathematics *versus* marriage? I think I prefer mathematics, Mrs. Warren."

"Really, my dear," said Mrs. Warren, with some degree of asperity, "one would think it was a question between figs and dates! You can't make up your mind in that off-hand way between marriage and mathematics."

"Yes; because I don't feel the slightest hesitation. Between figs and dates I might waver, for I am fond of both. Now I am fond of mathematics, but I have not the smallest inclination towards marriage. I am not 'dispos'd of it,' as Nita might say. Mathematics, if I can but get well, will provide me a living at once—and a good one, for I mean to be tremendously clever at them. Marriage might or might not provide me a living, and in any case no one has proposed to marry me,



and I might pine for years without the ghost of an offer. So, you see, there really is a good deal to justify my choice."

"My own opinion is," said Mrs. Warren, with a show of being sternly emphatic, "that young ladies nowadays are allowed far too much freedom, both of choice and action. Now if it were a hundred years ago—and I really often wish it were—I should prevail on Lieutenant Dean to let me make you my adopted daughter; and then I should at once go about to find you a suitable husband, and marry and settle you comfortably in the course of six weeks."

"I have no doubt you would do all for the best, dear Mrs. Warren," replied Marian, in a submissive tone, having no need to fear such a summary and peremptory disposal of herself and her future.

"And I don't think, my dear child," resumed the old lady—"I don't think I should have very far to seek."

"Eh? Oh! What do you mean, Mrs. Warren?" laughed Marian.

"Well, there is your cousin, a most proper young man, if eligible in other respects."

"Cousin? What cousin, Mrs. Warren?"

"Young Mr. Lee, of course, dear. I took a great fancy to him."

"But he is not my cousin."

"Oh-h-h!"

"We are not related at all."

"Oh-h-h-h!"

"What made you think we were cousins, Mrs. Warren?"

"Well, dear, you seemed so cousinly."

Marian laughed, but made no further reply.

"And I always fancied, dear," continued Mrs. Warren, "that there was a tie of some sort between you: indeed I thought rather a close tie."

"What kind of tie, Mrs. Warren?"

"Well, dear, forgive me, but I had an idea that you were engaged to one another."

"Engaged! Oh, no, Mrs. Warren," with the merest suspicion of a blush. "There has never been anything of that sort between us. Why, Arnold and I have known each other since we were children."

"That may be, dear; but he is not a child now."

"No," said Marian, "but then—"

"Depend upon it, my dear, he has a very strong regard for you."

"We are both fond of each other, I think," answered Marian, unhesitatingly. "Arnold is nicer than almost any one I know. I think I ought to write him a letter."

"Have you not written to him since leaving England?" asked Mrs. Warren.

"No, we scarcely ever write to each other now. But it is just the same as if we did; because he writes to Uncle Lemuel, who sends me his letters; and I write to Uncle Lemuel, who sends him my letters."

"So you and he are just friends, my dear?"

"Y-yes, Mrs. Warren: but," she added, after a moment's pause, "the best of friends."

Mrs. Warren said no more on the subject.

She sent Marian upstairs to rest, but not until she had extracted a promise from her to let problems in high mathematics alone for some time to come.

That evening the cook approached Mrs. Warren, and lifting his finger, whispered in her ear, "Mees Varren, miladi. Lissen of w'at I say. Ze Kep Stimmair! He vill come at Madeira to-morrow."

#### CHAPTER XVI.—THE CAPE STEAMER.

THE cook was a prophet who never lied. The Cape steamer anchored in the Funchal Roads the next morning.

All the visitors at the hotel who were to leave by it for England were desperately excited. For a week past they had been ready packed, and had not slept a wink, lest the steamer should come like a thief in the night, and go off before day-break, without taking them on board.

Some of them had lost weight through fright lest there should be no room in the vessel; for when life stagnates at the hotel it is necessary to promote a *canard* or two respecting the Cape steamer; and a favourite one is that all the berths have been taken at the Cape a month ago.

At breakfast-time, however, there was the Balmoral Castle safely anchored in the roads, waiting for the Portuguese "healthy" officer to go on board and inspect the bill of health.

"I told you the cook would be right, dear," said Mrs. Warren, who was all ready to start for the beach when Marian came downstairs.

"But have you breakfasted?" was Marian's reply.

"An hour ago," said Mrs. Warren. "Now, here comes your coffee. You must make haste; your hammock is waiting outside."

"Don't you think Mr. Reade would rather you were there alone to receive him?"

"My dear child!"

"It is two whole months since you parted, remember. You had better meet him alone, and leave me to finish my breakfast. I will be ready for you in the garden when you have got over the worst of it?"

"You are the most provokingly ridiculous child in Madeira!" said Mrs. Warren. "Eat your breakfast quickly and come with me. It would be most unkind to Gilbert if you stayed behind. Why, he may have been dreadfully sea-sick, poor fellow!"

"In that case I am *sure* he would not wish me to be present at his landing. But you said he was never sea-sick, Mrs. Warren."

"Well, then, he is home-sick, or something. Now don't tease, but make haste with your breakfast and let us be off."

They got off in due time, and took their way through the steep streets, Marian swinging in her hammock, Mrs. Warren marching like a grenadier beside her.

The lazy little town always looked its best in the fresh morning sun, now pouring its white light on roof and balcony, kindling the dark pines

on the mountain sides, and gilding the smooth wide waters of the sea.

The people were all abroad in the streets; they had to move aside for carros, with the bullock-boys droning their "Ca ca ooa ca para mi boi!" They met prim little soldiers, like toy-men, jingling their spurs impressively; the fat friar of St. Francis on his round to collect provisions, which he pays for with his blessing; peasant women in their eternal red and blue capes and necklaces; and the men in their white Turkish trousers; olive-skinned urchins flying light in the matter of clothing, and much in want of a Board School.

And the dreamy pleasure of the soft, seductive air, sweet as the air of the Hesperides, which steals into the senses and lulls, but not oppresses; and the smell of flowers, and the glow of them, and their never-ending wealth, spreading along the walls and twining about the roots of trees, and creeping up the sides of houses, and over the hanging balconies.

"Get on with you, my men," said Mrs. Warren to the hammock-bearers—who, however, are the only active people in the island. "Don't be afraid of leaving me behind, I can go quite as fast as you."

And the men grinned and pulled the tails of their foolish little caps, and set off at a pace which taxed the sinews as well as the dignity of Mrs. Warren.

"It would never do for us not to be there when he lands, would it?" she said to Marian.

"If he has been sea-sick perhaps he would rather land unobserved," replied the young lady.

"But he has *not* been sea-sick, dear. How can you say such a thing? You know quite well that he is *never* sea-sick."

"Then we will get on as fast as you like, Mrs. Warren."

The beach was crowded, and very lively the beach was when passengers were to be landed from a steamer.

The quay is flanked at one end by the yellow house of the governor—the functionary with whom Mrs. Warren corresponded on sanitary subjects—from which a noble avenue of planes and sycamores leads up into the town; and at the other end by the shady Praça, and that old red fort peaked with pepper-box turrets, which one good push would send into the sea.

The beach and the bay were thronged with boats, green, red, yellow, and black, with a streak of white or orange at the top, and the keel rising as high as a man's head above the gunwale. In the offing you have the fine violet outlines of the Desertas.

The surf roars ceaselessly, but the roaring of the surf is nothing to the screaming of the boatmen and the drivers of the ox-teams. They scream against each other, and when it comes to screaming there is not a cent to choose between them.

The "healthy" officer had paid his visit to the steamer, inspected the bill of health and found it clean, and was returning to the shore in his gig.

Then the passengers began to scramble for the boats which swarmed around the vessel.

"Can you see him?" asked Mrs. Warren.

"No, I don't think I can; can you?"

"Is not that he?"

"Do you mean the man out there on the bowsprit?"

"No, dear, no; what should he be doing on the bowsprit? I mean the tall man leaning over the side. Oh, no; that's one of the sailors. Dear me! I hope he is there somewhere. Suppose he should not have come after all?"

"Perhaps they have forgotten to wake him, and he is still in his berth, and will be carried on to England!" said Marian.

"My dear, how can you! Oh, he is coming! Look, he is in the first boat! That is his back, I am sure; I should know Gilbert's back anywhere."

Certainly it was a very fine back—a strong one and a straight one—and the head superbly set upon the shoulders. By-and-by he turned round to look at the shore, and then there was no doubt that it was Gilbert.

He saw the ladies, and lifted his hat, and a pleased smile spread itself slowly over his handsome quiet features.

The boat grounded on the beach, and the ox-team dragged it over the pebbles to the landing-place. Gilbert made his way at once to Mrs. Warren and Marian, and his aunt held out both her hands and kissed him heartily.

"You dear boy, how glad I am to see you! and you look so big and brown and handsome, and I was afraid that you were not coming after all."

"I could hardly get to shore before the boat, Aunt Susan."

"No, dear, of course not; but I couldn't even see you, and Marian said that perhaps you were still asleep in your berth."

"Did Miss Dean say that?" asked Gilbert, turning with twinkling eyes to Marian. "Come, now, I will be bold to say that I was up and dressed two hours before Miss Dean was awake."

"It is very probable," answered Marian, "for I had scarcely finished my breakfast when Mrs. Warren brought me down here."

"Aunt Susan," said Gilbert, "you ought not to have interrupted Miss Dean at her breakfast. Let us make haste back, that she may finish it."

"Mrs. Warren," said Marian, as Gilbert turned to give instructions about his luggage, "do not forget to remind me, if you please, that I owe Mr. Reade a grudge."

A few minutes later they were all returning to the hotel, Mrs. Warren with her hand on her nephew's arm, and Gilbert walking beside Marian's hammock.

"And now that we have got you," said Mrs. Warren, "how long do you mean to stay with us? But I shall settle that myself. I don't intend to let you sail away to one of the Poles next week, or the week after, you may be sure."

"No," replied Gilbert, "I shall do no more sailing. This is to be my last voyage. I made up my mind three days ago that I had played the Wandering Jew long enough. I am tired of it,

and mean to vegetate at home for the rest of my days."

"I am very glad to hear it," said his aunt.

"Life has wearied you, Mr. Reade?" said Marian, in a lazy tone.

"On the contrary," he answered, quickly, and looking straight into her eyes as he spoke, "I am only just beginning to enjoy it."

#### CHAPTER XVII.—NOSSA SENHORA DO MONTE.

LATE in the evening, when all the house was a-bed, Gilbert strolled in the scented garden of the hotel, enjoying the air and a cigar. It was a mere freak that had brought him back to Madeira, but gentlemen in the position of Mr. Gilbert Reade can afford to indulge themselves in this fashion.

The common phrase—a man of the world—describes him better than some to whom it is applied. There were few countries of the world that he had not visited, and in most he had sojourned long enough to gain something more than a superficial notion of them and their peoples. In all his travels he had been the student not less than the man of business, and could chat to you in familiar style about any far-off interest in almost any quarter of the globe. He could furnish you with introductions in almost every capital of note. There was no sport of which he could not discourse with its votaries; no pleasure of New York, Vienna, or Constantinople which he had not seen—but as an outsider only.

He had never had a romance in his life; his temperament was not one that moved him to seek excitement in that form. "Adventures are to the adventurous." Romances are to the romantic.

A quiet man, keen, self-respecting, and endowed with a kind of genius for finding out the nature of things; yet there was no description of society, good, bad, or indifferent, in which he was not at home. This was the philosophy which made him such a hero to his aunt. All men pride themselves on their superior knowledge as compared with the other sex—though it is a species of pride which is becoming every day more liable to falls—but this was a man who did know.

Thrown very early on his own resources, he had amassed a fortune in the diamond fields with a rapidity which was owing in part to good fortune, but chiefly to his own extraordinary energy, fine judgment, and never-failing clearness and coolness of head. By the time the excitement, the love of the fierce adventurous life in those rough wild regions, had worn themselves out, he found himself a rich man, who might have sat down in idleness for the remainder of his days. But he had cast his bread on other waters from time to time, when the mood took him, and he saw his opportunity; and it had always returned to him an hundredfold. Latterly he had left the chief control of his affairs in the hands of a partner, and had been a globe-trotter for amusement and instruction. What he was in business, that he was also in his social existence. He could be good company without an effort, and he never

appeared to exert himself in any situation. His genius and resource did not fail him in emergencies, whatever they might be.

Gilbert finished his cigar and went to bed, having been chiefly occupied during his stroll in asking himself what in the world had brought him to Madeira again.

The aspect of life changed for Mrs. Warren and Marian under the influence of this good-humoured man of the world. He knew the island from end to end; what were the things to be seen and done, and the best and most agreeable modes of getting to all the places which no one can save his credit without visiting. He was always planning expeditions against the time when Marian should be ready for amusement on a serious scale.

This time drew nearer every day; for Marian, now that she had resolutely put problems in high mathematics behind her, quickly got back the strength and serenity she had lost during those foolish days; and the doctor said that if she continued to mend at this pace he would give her leave to discard her hammock for a saddle in a week or two. So Gilbert was always on the lookout for a proper lady's horse.

Then there was the villa to choose. Mrs. Warren had told her nephew on the morning after his arrival that it was her intention to take a quinta in the hills for Marian and herself. Gilbert had acquiesced—acquiescence was a habit of his—and promised his assistance. But he did not approve of the quinta.

At the hotel they were all together; his room was near theirs: they were under one roof. This was pleasant and convenient. Now if the ladies took their departure up the hills, and settled in a quinta (did I say that a villa was a quinta?) of their own, Gilbert could not very well accompany them. They would thus be separated by a distance of at least a mile, and a perpendicular mile. This would be unpleasant and inconvenient. Gilbert therefore openly acquiesced in the scheme, but secretly resolved that it must not be fulfilled.

"I think I know every suitable quinta in the place," said Gilbert. "I'm glad you have not yet made your choice."

"Thank you, dear," replied his aunt. "I knew you would be able to advise us."

So they climbed the hills, and prospected, in this direction and in that, but never a desirable villa could be found. Gilbert, in his capacity of guide and counsellor, was satisfied with none of them.

This one was pretty enough, but not worth the money. That one, though admirable in every other respect, was not sufficiently accessible. A third was badly built, and another was too far from the town.

"Mr. Reade is very hard to please," observed Marian.

"You see, dear, he knows exactly what we want," replied Mrs. Warren.

They spent two days perambulating the hills, and did not discover Gilbert's ideal quinta.

"Have you thought about the mosquitos?" asked Gilbert, in a casual tone, when they were setting out on the third day's search.



"We think a great deal about them at night," said Marian.

"They are terrible in the hotel," said Mrs. Warren.

"They are worse in the hills," said Gilbert.

"If I thought that," observed Mrs. Warren, "I should be almost inclined to give up the quinta. What do you say, Marian?"

"The mosquitos are not to be trifled with," replied Marian.

"It is impossible to trifle with them in the hills," said Gilbert.

"Do you know, dear, I almost believe we should act more prudently in staying at the hotel," said Mrs. Warren.

"And the getting up and down," said Gilbert; "have you thought about that?"

"Oh, that would be nothing at all," remarked Marian.

"I could not allow you to risk your life in a sled, dear," said Mrs. Warren, emphatically.

"We could use ponies," said Marian.

"You would have a man hanging on to the tail the whole way down," said Gilbert.

"I should not mind that, if the pony did not," answered Marian.

"But the man screams the whole time that he is hanging on to the tail," said Gilbert.

"He shall not scream," said Marian.

"He must scream," said Gilbert. "He is paid to scream."

"My dear," said Mrs. Warren, "Gilbert is right. We will not take a quinta. We shall do much better where we are."

So the villa was abandoned, and the man who knew his mind had his way. Mrs. Warren decided to remain in the hotel as long as they stayed in Madeira.

Marian had as yet done almost no sight-seeing whatever, and one evening while they were sitting in the verandah Gilbert said,

"You have not even seen the Mount Church, Miss Dean."

"I am quite ready to see it," she replied.

"Then we will go up there to-morrow," said Gilbert. "It is not worth the name of an excursion, but you really ought not to go anywhere else until you have been there."

"We will go up after breakfast," said Mrs. Warren. "I will have the hammocks round in good time, for I suppose if we are really to begin sight-seeing I shall have to take to one myself."

"I am afraid there is no help for it, Aunt Susan," answered Gilbert; "and I am certain you enjoyed your hammock yesterday."

"No, I didn't enjoy it a bit; it is the laziest way of travelling I know. But I am a very good self-sacrificing woman, and I mean to appear as though I liked it very much."

"As virtue is its own reward we will not applaud your resolution, Aunt Susan," said Gilbert.

"You shall have as much applause as you like from me, Mrs. Warren," said Marian.

"And will you applaud me, Miss Dean, if I also consign myself to a hammock?"

"That would be a very different matter," answered Marian. "But I hope you will do no such thing."

"I will go any fashion you please, Miss Dean."

"The peasants when they are very devout climb to the church on their hands and knees," said she.

"Well," answered Gilbert, "you shall make choice for me between gallantry and respect for my own church."

"Perhaps on the whole you had better ride on a quiet horse," said Marian.

Early the next morning they started on this miniature expedition, which was quite an event for Marian, who looked so charming as she came out of the hotel, in a soft loose dress and wrapper and wide straw hat with some newly-gathered flowers as its only ornament, that her hammock-bearers blessed her on the spot. They were two handsome young fellows, lithe as leopards, and in their white trousers and shirts open at the throat made a very respectable escort for the comely English girl.

As for the hammocks, they did not in any way merit the censure of Mrs. Warren, for there is no pleasanter method of travel in existence. Just a trifle too luxurious, perhaps, or would be anywhere out of Madeira. Mrs. Warren had already begun to alter her opinion of these conveyances, but she would not allow it, and got in and out of her hammock two or three times before she could be persuaded to settle.

"There," said Gilbert, when she had at last allowed the bearers to lift her on their shoulders. "You look charming, Aunt Susan, and more entirely comfortable than I ever saw you before. By-and-by, when you have grown audacious, you will be as eager as Miss Dean for a sled."

Mrs. Warren merely closed her eyes and shuddered, and blindly motioned the men to go on.

The air blew soft and cool from the sea, carrying on its wings the scent of a hundred flowers. They grew with the rank luxuriance of weeds wherever the slenderest hold could be found—hoya, stephanotis, jessamine, scarlet hibiscus, allamandas with their great yellow trumpets orchids, and those wondrous roses with pale-coloured petals closing round a blood-red heart.

Up slowly through the steep and winding streets, and then out of the town, and higher and always higher amongst the wooded hills, a paradise of ferns and mosses and rushing waters.

Marian had some new exclamations of delight for every turn in the ascent; each fresh view they had of the bay beneath and the still or moving scenes around, above, and beyond them was lovelier than the last.

"Oh that I should ever have abused Madeira!" exclaimed Marian. "What penance can I do for my sin?"

"The peasants, when they are very devout," answered Gilbert, "climb to the church on their hands and knees."

"That is their affair," replied Marian.

"I am told it has a very chastening effect if one wants a first-rate penance."

"No doubt. I felt sure you knew the nature of

the penance, Mr. Reade, when you declined my suggestion."

"I shall forbid you two to talk to each other," said Mrs. Warren, "if you cannot do so without sparring. Pray behave yourselves, for I want to be able to give the whole of my attention to these hammock-men. Gilbert, you have brought weapons with you, I hope?"

"How stupid of me!" exclaimed Gilbert. "To think I should have left my double-barrelled gun, my revolver, and my bowie-knife at the hotel."

"I am sure you ought to have a defensive arm of some sort, Gilbert. Look at my front bearer; he is continually feeling in his pocket. Could you not spring on him gently from behind and search him? I feel sure he is getting his knife in readiness."

"I think he is only counting his money," said Marian.

"Miss Dean is right, as she always is," rejoined Gilbert. "Your front bearer, Aunt Susan, has honesty written on every line of his face. I know him well. He has a wife and nine children; the confessor christened the youngest yesterday with ten names, including his own and those of the king, the governor, and the patron saint."

"I wish he would keep his hand out of his pocket," said Mrs. Warren.

The dry weather had preserved the road in excellent condition, and in due time the stout bearers, none the worse for their climb, set our friends down at the church. Marian was out of her hammock in a twinkling; eager, animated, delighted; could not say enough in praise of anything; let Gilbert lead her here and there, from point to point; Mrs. Warren following, with an eye ever on the father of nine children, whom she suspected none the less that he had flung himself down in the shade with his cap over his eyes.

"I should not be surprised if he were meditating a spring," said Mrs. Warren to herself.

The Church of Our Lady of the Mount—Nossa Senhora do Monte—crowns with solid grandeur a hill commanding the harbour, two thousand feet high. Its white towers are seen from every part of Funchal; its great black border is visible far out at sea.

Nossa Senhora is held in huge veneration by the islanders; they attribute an unusually fine crop of miracles to her.

"Let us go inside," said Marian, when they had taken good stock of the exterior.

"You had better remain without," said Gilbert. "The outside is the best of it."

"I wish to go inside," said Marian.

"Let us go inside, then," said Gilbert.

They went in. It was cool, and dim, and quiet, and a sound of soft music floated from one of the side chapels, where some celebration was in progress. But, as Gilbert had said, the outside was the best. The tawdry Virgin was unlovely, and one felt a sense of annoyance at the cheapness and poverty of the ornament.

They left the church, and went out into the sun again.

"I think they might make something better than that of their church," observed Marian.

"Our Ritualistic friends at home could give them a hint or two, I fancy," replied Gilbert.

"Gilbert," said Mrs. Warren, austere, "I beg that you will not speak to me of the Ritualists."

"My dear aunt, I ask your pardon. I rarely even think of them."

"The church ought to have a legend," said Marian.

"It has many," said Gilbert.

"Can you not tell us one of them?"

"If it is anything preposterous, Gilbert, I think that, for the credit of the poor people themselves, you ought not to relate it," observed Mrs. Warren.

"There is the miracle of the wheat-ship," said Gilbert. "It is preposterous or not, according to the point of view. The people take a just pride in it, as one of the most conspicuous of their Lady's performances."

"Tell us about the wheat-ship, please, Mr. Reade," said Marian.

"With Aunt Susan's leave, then, it is this. The island was threatened with famine—a worse famine than Pharaoh's—and they had no Joseph in Madeira. The people began to be very hungry, and did not know where to look for food. Then it occurred to some one to organise a general procession of the inhabitants, to repair to the Mount and explain the situation to Nossa Senhora. This was done. The whole town came up here—"

"In hammocks?" asked Mrs. Warren.

"Oh no, Aunt Susan; that would never have done. The Senhora would have mistaken her devotees for common tourists. No; they came up in a respectful manner on their hands and knees, and prostrated themselves at the altar."

"But they could not all have got into the church," said Marian.

"The observation is just, Miss Dean, and does honour to your mathematical attainments. They did not all go in at once; they went in in detachments."

"And what was the result?" inquired Mrs. Warren.

"The next day a ship, heavy with wheat, arrived in the harbour; and the image of the Virgin in the church was found to be dripping with moisture. People with exceptionally good sight saw the Madonna swimming in advance of the ship, and towing her in with a cable. That is the miracle of the wheat-ship."

"It is entirely preposterous!" said Mrs. Warren.

"I think it is a most interesting legend," said Marian. "Why did the Madonna tow the ship with a cable?"

"I suppose there was no wind blowing," replied Gilbert.

"I think, Gilbert," remarked his aunt, "that, lest you should be tempted to tell us any more legends of the place, we will go home. Marian has finished the sandwiches, and looks as though she would be quite ready for a proper meal at the hotel."

"Yes," said Marian; "I think more highly of seven-o'clock dinner at this moment than I ever did before."

The escort wanted the party to return from the

Mount in sleds. Marian, who would have screamed aloud at a sled three weeks ago, looked quite eager at this proposal, and declared herself ready. But Mrs. Warren would not hear of it.

"No, my dear," she insisted, "it is out of the question; I will not permit it. In a week or two, perhaps, when you have had more exercise and your nerves are stronger, you may try a sled."

So the hammocks were brought up again, and they descended slowly and easily to the town, through hedges of flowers, under spice-trees and palms, and by the edges of perilous precipices; but the feet of the hammock-bearers never stumbled.

Presently Marian glanced down towards where the old Loo Rock rose sheer out of the waters of the bay.

"One day I must go down to the sea and sketch the Loo," she said.

"You will need a protector, I am afraid," observed Gilbert.

"Why so?" she asked.

"The authorities are jealous of any one sketching their fortifications. They carried a friend of mine to the guard-house one day for sketching the Loo and its fortifications."

"In that case, I must certainly go," said Marian.

"And I must certainly ask permission to accompany you."

"You think that they will take me to their guard-house? But, after all, I don't know whether the Rock is worth sketching; what do you say, Mr. Reade?"

She liked to baffle him in this way; but she did it so sweetly, and smiled so pleasantly in doing it, that one was almost gratified.

"Miss Dean is a very remarkable girl," said Gilbert, while he held his nightly converse with himself on the balcony outside his window. Then he asked himself, for the hundred-and-twentieth time, what had brought him to Madeira again. It was almost fitting that he found an answer to this question.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—ROMANCE

[T was the middle of May. In London they had the "churlish chiding" of the east wind, and noses tending to blue. In Funchal the lizards basked and blinked in a tireless sun, the white walls of the town glowed at the touch, and flower and leaf were rocked in the golden ambient air.

A thing had happened which on the whole was inevitable. Gilbert had fallen in love with Marian.

He knew now what it was that had brought him back to Madeira. He knew also what it was that chained him there.

It had become his Calypso-realm, in which, like another Ulysses, he lay spell-bound. It had become his Eden, and Marian was its Eve.

He thought to keep his secret; and from Marian he seemed to keep it well enough. Not so well, however, from his aunt.

Mrs. Warren saw and was well satisfied. From what Marian had told her the night before Gilbert's arrival she had little doubt that the girl was heart-whole—at any rate, that Gilbert had no rival. An excellent prospect therefore at once presented itself to her mind. Marian should fall in love with Gilbert, as Gilbert had fallen in love with Marian. Nothing could be more entirely satisfactory. The good-hearted old lady loved both of them. From a lad up her nephew had been her hero. She had stood friend to him at a time when, turned adrift from his own home, he had no other friend in the world. She had seen of what sound stuff he was made, before he well knew it himself; and as he had never disappointed her hopes, so he had never forgotten his early debt to her. "As true as Gilbert" was a private maxim of hers, which she never spoke aloud.

Marian she had learned to love dearly, as in some measure we have seen. It had vexed her soul this month past to think that Marian should be hurrying to get well only that she might go back "to drudge at those abominable mathematics." "I declare to you, my dear, I have a tendency to dyspepsia as often as I think of it," she said one day.

Now then if Marian would but prove a sensible girl, and love Gilbert, problems in high mathematics might be consigned forthwith to the rather extensive limbo of things which Mrs. Warren held that no well-bred nice young lady should know anything about. For the present, however, she said nothing to anybody.

Gilbert in love with Marian, and priding himself that no one was the wiser; Mrs. Warren very much the wiser, but diligently keeping her counsel; Marian not a bit the wiser, and having therefore no counsel to keep: this was the situation.

This, however, was a sort of deadlock, and at the very outset. No drama can get along in this fashion.

Since Gilbert would not speak to Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Warren spoke to Gilbert. He was glad when she had done this, for he learned that he had a firm ally in his aunt.

"You were certain to be taken sooner or later, dear," she said, soothingly. "Only I was afraid it might be later."

"I am afraid it's late enough already," replied Gilbert.

"That remains to be seen," said Mrs. Warren.

Mrs. Warren was now set forth on a pursuit which was particularly congenial to her. She was by some means or other to grapple these two young people together with hooks of love.

She had had no great experience as a match-maker, but who in her situation is willing to be persuaded that experience is a necessary factor of success in these undertakings?

"My own opinion is that you were made for one another; and that being the case, it will be a pity if I cannot bring you together," she said to her nephew, who replied in his quiet way that his aunt was more confident of success than he was.

"My dear boy," she replied, "you must be



confident too. You were always confident in business, you know, and you always succeeded."

Gilbert smiled, but forebore to say that he did not think the analogy a perfect one.

Plot number two with Marian as prospective victim was now well afoot.

But nothing was visible on the surface. Gilbert did not wear his heart on his sleeve at any time; he hid it closer than ever now.

The days wore on, sunnily, lazily, charmingly. It was a part of the pleasure of their life in this serene retreat that it had no settled plan or order. Sometimes an expedition was arranged overnight; sometimes, without any definite object in view, they started out after breakfast, and spent hours wandering slowly through flowering lanes, over soft sward paven with blossoms, along the edges of high cliffs with the deep blue sea beneath; resting as it pleased them under great tent-like trees, or in darkened glades, or at a rude bridge arching some narrow rushing stream. Turn where you will some fresh loveliness unfolds itself, for the scene changes endlessly; kaleidoscopic in its variety of charm. Here it is soft and tender as the heart of England; here again, great, grand, and terrible, with tower on tower of rock, some of the highest cleft from summit to base by gorges of black and hideous depth, down which one might be falling, like Mulciber, "from noon to dewy eve."

Sometimes the day was idled in the ruddy garden of the hotel; Mrs. Warren, who was impatient of protracted rest in any situation, flitting continuously between the house and the grounds, Marian reclining in a wide wicker chair, Gilbert outstretched on the grass beside her, in luxurious contentment.

On such a day as this the English post had arrived, and they were all occupied with their letters.

Mrs. Warren received a letter of domestic news from her parlour-maid every week, the reading of which was a lengthened process, provocative of various small ebullitions, for the maid wrote an original hand and spelled on principles of her own.

"Shall I try and make it out for you, Mrs. Warren?" asked Marian.

"You couldn't, dear, it is much worse than your mathematics, and it seems an interesting letter too. I'll go indoors and get my magnifying glass."

Gilbert, who kept his correspondence within the narrowest limits, had only two letters; one of them he read, the other lay unopened on the grass where he had thrown it.

Marian had finished the first reading of her letter from the lieutenant, and was beginning it again, when her eye fell on the sealed envelope at Gilbert's feet. She called his attention to it, for he had thrown himself back on the grass and seemed to have overlooked it.

"You have forgotten one of your letters, Mr. Reade," she said.

"That?" answered Gilbert, raising himself on his elbow and looking with a great lack of interest at the unopened epistle. "I mean to let that

wait. It is business, and I have forsworn business for the present."

"But suppose it is a letter of extraordinary importance, containing something that requires immediate attention?"

"When you suggest that, Miss Dean, I am more than ever inclined to let it wait."

"But all the diamonds may have failed."

"More diamonds must be found."

"This is really inexcusable in so great a man of business, Mr. Reade."

"But I am not so great a man of business, I assure you, Miss Dean."

"Very well, I accept you at your own valuation. But if you don't intend to read your letter, I will read mine again."

This she proceeded to do, and Gilbert, after a moment's hesitation, picked up the rejected letter, opened it, and glanced over the contents. Then he threw it down again, with an exclamation of disgust.

"Was I a prophet?" inquired Marian, looking up from her own letter.

"N-no, not exactly," replied Gilbert.

"The diamonds have not failed?"

"Oh, no," he answered quickly; "nothing as interesting as that. But they tell me that I am wanted at the Cape again."

"Oh," said Marian, "I am sorry for that."

Gilbert looked uncommonly pleased at this, and very nearly blushed.

"I mean," added Marian, "that if you are going back to the Cape we cannot have our expedition to Rabaçal; Mrs. Warren and I could never go alone."

"I don't know that I shall go to the Cape," said Gilbert. "At any rate, I can't start for a week, so we shall have plenty of time for Rabaçal."

"I am glad of that," said Marian.

Perhaps the opportunity was a good one. For a moment Gilbert seemed to think it was; a look crossed his face, the corners of his mouth twitched, a half-formed sentence rose to his lips. But he hesitated, and the chance was lost. He sat silent.

"I really must go and see if Mrs. Warren has made out her letter," said Marian, rising from her chair. "Shall I tell her that you are thinking of returning to the Cape, Mr. Reade?"

"I wish the Cape were submerged!" replied Gilbert, with unwonted energy.

"Oh!—and all the diamonds?"

"All the diamonds in the world—except one!"

"Is one so precious above the others, then?"

"There is one that is priceless!"

"You ought to be very precious of that one, Mr. Reade."

"So I should be, but unfortunately it is not in my possession."

"Ah, that is sad, is it not? But if you value it so highly you will doubtless make an effort to secure it."

"It has seemed too far beyond me; but you have given me courage to try."

She laughed that so seeming innocent laugh of hers, and went on into the house. Did she guess at this diamond? Perhaps we shall see.



## CHAPTER XIX.—CABO GIRÃO.

MARIAN, like Gilbert, had received two letters by that mail from England. Gilbert saw her read the first, but no one saw her read the second. Only Mrs. Warren knew that she had received it, for Marian had put it in her pocket at once, though with no effort at or desire of concealment. It was a letter from Arnold, the first he had written her since she left England. Finding that Mrs. Warren, with the help of her magnifying-glass, had succeeded in deciphering the hieroglyphs of the parlour-maid, she went on to her own room to read Arnold's letter in quiet.

"What a little letter!" was her first exclamation when she had opened it.

Yes, it was a very little letter, but a very nice one; a brief, manly letter, containing scant intelligence about the writer, but full of solicitude for Marian; words of gladness at the good news of her returning health, which he had read in her letters to the lieutenant; thanks for her messages to him, and an entreaty that she would send him a letter, were it no more than a dozen lines, for himself. There was an earnest tone about this letter which might have held a deeper meaning than the mere words conveyed had Marian been seeking such a meaning; but she saw in it only a warmer expression than usual of the goodness and tenderness of heart which she had proved in Arnold in the days when they played together as children.

But she liked that letter very much; reproached herself, as she put it away, that she had not written to Arnold before, and resolved that the next mail should not leave for England without carrying a letter from her to him.

This letter of Arnold's, I have said, had been seen by Mrs. Warren, who, indeed, had given it into Marian's hands. That evening, when Gilbert had gone for a stroll in the Praça, the ladies were sitting together at the open window, and the subject was lightly touched on between them.

"I have had a letter from Arnold," said Marian.

"I thought I recognised the writing, dear," replied Mrs. Warren.

"How did you do that, Mrs. Warren? He has not written to me here before."

"No, dear; but don't you remember that he wrote all our labels for us? It was I who got him to do that, you know. From the moment I heard he was connected with the law I said to myself, 'He shall write our luggage-labels.' It is most important to have them done in a perfectly *clear* and *unmistakeable* hand. I once lost a valuable—But how is he, dear? I have lost so many things through labels having been carelessly written."

"He does not say much about himself," replied Marian; "indeed, I wish he said more, for I believe he is overworking himself at Mr. Trimble's."

"Ah, we must not let him do that. Write to him, dear, and tell him about that shocking mathematical affair; it might serve as a warning."

"I shall certainly write to him, but I don't

think I'll say anything about the problem; for now that I remember, I promised him to have nothing to do with mathematics until I was quite strong again."

"You forgot that promise, I am afraid, dear."

"Yes," said Marian, "I'm afraid I did."

"No message for me in the letter, I suppose, dear?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Warren; I ought to have given you that at once. He sends the nicest message of thanks to you for all the care you have taken of me."

"Very kind of him, dear, indeed. After that I must entreat you, for selfish reasons, to say nothing of the mathematics. And the rest of the letter is—?"

"The rest is all about me, Mrs. Warren."

"Ah; you found that part pleasant reading, dear, I hope?"

"I would rather there had been more about himself," she answered.

"He must remedy that when he writes again," Mrs. Warren said.

"I wish he had some good friend of his own in London," observed Marian. "I am quite certain he is often very lonely."

"Does he say anything about that?"

"Oh, no. It is the last thing in the world he would speak of."

"Is the letter—ahem!—is it a tender letter, dear?"

"It is a very kind one," laughed Marian.

"Of that I am sure, my love; but—hem!—is it a *tender* letter?"

"Not, I think, in the sense you mean, Mrs. Warren."

"Just so, dear."

Some further talk in a similar strain was interrupted by the return of Gilbert. Mrs. Warren, however, had received an impression.

Marian went up to bed shortly afterwards, and Gilbert was left alone with his aunt. A conversation ensued, which any one who had overheard would have found passionate on his part, anxiously affectionate on hers.

Mrs. Warren was constrained to say that she did not think Marian loved him.

"It would have surprised me more if you had said that you thought she did, Aunt Susan," he replied.

"I do not think," said Mrs. Warren, "that the child loves any one."

"That, of course, is also possible," answered her nephew.

"She is the oddest child that ever was," went on Mrs. Warren, "with her notions about independence and 'the glory of earning your own living.' Sometimes, if she were not the dearest child in the world, I should have been more than half inclined to lose patience with her."

"I like that independence of hers," said Gilbert.

"Tut! Yes. Oh, well, perhaps, perhaps. She is a very dear girl, at all events. But, Gilbert, when I said I thought she did not love anybody I did not say that she might not love somebody."

"That I take to be highly problematical."

"Of problems, Gilbert, I have heard more than enough lately. Let them rest, if you please."

Mrs. Warren was a little nettled that she had not succeeded better in her nephew's behalf. For some days past she had played her part with unobtrusive assiduity, testing Marian's feelings by all the means at her disposal, throwing Marian and Gilbert together by such discreet devices as she could contrive, talking of him to her—in a word, doing everything short of telling her in downright phrase that he was hopelessly in love with her.

Marian had not shown herself in any degree moved; seemed, indeed, not to have had the smallest perception of the drift and significance of all these subtle suasions.

That she liked Gilbert was evident. She had smiles and pleasant talk for him; and could be earnest on occasion when they passed from chatter to something in more serious vein. But for the most part it was as though they avoided by common consent whatever bordered on the serious; their talk was a perpetual airy wrangle, with here and there an interlude; and with the weapon of banter she held him at arm's length, and seemed always to say, "Thus far but no farther."

Gilbert invited them to a picnic at Cabo Girão. They had an early breakfast, and started immediately afterwards. Mrs. Warren went in her hammock, which the father of nine children, unremitting in his efforts to win her favour, had lavishly decorated with flowers and grapes and bunches of Indian corn. Marian and Gilbert were on horseback. Marian's mount was a little dark wiry mare, which Gilbert had hunted the town to procure for her. Wonderful animals for their work these small Madeira horses are; it strengthens one's respect for the whole equine race to see one of them climb or descend the side of an almost perpendicular mountain, over a road which would make the most supine member of a local British board of works blush an elegant purple. Coming down they gather themselves together and leap from ledge to ledge in a fashion that exercises the rider considerably. But they never slip, for they are as sure-footed as the *burriqueiros* (mule-drivers, literally, though you scarcely see a mule in the island) who run screaming beside them.

Up through the hard-paved streets climbed and clattered our three friends, Mrs. Warren's bearers close behind the horses' heels. They passed hammocks slowly swinging on their long poles, and had glimpses of the pale-faced burdens within. Gilbert glanced an instant at one fair girl lying on her cushions, with a face as white as the lily her fingers clasped, then turned half round in his saddle and looked at Marian, whose eyes were light and sparkling, and her cheeks warm with the glow of health renewed.

"Is there something wrong with my dress?" asked Marian, for he had not often scrutinised her so boldly.

"Your dress is quite perfect," replied Gilbert. "I was thinking that when I saw you first you might have changed places with the girl who has just passed us."

"Did I look like that?" asked Marian, with a shudder.

"You were the image then of what she is now."

Marian made no answer, and they rode on in silence for a while, until they had left the town behind them and passed on to a fine soft road with trees overhanging, where the horses asked in the plainest fashion to be allowed to show their speed.

"Are you for a gallop?" asked Gilbert, and her eyes sparkled consent, and in another moment they had left Mrs. Warren a quarter of a mile in the rear.

They galloped on a good half-mile, then drew bridle, and turned, and rode slowly back to meet Mrs. Warren.

"I thought you were running away," said that lady, with more complacency than might have been expected.

"From you, Mrs. Warren! I at all events am not base enough for that," said Marian.

"You may include me," said Gilbert. "We went, like Gilpin, because our horses would."

The good road came presently to an end, as all good roads in Madeira do. It ended basely enough at the bridge over the Ribeiro dos Soccoridos, where Zargo's two companions were within an ace of drowning. From here you glance upwards and feel the majesty of the mountains, and wonder whether the horses are really as good climbers as the *burriqueiros* declare.

"They had a noble river here once," said Gilbert, "until they cut down their pine forests overhead, and let it shrink to this torrent."

"Oh, I was just thinking there is a good deal of bridge for a very little river," observed Mrs. Warren. "Marian, my dear, do not let your horse paw in that extravagant manner; he looks as if he would step over the bridge."

They began now to climb a narrow rugged path, the mountains towering ever higher and sterner above them, and, ascending and descending by turns, came to the fishing village of Camara do Lobos, "Place of Seals," where the harbour was full of little gaudy boats loading and unloading. Here they halted for a while to rest the men and horses, and took a turn in the cool dim marketplace, whose shade was grateful.

In half an hour they began to climb again. It was tremendous work now, the path almost perpendicular, and diminishing in width at every step.

"Stop, Gilbert, stop!" called out Mrs. Warren. "I am quite certain we shall all roll backwards if we attempt to go on."

"This is nothing, Aunt Susan; we are only just beginning the ascent," answered Gilbert, from the front, keeping half an eye on his own horse and an eye and a half on Marian's.

"Then I shall go back at once," cried Mrs. Warren. "Tell the men to turn about, Gilbert."

"It is easier up than down, I assure you, Aunt Susan; besides, you will lose your luncheon."

"To think," murmured Mrs. Warren, as she lay back in her hammock and prepared herself for the worst, "that my own nephew should ask me to risk my life for a little cold roast fowl—the liver wing is all I ever touch."

But there was really no danger. The horses, though they had dropped their curvetting, went as surely and almost as lightly as they had done on the level road, and the hammock-bearers would have scorned a slip.

Presently the path became so narrow that the riders had to dismount. At this height the vegetation began to change, put off its tropical character, and took on an appearance which Marian said reminded her of Scotland.

"You make me almost weep, child," exclaimed Mrs. Warren. "I had a Scotch cook for eleven years. To think I should be reminded of her in a place like this!"

They were now amongst fir-trees, broom, and pines; the air was crisp and sweet but growing keener. Gilbert unfolded a shawl which he had had strapped on his saddle, and placed it about Marian's shoulders.

"Thank you," she said. "I do believe I wanted it. See what it is to be in the care of an experienced traveller."

"I will be shabby enough to remind you that you scorned the notion of a wrap when we set out," he answered.

"Yes, but you see I am *not* an experienced traveller. On a question of wraps I promise to trust you in the future."

Shaking themselves free of a horde of beggars, who rushed on them from a group of mountain huts, our travellers entered the shades of a pine forest, rounded a grand headland, and reached at length the threshing-floor of Cabo Girão, where they were to lunch.

Gilbert, who knew to a nicety how these matters should be ordered, had sent his men in advance; and on the verdant edge of the cliff, under a tent of massy leafage, luncheon was laid on a snow-white cloth. The men had disappeared, and it looked as though the cloth and its contents had been let down, like St. Paul's, out of the skies.

"Forgive me, Gilbert," said Mrs. Warren, with emotion, as her glance fell on her favourite pasty, "that I should for one moment have doubted your guardianship."

"You are not the first who has doubted it, Aunt Susan."

"Or been agreeably disappointed in the end, I am sure, dear Gilbert."

"My dear aunt, you overwhelm me. But this is Grandisonian. Miss Dean is waiting to begin."

There were tiny terraced cornfields about them, and pine-clad hills above, and the blue Atlantic waste beneath.

They lunched, and Mrs. Warren placed her handkerchief over her head and slept like a stone pine.

"Come," said Gilbert to Marian, "and I will show you the finest view in the world."

He led her but a few yards to the brink of a headland, which rose, a sheer basaltic wall, two thousand feet out of the sea. Moses on the height of Pisgah saw no such sight as this! Marian held her breath and gazed with silent, wide-eyed wonder. Sky, air, and sea—no more than these; but what a miracle of light and sound and odour! of never-ending waters, cloven by the sun, and

widening outwards and onwards till they met and mingled with the sky.

"Oh, it was good of you to bring me here!" said Marian at length, with a voice that came out of her heart.

"I wanted to give you one sight to remember," he answered.

"You have done it," she said, "for this one will be a part of my memory all my life long!"

"I wonder whether, for a tenth of that time, you will remember who brought you here?"

"Yes," she said, quietly; "I think I shall remember that too."

Oh, Gilbert Reade, what are you about that you dally with this golden chance? Do not all things accord? Has she ever looked on you with eyes so soft before? Is not the air that wraps you both around tingling with very love? Was it not, think you, 'neath a sky like this that Adam wooed and won his Eve in Paradise?

But he lets it go, for in very truth he fears lest, on the threshold of his Eden, another word of his may shut the door upon him.

They turned from the headland and went back to Mrs. Warren, sleeping now like a forest. But something, no doubt, informed her dreams that, so far as Gilbert was concerned, it was no use sleeping any longer; and practical even in the realms of Nod, she awoke almost immediately.

The afternoon was wearing on, and Gilbert called up the men, and they began their descent to Funchal. It had seemed steep enough coming up, but going down was like descending a church steeple. Marian, who was in the gayest spirits, thought it capital fun—whence, of course, Gilbert thought it capital fun also; but one of the party scarcely drew breath until level ground was touched again.

The night breeze was blowing from the sea when they reached the hotel in time for dinner.

"Has—has anything transpired?" Mrs. Warren inquired of her nephew later in the evening.

"Nothing," replied Gilbert.

"Then I am very seriously annoyed!" returned his aunt. "I deliberately went to sleep on the top of a windy rock in order that you might behave as—as any other man in those circumstances would have done. My only reward will be an attack of rheumatism. I have a great mind to take Marian back to England by the next boat."

Gilbert had some ado to mollify his aunt, who of course had reason on her side. Doubt had made him play the laggard as he had never done before. But if he faltered longer his case was hopeless, for if he were to return to the Cape he must sail in three days.

#### CHAPTER XX.—RABAÇAL—AND AFTER.

"THE cook says we cannot possibly go to Rabaçal and back in a day," urged Mrs. Warren.

"This cook knows too much," answered Gilbert. "He must be refuted. Miss Dean, can you make a very early start?"



"Yes; if my breakfast is guaranteed."

"I will be responsible for that myself. Aunt Susan, can you breakfast at five o'clock?"

"At least I can eat something, and call it breakfast," replied Mrs. Warren.

"It is all I ask," said her nephew. "I will make our arrangements at once. A friend of mine, who has been cruising in his yacht amongst the Azores, landed here yesterday. He is going up the Gran Corral to-day, and will lend his yacht to take us as far as Calheta."

"Have you noticed anything unusual about Gilbert the last day or two, dear?" said Mrs. Warren to Marian, when Gilbert had gone down to the shore.

"I think his appetite has increased," replied Marian. "He was longer over dinner than any one else last night."

"I did not mean that, Marian. Indeed, I have fancied his appetite was falling off. He seems to me to have something on his mind."

"There is some very expensive diamond that he wants to buy, I think," said Marian. "Perhaps that may be troubling him."

"Indeed; I don't remember to have heard about that."

"Has he not told you, Mrs. Warren? I understood him that it was almost impossible to buy it, but he meant to try."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Warren, in an altered tone, and with a smile. "Yes, yes, to be sure; I think I know the diamond Gilbert means."

"I hope he may get it, if it is of so much importance to him," said Marian.

"I am sure it would encourage him greatly if you would tell him that, dear," observed Mrs. Warren.

Soon after five the next morning they left the hotel and went down to the shore, where the steam yacht was waiting that was to take them to Calheta on the way to Rabaçal.

This was Marian's first excursion by water, and delicious the sensation was, in the cool clean air of the morning, with the still blue sea around and the painted cliffs above. They passed Camara do Lobos, where they had halted on the road to Cabo Girão two days before, then Cabo Girão itself, and on till they reached the lovely little bay of Calheta. A native boat took them ashore on the crest of a big wave, and the men whom Gilbert had brought on from Funchal got their hammocks into readiness at once.

"Are you for a hammock too?" asked Marian of Gilbert.

"With apologies—yes. But it is necessary to-day. I hoped, however, to slink into it unobserved."

"I will show you how to get in if you like," said she.

"Thank you; but it would please me better to be allowed to help you;" which he did.

It was now only a little after eight o'clock, and the young, fresh glory of the day was like a veil about them as they rose into the mountain air. The sea shone beneath them, until, as they were carried higher and farther inland, it began to leave their sight; and then, as they looked upwards, it

seemed that a white company of the clouds swept slowly down to meet them. The clouds touched them by-and-by, and in this strange companionship they crossed a wide dark moor, peopled only by the locusts and the centipedes.

Presently Marian, who had been lying back in her hammock, looking up with idle satisfaction at the great grim ramparts of the mountains, uttered a cry of surprise as the bearers stopped short before the black mouth of a cavern. Ferns bearded it all round, but it was forbidding as a tomb.

"We are not going in there!" exclaimed Mrs. Warren, for one or two of the men were preparing to light torches of twigs smeared with some pitchy matter.

"It is this or nothing," laughed Gilbert.

"What do you say to it, Miss Dean?"

"I would not escape it for the world," said Marian. "Please, Mrs. Warren, don't cry back; it looks so deliciously dark inside."

"We shall not emerge alive; of that I am certain," said Mrs. Warren. "Really, if I had had any idea Madeira was like this I would have gone to Torquay. Ugh! We are positively going in. Keep close to me, Gilbert, if you please. You will oblige me by letting the men know that my brooch is only imitation."

It was like entering a circle of Dante's Inferno. A few yards from the entrance the cavern—it was only a mountain tunnel, though, and not a cavern at all—grew inky black, and the torches of the guides were like red patches on a pall.

"Let us stop and have a ghost story," began Marian, but an inarticulate wail which issued from the throat of Mrs. Warren brought her to a sympathetic pause.

Just when the darkness seemed Egyptian a spot of white light showed in the distance, and in a moment or two their eyes were dazzled as the bearers carried them out of the tunnel into the full blaze of the sun, which fell on clinging moss and trailing fern and silvered the edges of a myriad stony peaks. It was as abrupt as the passage in fairy tale from the magician's den to the palace of the fairy queen. Mists white and grey rolled up from the valley far beneath and hid the mountains as they passed.

Marian drew a long breath, and turned to Gilbert and said,

"This will be one other memory."

"This is Rabaçal," said he. "Will you go farther? I have more to show you yet."

"You are our guide; we are in your hands," she answered.

But Mrs. Warren had still to recover from the tunnel, and said she thought they had gone far enough.

"There is an ideal place for luncheon a little farther on," Gilbert said. "You will be well out of sight of the tunnel there, Aunt Susan; come along, come along."

And Mrs. Warren, who said she had no objection to be out of sight of the tunnel, allowed herself to be persuaded, and the bearers moved on again.

They were carried now along a sharp steep



path, hardly a span across, with trees of the lily of the valley beside them, and new loveliness of hue and form disclosed at every step. Presently Gilbert ordered a halt, and they sat down and ate like a party rescued from famine. Then Mrs. Warren gathered her cloak about her, for there was a nipping and an eager air up here, and said she would go no farther.

"Very well, Aunt Susan," said Gilbert; "but we have not exhausted the neighbourhood."

"You have exhausted my energies, though.

of this energy," said Marian, when she had thanked her bearer becomingly.

"Then if you will go with me I will show you the Twenty-five Fountains," said Gilbert; and off they went, leaving Mrs. Warren comfortably bestowed with the father of nine children, to whom she had recently become reconciled, standing over her like a sentry.

Marian and Gilbert in their hammocks went down, down, down a narrow broken path with daphne and laurel and lily and feather-like fern



THE CAVE OF THE FAIRIES.

If Marian likes to go a little farther she may; but I think it will soon be time for us to return."

"What do you say, Miss Dean? Are your energies exhausted?"

"Not in the least; but we must not overdo our bearers."

At this, the handsomest of Marian's hammock-men arose, and twirled his cap in his fingers, and smiled with all his features, and bent himself backwards and forwards, and this way and that, and called his father and his mother, and the King of Portugal, and all his children, and his patron saint to witness that he was ready to scale the clouds with Marian on his shoulders.

"We cannot in decency refuse to use up a little

hiding the sheer wall of the precipice, over which one false step would have cast them. There had been heavy rain the day before, and in some places, where the road had been completely washed away, the bearers waded knee-deep in crystal water.

"Are you afraid?" called out Gilbert.

"Not a bit. It would be almost a privilege to be killed in a place like this."

By-and-by they reached a scrap of a stone bridge, a few inches wide, and stood in the centre of foaming waters which poured from the rocks above and leaped and hissed along a narrow tortuous bed. Jet after jet they counted, rising, sparkling, and scattering spray like diamond dust into the air.

These were the Twenty-five Fountains, and here they got down from the hammocks and left the bearers to rest awhile, and Gilbert said that Marian must come a step or two farther and see the Cave of the Fairies.

It rose dark and silent by the edge of a deep pool, garlanded and roofed with fern.

"Will you stay here and be queen to the fairies?" asked Gilbert, presently.

"They would depose me in a week," she answered, laughing.

"Not if I were their prime minister," said Gilbert.

"You? Oh, you would be the first to lead revolt, I think."

"Against you?"

"Against me."

"No; I would be your trusty counsellor. You and I would make wise laws for the people, and they should be written in your name, and they would call you the great and good queen, and bring you offerings in lily cups and a fresh crown of fern-leaf every day."

"What would you do with the very old and ugly fairies?"

"We would set the young ones to build mansions for them and tell them stories."

"And with the very young and pretty ones?"

"They could take care of themselves. But there would be no young and pretty ones for me while you sat queen."

"That is very polite; but it is not like you to turn flatterer."

"I do not flatter; I speak the soberest truth."

"Then I think it is time for us to go back to Mrs. Warren," she said, flushing slightly as she rose.

"Will you go, and not hear me? You cannot be offended, Marian, if you will believe how truly I speak. I have waited to say this—to say that I love you—waited and feared, not daring to speak; but loving you the stronger for my silence. I do not ask you to say that you love me, Marian—"

"I could not say that," she interrupted, gently but decisively.

"No, you cannot say that. I knew you would not," he answered, and his voice trembled a little.

"But will you not say that I may love you?"

"How can I let you love me if I do not love you?"

"You will deny me that too, Marian?"

"Yes; you must speak no more of this, please. I do not know whether I am to blame for what you have said to me; if I have spoken a word or done anything to lead you to think—to think what is quite impossible, I am sorry; very very sorry."

"You are good," he answered, gently, "and very kind. No; I alone am to blame. There has not been and could not be a fault with you."

"I am sorry; so sorry," she said, and put her hand into his, and there were tears in her eyes as she looked at him.

"Yet you deny me everything. Oh! Marian, not everything. Let me love you, and I will make you to love me."

"I cannot, I dare not, I have not the right, I—oh, let us go back to Mrs. Warren, please. Why did I let you bring me here?"

"Is there any other that you love? You will let me ask you that, Marian."

"I love no one well enough to be his wife," she answered.

"And you will not try to love one well enough?"

"I cannot, I cannot. Spare me this, please. I have no thought of marriage, no wish to marry. Mine is to be a student's life."

As she spoke she moved slowly forward; and Gilbert, who was very pale and quiet, was left standing at the entrance to the cave.

When she became aware that he did not follow, she turned and went back to him, and once more put her hand in his.

"Come," she said, with a rather sad smile, "we must go together. Are you not still my friend?"

"What need to ask? Your friend before, your friend now, your friend ever."

She thanked him, rather with her eyes than with her lips, and let him detain for an instant's closer grasp the hand she had laid in his. Then they went on together to where their hammock-bearers basked in the sun, and were carried back to Mrs. Warren.

That acute lady perceived at a glance that the plot had miscarried. She groaned inwardly, but preserved a smiling exterior; and, with hypocrisy branded on the faces of all three of them, they set out on their journey home. It was well for the sake of appearances that their mode of progress along the high shelving paths imposed no necessity of conversation, and by the time they reached the yacht at Calheta, Gilbert had regained sufficient command of himself to be able to talk with forced animation to Marian as well as to his aunt.

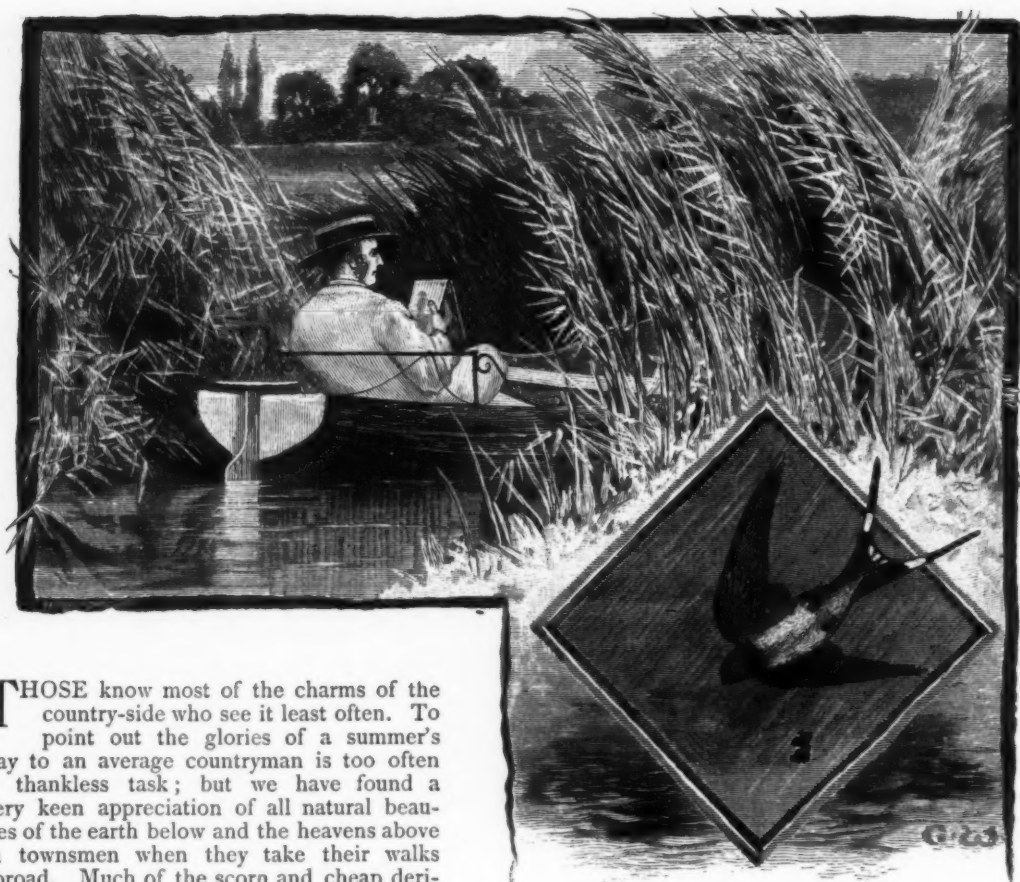
Arrived at the hotel, Mrs. Warren dismissed Gilbert dextrously, and he appeared no more that night.

Marian was flushed, and her manner betrayed nervousness, but she persuaded herself that she had hidden everything from Mrs. Warren. Mrs. Warren, to support her in this belief and lull any suspicions she might have respecting her own complicity, preserved an unbroken and seemingly unobservant cheerfulness, and talked continuously of matters indifferent. Marian, on her part, as often as she was able to put in a word, spoke of returning home as quickly as possible; declared she was perfectly well, and must waste no more time in idleness. She even began to collect her books, with a view to packing them the next day. Mrs. Warren laughed and pretended to encourage her, declaring that she also was ready to return to England at any moment.

But after they had said good night and Marian had gone to her room, Mrs. Warren took occasion to pay her a momentary visit there, and said, in a casual tone, as she was going out again,

"Gilbert has just told me, dear, that he must return to the Cape to-morrow."

## A LEISURE HOUR ON A SUMMER'S DAY.



THOSE know most of the charms of the country-side who see it least often. To point out the glories of a summer's day to an average countryman is too often a thankless task; but we have found a very keen appreciation of all natural beauties of the earth below and the heavens above in townsmen when they take their walks abroad. Much of the scorn and cheap derision so often hurled at the "cockney tripper" is ungenerous and unfair, for as a rule he makes more true use of his day, or afternoon, or hour, than does his country critic of a whole year, or month, or week.

Too often the countryman thinks it enough to simply have the country around him; he does not in any sense use his capital, he gloats over it in a miserly way, and grudges even a sight of it to his cockney brother. It does him no good, and he is vexed if others try to get good from it. We have all, we suppose, heard at some time or another such expressions as "That horrid railway bringing its crowds of city men into our quiet villages," or "We are thankful we are so far away no children's school treats ever come here." But it is doubtful if such sayings as these display anything better than selfishness on the part of the speakers. In one instance we can remember how a person calling himself a true lover of nature declined to trouble himself in the least to find a lodging for an invalid friend because he said he did not wish to see the view up the village marred by the existence of a bath-chair!

To most of us the summer is peculiarly the time when we are able best of all to hold communion with nature. Our much abused climate certainly as a rule precludes the possibility of any one sitting down for long out of doors at any other period; and so it comes to pass that all of us have summer incidents accurately noted in our minds, though few relative to the winter months, when necessity keeps one on the trot, and few are found brave enough to risk all the possible and very probable dangers that would come from standing for but half an hour reverently before one of nature's treasures and quietly studying it. But in the summer months how different! Then it is a positive pleasure to simply sit by some quiet river-side and note the ever-changing procession of nature's children, and undistracted let the knowledge of their beauties so fill our minds that spontaneously and without any effort praise rises from our soul's deepest recesses. Such times as these are the occasions when things are learnt so thoroughly that they are never for-

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gotten. The solid deep character of the olive-green slowly-moving water, the contrasting cooler greens of sedge and reeds with their streaks of glossy high lights from the sky above, the pose of the swallow as he darts some few inches above the water's surface, the big airy ball of gnats dancing madly above some one particular spot—all these and a hundred other things are noted down on the tablets of the mind with the very best of indelible pencils.

And now, as we have brought our minds to the river-side, let us keep there, for what more pleasant place could be imagined for a broiling day than its cooling presence? An English river is, we think, a peculiarly peaceful and refreshing sight, its banks well fringed with rich luxuriance. Some may prefer the northern burns and rock-worn bed, but to us this mass of water, with the banks but a foot or so above its surface, flowing slowly onwards, indicative of strength and power—yes, but held in gentle authority—is to be preferred to those noisy, unruly torrents that stampede and tear along, washing great masses of rock down their course till they round them into great boulders, and piling them high in some mimic battlements, over which the angry waters now pour and make deafening waterfalls. Often when we have been induced to make a pilgrimage to some celebrated fall, and have stood and listened to its roar, we have thought how like the tumult of some vast crowd of angry, loud-voiced creatures, and have felt only quite comfortable when we have turned away and got beyond reach of any sound of it. But the gentle, musical ripple of the river, the rustling of the herbage, the mellow voices of the birds, never tire or make one wish to get rid of them. So let us stay this leisure hour beside it and learn what lessons we can from its quiet charms.

It matters not at what time of day you come to it, you will always find there is something to interest you. The cattle from the meadows come and stand knee-deep under the overhanging willows during the heat of the day. Sparrows and finches and warblers come and dip and splash the water through their feathers, and then flit into the bushes and keep up a murmuring little conversation between themselves about their family affairs and the state of the thermometer. Swallows alone seem uninfluenced by the fierce rays of the sun, and dart incessantly with now direct and then zigzaggy course along the river's reaches. They are so used to sun and heat—and, indeed, know no other condition of things—that to them our hottest days are but as nothing; and one wonders almost at their keeping to the cool waterway till we remember how they live, and what countless myriads of little flies they must catch in their gaping bills ere their newly-hatched offspring and their own appetites are thoroughly satisfied. It has been estimated that about a thousand small (and some are infinitesimally small) flies are absorbed by a baby swallow per day. A brood generally consists of from four to five. It therefore is no light task that the parent birds have to supply their own and their children's wants; and the bustling activity of this prince of fly-catchers

is absolutely essential for the existence of its species. Ruskin has written most well and wisely of this bird,—and to those who have not read his words we would recommend the perusal of his lecture, No. 2, on Greek and English birds, for there is more in that one short pamphlet of the true life-history of the swallow than in all the ornithological books in our language. Most quaintly he writes: "Suppose you had never seen a swallow, but that its general habit of life had been described to you, and you had been asked how such a bird would build its nest—a creature, observe, whose life is to be passed in the air . . . and of all land birds the one that has least to do with the earth; of all the least disposed and the least able to stop to pick anything up. What will it build with? Gossamer, we should say; thistledown—anything it can catch, like flies. But it builds with stiff clay. And observe its chosen place for building also. You would think by its play in the air that not only of all birds, but of all creatures, it most delighted in space and freedom. You would fancy its notion of the place for a nest would be the openest field it could find, that anything like confinement would be an agony to it, that it would almost expire of horror at the sight of a black hole. And its favourite home is down a chimney!"

He also notes, as others have done, the curiously similar line there is in a swallow's shape to a fish's, and how its motions as it darts and dashes in the air above are but repetitions of the darts and dashes that the finny creatures make in the water below.

All birds that have great speed in flight have simplicity of lines—no projecting masses to catch the wind and arrest the rapid cleaving of the air, but always sweeping curves and simple forms. The kingfisher, who combines in his own person the powers of fish and bird, is a striking example of this law, for he is like some very sharp-beaked bullet as he fairly careers past us in mid-air; and we have been told by observers who have been fortunate enough to actually see him dashing after the fish under the water that with him the poor little minnows had no chance at all, even in their own element. On one occasion a kingfisher was seen to make his way up stream after a lot of small gudgeon, and, gaining on them, to head them back; only then did he succeed in rushing on to them, when, seizing one, he came to the surface. We hardly like to be too confident, but it is said by old inhabitants of this river-side (to which we have in thought brought our readers) that they never knew kingfishers to be so plentiful as they have been this last summer or two. We heartily wish it may be so; and if it is, it is certain the increase is due to the protective benefits derived from the Small Birds Bill.

It has happened more than once that fishermen so devoted to their sport that they have gone on all through the night with the artificial help of a lantern's light, have been astounded to feel something settle on their motionless rod, and that something has turned out to be a kingfisher. Whether this proves that the kingfisher flies and



feeds by night, or whether it simply means that the lantern's light has disturbed it, and that then it has flown towards it to investigate it, and, seeing what it thought was a large bending reed, settled thereon the better to search out this mystery, we know not; but all we can answer for is that it has happened several times, and at places widely apart.

Looking across to the meadows on the other side, a drove of horses can be seen, endeavouring as best they may to keep off the attacks of the torturing fly; they are all massed together, tails inwards, so as to cover as much of their bodies as possible; but, by the constant flicking of tails and the from time to time sudden convulsive neigh and start of one of their number, it is clear that every now and then a fly does occasionally secure its midday meal. In weather like this it happens sometimes that young horses are actually drowned. In desperation at the repeated attacks, and longing to be rid of the enemy, they plunge rashly into the river. If at a shallow part well and good, they wallow about, roll, and get thoroughly cool; but if they happen to hit the river where it is deep, or where the banks under the water-line are abrupt, they are in a bad plight. They lose their footing and are terrified, and plunging about in the same spot, so exhaust themselves that they in time give up all effort, and are drowned (though if they were to swim down the stream they would be certain to find some shallow where they could walk on shore). Generally speaking, however, there is somebody who sees their wretched plight, and then ropes are requisitioned, and strong arms drag out the rash one. We ourself once tried single-handed one baking hot day to pull a colt out, but we had to give it up,

for it nearly drowned us and itself too. Some millers' men, however, finally came to the rescue, and all together we succeeded.

Cows would seem to have either a thicker hide or more Job-like patience, for we have never heard of their being driven to such desperation. In exceptionally hot weather all the usual bits of stagnant water are dried up, the ponds and the ditches are empty, and then the wild animals even are put to straits to obtain the very small amount they need. One August afternoon we remember watching the grass and herbage move in a field near us, and we speculated whether the unseen creature would turn out to be a dog or a poaching cat; nearer and nearer it came to the river's side, and at last, as the foliage got sparse, there emerged a fine old fox, with his tongue hanging out with thirst: straight down to the water's edge he went, and drank heartily; and not till he had finished did he perceive he was observed, and then he cut matters very short, giving us only a moment's view of his handsome tail.

But, however great the heat, coolness can be found upon the river; and oh! the pleasure of pushing the boat's bows far into a thick bed of high reeds and rushes. Listen to the rustling sound we make as we shove the boat farther in, and are now completely hidden from view! This peculiar scrunching sound is to us one of the most comforting and enjoyable; there is a unique flavour about it; it is in sound what the medlar is to other fruits in flavour—distinct, alone.

Where this reed bed touches the bank great masses of loosestrife grow, and mingling with them is the graceful meadow-sweet. All round on the outskirts are those queer-leaved plants



A KINGFISHER ON A FISHING-ROD.



A SUMMER DAY.

called arrow-heads, with their great long stalks and small white blossoms.

The reeds themselves are mostly of one kind, but in the same bed often grow several sorts. The birds love the seclusion of such a place, and a pair of chattering reed-wrens are rather angrily keeping up a loud-voiced conversation, as if they wished us to know that they think we are trespassers. Most likely they have their nest close at hand, and this makes them additionally vexed at our intrusion. Whether or no we are right we cannot certainly say, but we have always held that this bird has a sharp temper, and gets more easily vexed than the rest of the feathered folk. We have watched a couple actually engaged in nest-building, and have heard them discussing how this and that was to be done, and then suddenly perhaps the modest hen would jump sideways on to an upright reed near at hand, and at once begin a regular tirade against her worthy spouse. Cheek, cheek, cheek, and then a score of cheeks all repeated in a breath, would seem to imply that poor he was catching it very hot. He, however, would go on quietly with what he was doing, and bear it all, and slowly she would fly off still grumbling, when probably he would also depart, and then we have heard them both going on at one another tooth and nail. They also chatter away at night, and it is only necessary to take a walk along this river some evening in early summer to upset the old idea that the nightingale has the monopoly of singing in public after dark, for you will hear various birds at intervals singing throughout the whole night.

When walking at night one is continually being surprised by the look of things, so different to what one would imagine. Bends of the river that perhaps you may think you know thoroughly now look like places you have never been to before; clumps of trees seen even in clear moonlight appear altered and larger, the fact really being that at night one sees no detail, but only masses and outlines. In daylight it would appear that the eye is mostly taken up by wandering over and over a thing, taking in its details and structure, and, not seeing the thing in a broad simple mass, does not conceive of the total form as accurately as it might. We have sketched a moorhen which we saw on one of these evening walks. At first we were puzzled to make out what it was, for we saw the reflection of this inverted bird moving stealthily along, and could see no moor-

hen at all. Gradually our eyes, getting used to the work, made him out walking as it were on the very water's edge, and even then we were wondering why the black mass against which he was hidden was not also reflected in the water. This we found finally was because, whilst the bird was near the water, the trees were not.

One of the beauties of an English summer landscape is the glorious blue that you get over distant hills and countryside. The captious may grumble that we get so few sunny days, but even they will have to allow that when it does shine the sun here shines on the loveliest landscape country almost in the world. The amount of damp there is in our land causes atmospheric effects which are incomparably finer than those obtained in a dry climate. Distance takes its right place, and hills twenty miles away do not, as in Egypt or even Italy, seem to be as close to you as objects

There was put into our hands not long ago a book on "Summer," by H. D. Thoreau. He was a keen American naturalist, and his book is both instructive and interesting, and, more, rises in parts to a most poetic pitch. But why we are mentioning the book at all is this. It gains greater importance from the accurate way in which all entries of natural phenomena are dated. The year, month, day, are in every case concisely given, and sometimes even hour of day.\* Now this is a task possible to all of us. We may not all be painters and able in an afternoon to sketch some entrancing view, neither may we be poets who can make whilst standing on some rustic bridge a charming sonnet, but we can all keep our eyes open and note what we see; and if this were done heartily, sensibly, and regularly, there is no saying how valuable such a notebook might not be at the end of a life. Permanent practical good would



A MOORHEN.

twenty yards off. One often wonders what is the principle which gives the air an azure colour, and why it is so much more marked at some periods than at others. There are days when only distant objects take this blue, and there are others when it seems to pervade things nearer at hand; sometimes it only touches the hills on the horizon, and then again it comes closer and gets under the shadows of hedges and into the recesses of woods and copses.

Endless are the questions of interest which pass before us as we sit quietly enjoying our afternoon. What vast possibilities there are for profit and pleasure if only those who have opportunity would but carry with them some notebook wherein should be kept a record of all events that happen in the sky above, on the earth, and in the water beneath. It may be retorted that such an idea would to many minds mar their outing and destroy the feeling of a complete holiday and rest, to which we would reply that if the effort of practising the art of writing is so exhausting that writing a dozen or two words destroys the feeling of comfort, we certainly would not counsel their attempting such a Herculean task.

then result from most small beginnings, an increase of knowledge would be gained by the individual in every case; and no doubt, in some cases where the student had had especial opportunity of noting exceptional events and had diligently availed himself of them, his work would appeal to the community at large and be of the utmost value. Of course at first many things would be entered of a not very useful sort, but after a time it is soon apparent what are and what are not worthy of noting. And, again, it sometimes happens that things which are not very interesting in themselves have interest in their relationship to other things. Moreover, if such records were kept year after year, although it might be thought there would be much useless monotonous repetition, yet such would not be the case, for it is only from the total results of a number of years that any natural history theory can be safely

\* Thoreau wished to see a book of the seasons each page of which should be written out of doors, and in the season described. So great was his enthusiasm that he spent whole days and nights in the society of Nature. The volume on "Summer" (Fisher Unwin) belongs to his later years. It is edited from his journals, and pictures Nature as he saw it around, Concord with wonderful minuteness, and a mingling of poetry and fact rare among observers.

and correctly brought out of the hazy realm of speculation into the far better one of solid fact.

And one last word. The calm quiet which pervades all nature is part of the essential charm of a summer day in the country. The birds sing, but they never make noise; the water flows, the boughs sway, the grasses rustle, but there is no noise in the sounds; it falls on the ear—yes, but it falls so lightly; rather it enters the ear and you hardly are aware of it. But what are we to say to that fearful noise, the cornet's bray, that so often marks the progress of a boatload of holiday-makers? Miles before they pass you hear it approaching, and even when they have gone by you still hear the piercing notes that have neither melody nor meaning. Not a whit less objectionable is that custom which many have of singing

coarse songs or even popular religious ditties in reckless discord and with irreverent voices on the homeward journey. It cannot be too often impressed on all, that though most undoubtedly every high road and river way is as much one man's as another's, yet there is an unwritten law, not always recognised, that though it be the man's privilege to claim the right to use such place, he yet also ought to be most careful that he does not abuse his right and become an arrant nuisance to his fellow-man. This is forgotten so often by so many and by such diverse conditions of men that the caution is really needed. There is no need for us ourselves to take our pleasures sadly; there should be none either for us to make others sad by our pleasures.

CHARLES WHYMPER.

### "Home, Sweet Home."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EVE," ETC

MEN who had bravely fought and done,  
Men who, by steel or lead,  
Had fallen, urging their comrades on  
To battle, in their stead;  
Men, yellow-eyed, and yellow-cheeked,  
Hollow and worn with pain,  
The tranquil-sailing ship brought back  
To England's shores again.

The broad sails fell, the ship moved on  
In smooth, calm majesty,  
The crowd dark gathered on the shore,  
Hushed as the sleeping sea.  
The anchor dropped. One mighty shout  
Tore the blue shrinking dome;  
A band, that thunder-welcome past,  
On parched dry hearts, refreshed at last,  
Rained softly, "Home, sweet Home!"

It was a thrill of ecstasy,  
A soul-refreshing strain,  
The aching yearning of their hearts  
Was filled to almost pain;  
The melody grew deep, and died,  
Changed, and to whispers fell,  
And rang its changes on the soul  
That trembled as a bell.

A thin, pale boy, not twenty yet,  
Wounded, and sick, and white,  
The red flush lit his hollow cheek  
With pain of strong delight;  
He rose, he smote his sudden palms,  
(Low as the music sighed,)  
The light of Home was in his eyes,  
As he sank back and died.

They stood around the slight still form  
That seemed so rested now;  
The mother smoothed the dark damp hair  
Back from the passive brow,  
And the pent anguish of each heart  
Broke sudden thro' the gloom:  
"O God, that Thou hadst spared him us,  
At least to die at home!"

"That the sea-tossed and weary head  
Might the known couch have pressed,  
Dear and familiar forms around  
Have hushed his heart to rest.  
The sudden thrilling of the thought  
Snapped life's tense strings, at last;  
O God, that from his home so sweet,  
His spirit might have passed!"

An old man rose; grief's wilder waves  
Had hushed their fiercer strife:  
"Weep not, my friend, the omen sweet  
That shook the dew of life."  
His voice shook thro' old age and grief,  
Thin was his silver hair,  
"There is no place like Home, my friends,  
And he you mourn—is there!"



## THROUGH MASAI LAND.

READERS of travels in Equatorial Africa will remember that Speke and Grant, when in search of the great lakes, started from Zanzibar and made their way in a north-westerly direction. They thus left a large tract north-east of their march, of which little has hitherto been known. One fragment of knowledge had come down from the days of Vasco di Gama, the Portuguese discoverer of the fifteenth century. He landed at Mombasa, a port about two degrees north of Zanzibar, and reported that to the west stood "the Mount Olympus of Ethiopia, which is exceeding high." This mountain might be Kilimanjaro, the huge extinct volcano, which has of late years been the goal of many explorers. Starting from Mombasa, they have made their way to the great mountain, and on one occasion it was ascended to the height of fourteen thousand feet, yet no thorough exploration of the district had been attempted till the Geographical Society organised an expedition. At its head Mr. Joseph Thomson was placed, and the narrative of his explorations among the snowclad mountains and strange tribes of Masai Land is among the most recent books of travels.

The country he surveyed may be described as a strip fifty to a hundred miles wide, beginning at a point two hundred miles south-east of the head of Lake Victoria Nyanza, and gradually trending north-west, till at its northern end it actually touches the north-eastern shoulder of the great lake. This is called Masai Land. The name is derived from a tribe who are found scattered in detachments up and down the country. They are men of superior build, of great stature, and warlike propensities. The El-Moran, or warriors of the tribe, march about the country as veritable lords, relying on the terror of their name. This name has been acquired in former wars, ending in the extermination of some neighbouring tribes, diversified occasionally by wholesale losses on their own side. They march about armed with broad-bladed spear and shield of buffalo hide, painted with heraldic colours. Every trader or traveller must submit to their importunities. They handle him with their filthy paws newly coated with grease and clay. He must answer their questions, make up medicine, or pretend to make it up, in compliance with their demands; must exhibit his possessions, trembling perhaps that the exhibition may be followed by the appropriation of any coveted article. The very boys of the Masai take upon themselves to order the traders' porters about like so many slaves. Further, it was an understood thing that none of the Masai were to be charged with stealing. If he laid hands on anything the owner might give chase and wrest his property back from the robber, but no complaint was to be uttered. Their prerogatives extend far beyond the circle of their per-

sonal presence. If a gun was fired they came up in wrath, angrily exclaiming that the privileges of their country had been violated. One of Mr. Thomson's men had the presumption to die in their land, and the closest secrecy had to be observed in disposing of the body, lest this further presumption should bring down a host of warriors on the camp.

The region over which these warriors roam has been in past ages the scene of great volcanic activity, and even before reaching the volcanic field Mr. Thomson remarks characteristics widely differing from what is usual in Africa. The traveller making his way to the interior mostly passes over a breadth of low-lying land, where he has to wade through swamps sending forth the breath of pestilence. This passed, he is confronted by a high rock barrier guarding the central region. The start from Mombasa, on the other hand, is made over ground continually rising. There are no marshes, even in the wet season. Water, instead of being in excess, is scarce; in one hundred and twenty miles only a single stream is passed, and the supply of water must be sought in rock basins scattered here and there, or pools that contain water left from the wet season. The air is exhilarating, and the hardy traveller has nothing to fear on the score of health. The soil of this desert tract is carboniferous sandstone, passing off into a metamorphic district of schists and gneiss. Here the landscape is diversified by mountains rising to a height of 5,000 to 7,000 feet, resembling in Mr. Thomson's words "an archipelago of islands rising with great abruptness from a greyish green sea." The country is named Teita, the inhabitants Wa-teita. At a height of 1,000 feet and upwards, till the air becomes too cold, these mountains are thickly peopled. The streams running down their sides are led along artificial channels or tiny aqueducts of banana stems to water the fields and gardens.

West of these mountains stands a still nobler range called Bura, succeeded by another stretch of desert without inhabitants. The traveller is now approaching the great mountain Kilimanjaro, and makes a halt in the shade of the Tavetan forest. Here is one of those scenes where the reality of nature comes up to the height of man's imagination. Trees rise for one hundred feet without a branch; but their sides are clothed with creeping plants hanging their leafy forms from stem to stem; streams from the mountains find their way through the shades, their banks clothed with maiden-hair ferns. The branches above are alive with monkeys and squirrels. Hidden in the thicket are the native compounds, approached by a narrow pathway between walls of dense vegetation. Behind these the natives bid defiance even to the dreaded Masai, upon whose confines they live. Food was abundant; besides fish and fowl there were tomatoes, yams, bananas, green maize, in short all the profusion of tropical

\* "Through Masai Land." By Joseph Thomson, F.R.G.S. (Sampson Low and Co)

vegetables. These rich plantations and vistas of tall trees veil the approach to the great mountain. Even in the shady retreats at night an icy breeze from the snowclad height would cause a momentary shiver, and on emerging from the forest the whole mountain comes into view. It does not always fall to the traveller's lot to get a full view of it, at any rate from the eastward. The prevailing winds being from that side are chilled as they approach, and, parting with their moisture, produce layers of clouds which often completely hide the summit. The snow too lies deeper on that side than on the west for the same reason. The name Kilimanjaro, which is to a certain extent a familiar sound in our ears, does not sufficiently describe the masses of mountain. There are two of these masses; the higher and larger, named Kibo, has a summit with a long and somewhat flat curve. The whole of this is covered with snow throughout the year. It rises to a height of nearly 19,000 feet. Farther to the east and a little south is a conical mountain named Kimawenzi, exceeding 16,000 feet. In the surrounding district there are numerous volcanoes of no great dimensions.

Mr. Thomson gives at some length his theory of the formation of these mountains. He takes Kimawenzi to be the original volcano existing in full force, before there was any sign of its neighbour, Kibo. Slowly, without any terrific outburst of fire or lava flood, layer upon layer of volcanic rock was piled up, till the weight of the overlying mass was too great for the forces below. Their vent being stopped in this direction, they soon sought another. Greater energy was developed at this epoch, and a higher mountain (Kibo) was reared, until its mass was heavy enough to resist further upheaval. Meanwhile, by the action of frost and rain, the sides of Kimawenzi were cleared of their looser parts, and the solid plug of lava which finally closed the crater stood up to the sky, a bare pinnacle. Subsequent volcanic eruptions produced on the south side of Kibo a series of buttresses, so to speak, gradually diminishing in height. These now constitute the Chaga platform, extending several miles south, and making the whole length of the mountain mass as much as sixty miles, though its breadth is not more than thirty. Another feature of this fire-wrought district calls for especial mention. A little to the south-east of Kimawenzi, and not far from the Tavetan forest, is the crater lake of Chala. Sunk to the depth of 400 to 800 ft. down the perpendicular walls of an extinct crater, its waters lie apparently on the level of the plain from which the crater sprang. This Mr. Thomson regards as the latest effort of the fire-god. Suddenly raised, the crater as suddenly ceased its activity, and the forces of fire having spent themselves, the space they had cleared became a receptacle for the rains of heaven. A view is given of the two mountains as seen across the Chala lake; this helps the reader to understand the sense of awe in the writer's mind when words fail him for further description, and the simple wonderment of the Masai savage when he tells you that "yonder is the throne of God."

In contrast to this imposing sight is the flat plain of Njiri lying immediately to the north. An area of muddy sand, devoid of grass, is relieved here and there by ponds of fresh water, fed by springs. Other parts are encrusted with natron and saltpetre, the residue of dried-up marshes. These shine in the sun like sheets of silver. A haze floats over them, through which the forms of surrounding mountains loom forth in giant grandeur. The mirage adds its fantastic effects, and everything looks unearthly. Mr. Thomson considers this to be the remains of an extinct lake, whose waters supplied the force necessary for the elevation of the mountain heights, and that those forces ceased to act when the lake dried up.

Proceeding in a north-westerly direction, the country still shows evidences of volcanic action. Here it is the subsidence of a considerable tract running nearly north and south, and leaving to the right and left elevated plateaus. The floor of this depression is itself broken up by faults at right angles, giving every now and then the appearance of walls thrown across the valley. The edge of the plateau reaches a height of 6,000 feet above the sea. The lower land displays a rich forest scene, resembling Europe more than Africa. The forest trees are interspersed with flowering shrubs, like those at the Cape or Natal. The open spaces are the haunts of buffaloes, elephants, and rhinoceroses, besides herds of elands and zebras.

Along the edge of this long depression Mr. Thomson observed here and there volcanic cones, and visited two of them. The one was named Donyo Longonot, or Mountain of the Big Pit. On reaching the summit, the inner part was found to answer exactly to its name. The wall of the crater went down perpendicularly 1,500 or 2,000 feet, and the outer side met it at so sharp an angle that it was possible to sit with one leg over the abyss and the other down the side of the mountain. The bottom, seemingly level, was covered with acacias, whose leafy tops gave it the look of a grassy plain.

The other is the Donyo Bura, or Steam Mountain. On its sides, at a height of more than 7,000 feet, are a series of holes, from which the steam is puffed out with curious regularity. Along the edge of a lava cliff it is emitted in far greater volume, and this leads to the conclusion that it comes from no great depth, but is simply due to the percolation of water on to beds of lava that have not yet parted with their heat. Such phenomena are viewed with awe by the native mind, and the guide made his companions throw handfuls of grass as offerings to the spirits of the earth. Between these mountains, and forming a conspicuous feature in the landscape seen from either of them, is a lake twelve miles long. Studded with islands, or perhaps beds of green papyrus, it wore the look of silvery sheen flecked with fresh verdure. It owes its origin to some volcanic disturbance, which threw up a dam across the course of the stream. Other signs of the same agency were seen in hot springs, from which the water issued at temperatures of 83° and 105°. A sight more uncommon was that of a skeleton

forest, where, owing to changes in climate or to diminished rainfall, the ancient trees had withered, and now stood erect but bare amidst a lower vegetation of more recent date.

One of the farthest points sought by Mr. Thomson was Lake Baringo, over which, before his visit, there hung a veil of mystery. It is situated considerably to the east and a little north of the latitude of Victoria Nyanza. But fully seventy miles to the east of the track lies Mount Kenia, known by name to geographers, and our explorer determined to make a rapid journey thither, though the route lay through the worst part of Masai Land. Sending the main body on in the direct line, he himself swerved to the east with a few trusty followers. Their first march was up a steep escarpment two thousand feet in height, which bounds the depressed land spoken of before. Above this lies a hilly region, with dark woods in the slopes and pastures in the hollows, while far to the right lay a noble range of mountains, perhaps sixty miles in length, and as much as fourteen thousand feet in height. These, having no general name among the natives, Mr. Thomson called the Aberdare Range, after the President of the Geographical Society. He was shaping his course so as to cross the northern end of this range, when one morning, while gazing at its black, uninhabited heights, he saw through a depression among them "a gleaming snow-white peak with sparkling facets, like a colossal diamond." At the base stood two peaks, looking like supports to a central column. Shading away at a very slight angle was a long silvery line, the continuation of the crest. This was Mount Kenia, the object of his adventurous excursion. Even while he looked a breeze laden with moisture threw its veil over the ridge, and nothing more was to be seen than a bank of clouds.

Another view was obtained from the base of the mountain itself. Just after the sun had set there was a break in the clouds, and a dazzling white pinnacle caught the last red rays. This was the explorer's sole reward. The ascent was denied to him. His small party dared not linger among the Masai, and a march immediately after sunrise had to be taken before the dreaded warriors were astir.

The crest of Mount Kenia is a long gentle slope at not more than ten or twelve degrees. Mr. Thomson accounts for this by supposing that it was formed of lava thrown up in a very liquid state, and therefore spreading widely as it flowed. At Kimawenzi the lava was more viscid, and therefore assumed a more pyramidal shape. In both cases the close of the volcanic action is marked by a plug of lava, constituting at the present time the highest pinnacle.

Without further danger the explorers reached Lake Baringo. Report had magnified it sometimes into an expanse of water rivalling Victoria Nyanza; the reality brought it down to about eighteen miles in length by ten in breadth. The first sight of it, however, was surprising enough.

Struggling through a dense forest, Mr. Thomson suddenly came upon the edge of the same trough he had left in order to visit Mount Kenia, when he saw the lake apparently at his feet, but at an immense depth below. The depression in which it lies is some twenty miles broad; mountains rise on both sides to a height of nine thousand feet. The lake lies before you like burnished silver, dotted with islands of bright emerald green, and fringed with a paler vegetation growing on a strip of marshy ground.

After Baringo there yet remained Victoria Nyanza. It was reached through a country differing in many respects from that previously traversed. Though on the same latitude with the great reservoir of the Nile, there are tracts where rain is scarce, and the people rear their crops by a most careful system of irrigation. They have passed beyond the meat-eating habits of the Masai and settled down more into the life of cultivators living in walled villages. In some parts a dense population was remarked, in striking contrast to the thinly inhabited regions previously passed. Mr. Thomson, going through the country of Kavirondo, reached Victoria Nyanza at Massala, on its north-eastern corner. The approach to it down a gentle slope was tame after the surprise with which Baringo had burst upon his view. His return to that lake was made along a track somewhat farther to the north, with a view of visiting the mountains in that quarter. At the base of one of these, named Elgon, he found the inhabitants living in huge caves hollowed out of the volcanic rock. The entrance was barred by a strong palisade of tree-trunks. Within were huts, of which only the doors were visible, leading into rock chambers. The natives assured him that there were others, in which whole villages and herds of cattle were to be found. When asked what they knew about the origin of these excavations, they said they were the work of God. They showed their puny tools, and asked how with such implements any man could excavate the solid rock. It was beyond the reach of their thought that other races of men better equipped might have occupied the ground before them. Mr. Thomson asks whether the ancient Egyptians can have reached so far south, but has no materials on which to base an answer.

This sketch of his expedition is necessarily limited to an outline of his geographical discoveries. The reader will hardly need to be informed that in prosecuting them he met with a variety of adventures. His volume, which is a substantial addition to our knowledge of Africa, is filled with details respecting the natives and their manner of life. There are also lively narratives of sport, and some hairbreadth escapes, now from an elephant, now from a buffalo. In an encounter with one of the latter he experienced the same sensations that Livingstone did when seized by the lion. Fully conscious of his danger, he was so benumbed by it as to lose all sense of fear.





## STRANGE STORIES RETOLD IN THE FIRELIGHT.

### VII.—STRANGE STORIES OF DIAMONDS: THE KOH-I-NUR, ETC., ETC.

IN the large variety of strange stories, none is more surprising and interesting than those referring to the fate and the history of the great diamonds—the diamonds of history and romance. Indeed, the traditions which hover around many precious stones are very remarkable. Superstition has attached to many of them singular legends and occult and subtle powers, but it is enough for this paper that we confine ourselves to the diamond; and the great diamonds of the world and their history have not only been the subject of volumes, but might crowd with incident the pages of many volumes. In truth, there is that about the individuality of the diamond—perhaps even more than other precious stones, although the same remark in a measure applies to them—which sets it apart.

As ages have rolled on, while changes have passed over almost every other substance in the world, and the component atoms of flowers, trees, fields, forests, palaces, and monuments have become parts of other substances, the diamond remains unchanged, excepting so far as time and art have added to its brilliancy and its beauty. So that some diamond which a lady wears in her tiara or bracelet may have been worn in the palace of Solomon, or of the Pharaohs, in the rude Court of an Attila or a Tamerlane, by a Roman lady in the Court of Augustus, or it may have glittered in the turban of an Aurungzebe or Baber; and here it is, fresh and brilliant as ever, glittering from the neck of an Empress Eugénie or on the arm or brow of a Queen Victoria. Thus the individuality of the diamond itself is a startling fact—a sort of earthly immortality. Perhaps this, conjoined to its rarity, has conferred upon it the mysterious dignity of the talisman.

Diamonds have been the objects of worship. Among Eastern tribes they have been regarded as the residences of hidden and occult powers; a mysterious reverence has surrounded them—as, indeed, it has also other precious stones. Thus it is related how a Bengalee shroff, or banker, named Silchûrd, having occasion to visit Lahore on the rajah's business, asked his highness for permission to see a very eminent jewel, a diamond which he possessed; and the request being granted, Silchûrd, so soon as he saw it, fell down on his face and worshipped the stone.

Strange and unpropitious events have attended on the possession of great diamonds; indeed their

possession—the possession of the most illustrious diamonds—has often been regarded as ominous, and the breaking of a diamond has sometimes even disturbed an empire. It may be incidentally mentioned, on the other hand, that wonderful virtues have been attributed to the water in which a diamond has been washed or dipped; it has by superstition been regarded as a specific for all diseases, an honour, however, which it has shared with some other precious stones, especially the sapphire, which has been said to secure the favour of princes, to disarm enemies, to baffle wizards, to liberate captives, and even to propitiate the favour of Heaven. Such stories hover round diamonds and other precious stones; and recently novelists—such as Wilkie Collins, Julian Hawthorne, Speight, and others—have yielded to the romantic illusion, and made them the subject of wild and weird imaginations.

Most, if not all, of the great diamonds of the world are known, and their history through long ages has been traced. This has been done very popularly by Mr. Streeter in a work, the sheets of which were read and personally approved by her Majesty the Queen and the Empress Eugénie, so far as their knowledge could correct information concerning diamonds of which they were the possessors. It is not wonderful that the rarity of the illustrious stone should have made its possession through all ages an object of singular ambition, sometimes from the mere cupidity of the merchant, sometimes from the mystic superstition to which we have referred, sometimes from the dazzling brilliancy of the precious gems setting off the person, shining in the crown or on the throne, and sometimes from the mere ambition of illustrious or imperial persons to possess that whose rarity and enormous value seemed to place an eminent distance between themselves and rival splendours. And the names which many of these diamonds have had conferred upon them have indicated their splendour, such as the Star of the South, the Moon of Mountains, the Mountain of Splendour, the Polar Star, and many others, but all for the most part setting forth the ambitious attempts of language to convey the idea of their brilliancy. Nor is it to be supposed that all this, which amounts to a kind of fabulous magnificence and value set upon objects so desired, can have exercised the imagination, ambition, and cupidity of men without calling into play passions frequently fierce and foul, leading to

robberies and assassinations, to low and petty cunning, and even to public and national warfare.

We have spoken of the individuality of the diamond. If it were not merely a thing, but if it had also, as superstitiously believed, some of the attributes of personality, if it could know and speak, what a succession of dramatic and tragic stories a great diamond could tell! What a story the Moon of Mountains, for instance, could tell! Far away in the old night of time this stone belonged to the Great Mogul Emperors. From them it passed with their other treasures to the Persian conqueror, Nadir Shah, and it, with another magnificent stone called the Sun of the Sea, adorned his throne. When Nadir was murdered by his revolted and brutalised soldiers in the year 1747 this diamond appears to have been, with other excellently valuable precious stones, the pillage of a rude Afghan soldier who had been in Nadir's service. Suddenly the Afghan made his appearance in Bassora, a large town famous for its commerce in Eastern wares, and especially in precious stones. He presented himself to Shaffrass, an Armenian diamond merchant, carrying on his business there with his two brothers; and to the quite intelligent and astonished eyes of the merchant the Afghan showed his treasures, of the immense value of which, however, he was quite unaware. He had an emerald of rare size and beauty, a fine ruby, a magnificent sapphire—since known to the Persians as the Eye of Allah—and, above all, the Moon of Mountains. Of course Shaffrass determined to possess them, but he put off the Afghan for a few days in order that he might raise the money for their purchase, although, as we have said, the soldier was unaware of their enormous value. The putting him off, however, frightened him; he did not know the cause, and supposed that inquiries would be made which might lead to his arrest and the restoration of the jewels. He left the town as suddenly as he had appeared in it, and made his way to Bagdad. There he fell in with a Jew, and, very likely frightened at his possessions, he parted with all for sixty-five thousand piastres, or, as we should say, five hundred pounds sterling, and two full-blooded Arab horses. Pity he did not put his horses to the service of immediate flight, but he loitered in dissipation in the city of the Eastern caliphs, and one day in the midst of his gaieties who should surprise him but Shaffrass, the Armenian merchant, who had unwittingly followed him thither!

Now, thought he, I shall make my bargain, and not lose sight of my man until it is completed; and great was his disappointment to find that he had disposed of the entire of the jewels, and especially the Moon of Mountains. Shaffrass hastened to the Jew, but the Jew would not trade. Shaffrass offered him twice the sum again which he had paid, for the diamond alone. The Jew, if not quite aware of, was quite enlightened as to the value of his treasure, and would not part with it. The brothers of the Armenian joined him at Bagdad; the interesting trio held a consultation together as to what could be done. They deter-

mined to murder the Jew, and, at any rate, to get possession of the diamond. This was done; but the Afghan might be a dangerous witness against them, and incriminate them when the Jew was missed; so it was decided that he should be murdered too; and before the absence of the Jew could be remarked upon, he was invited by the three worthies to supper and a festivity at their house, poisoned, and the Afghan and the Jew were tied in the same sack and thrown into the Tigris. So far all had gone without difficulty; but now the question arose, who should have the diamond? Shaffrass settled that question by cunningly disposing of his two brothers as they unitedly had disposed of the Jew and the Afghan. They also found their last earthly habitation in a sack, and a watery grave in the Tigris.

Now Shaffrass was the sole possessor of the Moon of Mountains; but prudence dictated that he should hurry away from Bagdad. He hastened to Constantinople; he travelled through Hungary, Silesia, and Holland. Again he announced himself as a dealer in precious stones; but, very likely prudently, for some time kept his greatest treasures out of sight. Gradually, however, he called the attention of the sovereigns of Europe to some of his choicer specimens. Catherine II of Russia heard of him, and placed him in communication with her crown jeweller, who offered him a patent of nobility and an annuity of ten thousand roubles. But this did not suit the Armenian; he desired the more tangible payment of six hundred thousand roubles; and probably fearing the exercise of State craft upon himself, he left St. Petersburg and went to Astrachan, and opened the correspondence, at a safe distance, with Russia again. Ultimately Catherine became possessed of the diamond. It appears to have been sold, by negotiations carried on in Amsterdam, for twenty thousand pounds, an annuity of four thousand pounds, and a patent of nobility.

Upon the flight of Shaffrass from Bagdad, his crimes became known; he could return to that region no more; he settled in Astrachan, married, and had seven daughters. The end of the gentleman was, that, quarrelling with one of his sons-in-law about money, he was poisoned under circumstances not unlike those in which he had sacrificed his two brothers. Is it not true that diamonds could tell strange stories if they could speak?

Mr. Streeter calls the Great Sancy the very sphinx of diamonds. It is no doubt surrounded by a dense cloud of mystery. But there have been moments in its history when it seemed to break the silence and speak from its obscurity. The glorious gem belonged to Henry III of France, of whom it is not too strong a term to speak as "that detestable monarch." It glittered in a 'tocque, or turban, which he wore to conceal the deformity of his forehead while he was fondling and combing his lapdogs and monkeys. From him it passed to the possession of Henry IV of Navarre. A singularly romantic circumstance is associated with it in this period of its history. Henry desired to borrow money for the purpose of strengthening his army, and he sent the diamond by the hands

of a messenger whom he greatly trusted, but the messenger and the diamond both disappeared. Still Henry never lost faith in his messenger. After some time it was discovered that he had been waylaid and assassinated. The story is somewhat confused as to whether the messenger was sent from the king to Nicholas Harlai, with whom he was negotiating, or from Harlai to the king. But there is no confusion about the faithfulness of the servant. The forest was searched, the body found and opened, and in the stomach was discovered the diamond, which, as his master had suspected, he had swallowed to prevent its falling into the hands of the thieves—a story which contrasts very strongly with that of the Armenian gentleman just mentioned.

Ultimately Henry IV sold the Sancy Diamond to our Elizabeth, and it passed along through a variety of vicissitudes, through the hands of James I, Henrietta Maria, Catherine of Braganza, to James II, who sold it to Louis XIV. It became in due course the property of the Empress Eugénie, but found its way to India again, where it was worn at the great *durbar* held in honour of the Prince of Wales, but it has now once more vanished from sight. Did we not say that diamonds could tell strange stories?

India has been the place, no doubt, where diamonds have exhibited their most glowing splendours. That was a singular and wild fancy of Aurungzebe when, in 1658, he deposed his father, the Shah Jehan, and usurped his throne. He caused to be constructed the famous Takht-i-Taûs, or Peacock Throne, representing, by appropriate jewels, a peacock, its head overlooking, its tail overshadowing, the person of the emperor when sitting on the throne. The natural colours of the bird were represented by the rarest and most gorgeous stones of the Eastern world, and the eyes of the bird were supplied by the two celebrated diamonds, the Koh-i-nur, or the Mountain of Light, and the Koh-i-tur, the Mountain of Sinai. The gentleman who put up this very pretty piece of machinery called himself Aurungzebe—that is, the ornament of the throne; and he seems to have occupied it until he was eighty-seven years of age, when by-and-by, after the reign of several successors, the Peacock Throne was broken up and all its splendours scattered. But this, very naturally, reminds us of the Koh-i-nur, which is, beyond every other stone, the diamond of history and romance. Its story is indeed wonderful.

We will not inquire how far the traditions are to be relied upon which trace it back to its discovery, five thousand years since, in the torrents of the lower Godavery river. Certain it is that history seems never to have lost sight of it for five centuries and a half, a fairly long period, although short of five thousand years. When Nadir Shah broke up the Peacock Throne, the Koh-i-nur was missing, and all his efforts to obtain it were baffled. At last a woman of the harem betrayed the secret, informing Nadir that the vanquished emperor wore it concealed in his turban. Nadir had recourse to a very clever trick to obtain possession of the prize. He had seized

already on the bulk of the Delhi treasures and had concluded a treaty with the poor deposed Mogul Emperor, with whom he could not very well, therefore, get up another quarrel, so he availed himself of a time-honoured custom seldom omitted by princes of equal rank on State occasions a few days after. Upon a great ceremony held at Delhi, Nadir proposed that he and the Emperor should exchange turbans in token of good faith! The Emperor, astonished, was taken aback. He had no time for reflection. Checkmated, he was compelled to comply with the insidious request. Nadir's turban was glittering with gems, but it was only itself a plain sheepskin head-gear. The Emperor, however, displayed neither chagrin nor surprise; his indifference was so great that Nadir supposed he had been deceived, but, withdrawing to his tent, he unfolded the turban, and gazing upon the long-coveted stone, he exclaimed, "Koh-i-nur!" (the Mountain of Light!)

From this time its history appears to be very easily traced. It passed into the hands of various Imperial possessors and conquerors; it was coveted with mighty longings. But in the East this brilliant treasure was but an ill-starred stone, and seemed to bring woe to those who possessed it. The Shah Rokh, the son of Nadir, was overthrown and conquered, but nothing could induce him to part with the stone to his conqueror, who devised a diabolical expedient to get possession of it. Rokh had already lost his eyes to retain it, when his conqueror ordered his victim's head to be closely shaved and encircled with a diadem of paste, and boiling oil to be poured into the receptacle thus formed; but although the agony of this torture persuaded him to deliver up an invaluable ruby, he still retained the secret of the great diamond; and, in fact, his conqueror, Aga Mohammed, never obtained possession of it. But before his death, the Shah Rokh gave it to Ahmed Shah, the founder of the Durani-Afghan Empire. The stone, however, retained its character, and, it would appear, carried woe and unsuccessful into the dynasty which possessed it. The desire for its possession led to the deprivation of the eyes of the prince. It passed into the hands of a favoured princess of the zenana, a distinguished Begum, who suffered amazing cruelties, but could not be induced to be unfaithful to the hands which had placed it in her trust. She was kept long without food, and at last the unhappy Shah Shuja, for whom she was keeping it, volunteered to surrender the stone to Runjit Singh. It was delivered up amidst imposing ceremonies to its new owner, who inquired of Shah Shuja, "At what price do you value it?" to which he replied, "At good luck, for it has ever been the associate of him who has vanquished his foes." But it has been truly said that he might have replied, "At bad luck, for sorrow and suffering have always followed in its train." Runjit wore it for the remainder of his life in a bracelet, and when he died, in 1839, strong efforts were made by the priests to induce him to present the mighty stone to the famous shrine and god, Juggernaut. It is even said that he consented, but the crown



jeweller refused to give it up without a properly signed warrant. Before this could be procured the rajah died, so it remained with the young rajah, Dhulip Singh.

And thus we approach for the present to the close of the history of this romantic stone, for when the Punjaub was annexed in 1849 and the East India Company took possession of the Lahore Treasury in part payment of the debt due by the Lahore Government, it was stipulated that the Koh-i-nur should be presented to the Queen of England. Here happened one of the most entertaining incidents and the last little romance in connection with its history. At a meeting of the East India Board the priceless diamond was committed to the care of the illustrious John (afterwards Lord) Lawrence. He received it, dropped it into his waistcoat pocket, and thought no more about it. He went home, changed his clothes for dinner, and threw the waistcoat aside. Some time after a message came from the Queen to the Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, ordering the jewel to be at once transmitted to her. Lawrence said at the Board to his brother Henry—his brother-in-arms also in the greatness of Indian conquest—"Well, send it at once." "Why, you have it," said Henry. Lawrence used afterwards to say how terror-stricken he was at his own carelessness, and how he muttered to himself, "This is the worst trouble I ever got into." This mighty chieftain, whose eagle eye and iron hand were equal to the largest and smallest interests, and who saved for us our Indian Empire, had treated the famous diamond with disrespect! However, it was found where he had put it, and the delightful biographer of Lawrence says: "Never, I feel sure, whether flashing in the diadem of Turk or Mogul, or the uplifted sword of Persian, Afghan, or Sikh conqueror, did it pass through so strange a crisis or run a greater risk of being lost for ever than when it lay forgotten in the waistcoat pocket of John Lawrence." The Koh-i-nur is now preserved in Windsor Castle, but a model of the gem is kept in the Jewel Room of the Tower of London.

We have said that this stone has probably the longest, most illustrious and startling succession of incidents, but wild and wonderful tales are connected with many others—the mystery of the Orloff, for instance, now the most remarkable of the Russian diamonds. It was stolen by a French grenadier from a gorgeous Hindoo temple near Trichinopoly, where it was one of the magnificent eyes of the Hindoo god of the temple; both of the eyes were diamonds of inestimable value, and the French grenadier determined at any rate to possess one of them. It was a difficult task he set before himself. Being a Christian (?), he was not permitted to pass beyond the inner enclosure of the temple; but this difficulty was soon disposed of. He became a profound devotee, and

so charmed the Brahmins by his holiness that he was permitted extraordinary access to the inner shrine. One night when a wild storm was abroad he stealthily entered the shrine, wrenched one of the eyes from the idol, and still through the storm and tempest hastened on his way towards Madras. Arrived there, he sold the gem to an English sea-captain for two thousand pounds; he brought it to London, and sold it to a Jew merchant for twelve thousand pounds; ultimately, not to dwell upon the particulars of its travels, it was purchased by the Prince Orloff, whose name it bears, for the Empress Catherine, for ninety thousand pounds!

But here we must stop, although we could recite many strange stories connected with the history of this, which has been called the king of precious stones. We have said how cupidity and avarice have shed their shadows around almost all the great diamonds. Curious the history of the Jagersfontein, the great Pitt diamond, the Pigott, and others. But the diamond itself, apart from its human relations, is a strange and inexplicable mystery; how it comes about is a riddle which has never been solved. Nearly fifty years since Sir David Brewster, before the British Association in 1837, attempted to demonstrate at once the carboniferous and floral origin of the diamond. The great Robert Boyle made some of the most curious and entertaining observations upon the diamond, and he appears to have thought—and he was not a wild thinker—that it is generated by a process of natural growth, and thinks such a theory less wonderful than the birth of plants or animals. He thinks that where they are found there is something analogous in seminal principles, and he quotes Linschotien with evident approval, who says, "If you dig this year at the depth of a cubit, you will find diamonds, and after two years dig there, you will find diamonds again." This is not much more satisfactory as to their origin than the ludicrous anecdote mentioned by Mr. Emanuel, of a noble lady who inherited two diamonds which from time to time gave birth to indisputable facsimiles and likenesses of themselves!

Boyle's observations also on a diamond that shines in the dark partake of this curious and mystical character. In any case everything belonging to the history of the diamond is mysterious, from that which flashed its lustres from the breastplate of the Hebrew high priest, through all the strange and splendid transactions with which the precious stone has been associated in the courts and diadems of Eastern princes; in the superstitions and worship of grotesque idols in pagan shrines, and in all the weird wonders which even modern fancy has raised by its incantation around the jewel, which almost persuades into a consciousness of hidden powers.

E. PAXTON HOOD.

## OVER THE HAUKELIFJELD, AND POSTING THROUGH THELEMARKEN.

THERE are but few railways as yet in Norway, where, owing to the physical configuration of the country, all travel in the interior is performed by walking or riding over the mountain paths, or driving over the Government post-roads which follow the trends of the valleys, are often intersected by lakes or fjords, and cross the fjelds or mountain plateaux at their most accessible points. There are only four such direct overland through routes from the southern to the western coasts, and of these the post road from Bergen, or rather Odde on the Hardanger fjord, over the Haukelifjeld and through the province of Thelemarken to Kristiania, is the least frequented by foreigners. This is not owing to any lack of scenic attractions, but to the fact that a long and difficult mountain ride has hitherto been the only means of communication between the two sections of the unfinished kariol road, characterised throughout by longer stages and more indifferent fare.

The "nye vei" from Odde to Røldal, a well-graded and most skilfully constructed mountain road, has been completed some years. It passes through the grandest scenery of the Hardanger province, characterised throughout by softer beauty and less sterility than that of rugged Nordland. A rough bridle-path over the mountains alone connects the thriving hamlet in the picturesque Røldal with the Haukelid saeter, a solitary homestead and refuge, long of repute among hunters and sportsmen, and situated at a considerable elevation amid the wild grandeur of the perpetual snow-strewn ranges of the Haukelifjeld, a bleak mountain plateau now quite accessible from Kristiania by the newly completed highway through Thelemarken, which is already carried a little beyond it. This break in the road necessitated the carriage throughout of half the usual small amount of luggage conveyable in posting by kariol or the country carts (*stolkjaerrer*), for it must be transported through the pass of Dyreskard on pack-horses. Although that summer the distance left to be traversed on foot or horseback was reduced to one Norsk mile (seven English ones), the ride occupied three hours, giving some idea of the serious obstacles to regular travel that will be removed by the approaching completion of the carriage road, which must greatly develop and increase the resources of this interesting and less known section of the country. Then the postmasters, having as a rule only four horses for public hire, were already embarrassed by the increasing traffic, and private horses commanded high rates. Two travellers each way absorbed all the official road accommodation at the small and often solitary station inns which lay over fifteen miles apart, and, with the exception of the Haukelid saeter, were characterised by scanty fare, the shortest of loose straw beds, and were generally unequal to the demands then made on them. On

the completion of the highway, the more lengthened and difficult stages will be shortened by the erection of intermediate stations, and the tariff amended by Government. Then the passage of "the Haukeli" will present no difficulties or discomfort even for the ordinary tourist.

The little hamlet of Odde, situated at the end of the Sør fjord—the most southerly branch of the cruciform Hardanger—is one of the most beautiful and most frequented spots amid the milder glories of this well-cultivated and fruit-yielding district, whose far-famed scenic attractions culminate hereabout. It lies above the dark-blue waters of the narrow fjord, closed in by sheer precipitous walls of dark rock, furrowed by many a gleaming waterfall, fed from the vast field of perpetual snow, covering at an average elevation of 4,000 feet the high plateau thirty miles long and ten in width which intervenes between the Hardanger and Mauranger fjords. Here and there the rocky wall is broken by side ravines and dazzling glimpses of the deep snow mantle, the uniformity of which is interrupted by bare nuts or rounded peaks emerging from the pure and glistening mass of snow and ice.

The post road through the open valley of Odde—really an extensive moraine and the bed of a vast glacier stretching formerly right down to the fjord—gradually rises as it passes through innumerable boulders piled in astounding masses picturesquely veiled in verdant foliage. Then it winds along the rock-bound shores of the Sandenvand, a lovely little blue lake completely hemmed in by high walls of dark rock, except at its junction with the valley of Jordal, which is blocked up in the distance by the rigid waves of a frozen sea of ice. This Buarbrae is one of the most interesting and accessible of the many glaciers nourished by the mighty Folge-fond stretching far beyond vision. What a lovely four-mile walk it is after half an hour's row across the placid lake, up that fertile little valley with only the rushing torrent for company, "deep music in its roar." The Jordal narrows as one ascends into a mere cleft, one side lies dark and forbidding in sombre shadow, the other is sun-bathed, and little patches of hay grow high up in far-away ledges and basins. The crop is duly cut with short scythes, gathered, and swiftly transported in bundles along the hanging wire down into the valley below, close to the log hay barns, in which this most valuable of all soil products in Norway is housed for winter use. The Jordalsnüt rises abruptly, a grand rounded summit above the rock wall, and here and there weather-worn pinnacles stand out against the narrow belt of sky. Frequent landslips have added to the picture, for the *debris* is quickly veiled in lichen, ferns, and verdure of the most vivid green. The grey torrent foams onwards over its rocky bed, often barred by boulders and falling in its course.

A cool delicious air is wafted from the glacier above, close to which, late in July, grew patches of potatoes and unripened barley. Gaily attired and lithe peasant women, in the bright bordered skirts, scarlet bodices, and broad flapping white

the onward movement greatly predominates. It has a large central moraine, beyond which the snow thickly veils the ice, rising higher and higher, a pure and dazzling vision of bewildering beauty. The foot of the glacier lies seven hun-



THE BUARBRAE (ODDS).

caps, characteristic of the Hardanger, were deftly turning the heavy swathes of hay on a tiny sunlit slope lying scarce a stone's throw from the rigid border of the frozen mass—light, colour, action, life, in vivid contrast with the rugged sterility and deep shadow of productive nature ice-bound in death. A rainbow hovered across the cavernous mouth of the ice grotto, for from its dark-blue roof heavy drops were distilled in falling rain. The Buarbrae alternately recedes and advances in the valley with irregular rapidity and extent, but

dred feet above the Sandvenvand, half a Norsk mile below, and is quite as accessible and picturesque in its surroundings as any in Europe.

Among the special charms of all Norwegian landscapes is the vivid green colouring of the rocks, so richly festooned with ferns, herbage, and foliage, and bright with summer flowers, always fresh and fair in this moist climate. Even the 'sod-roofed' peasants' houses bloom with pansies, nourish brier roses, or young shoots of the poplar, more often a small but useful crop of



tall hay. Wild strawberries may be gathered from the broad earth tops of the rough stone walls separating the tiny fields on the mountain slopes, so often decorated with upright frames of wood on which the fresh-cut grass is hung to dry quickly into hay. The long-tailed magpies fluttering tamely near the homesteads are more rare in the Hardanger, one of the chief fruit-producing districts. But there is water everywhere. In the short day's journey from Odde to the Røldal alone one passes half a dozen waterfalls of great beauty, independently of a score of minor ones, any one of which would be the great attraction of an English midland county. Close by the little hamlet of Hildal the Hildalsfos or "force" descends in broad volume from a bold projecting ledge of the rocks which seem to bar all progress and close up the north end of the romantic Sandvenvand. But a little beyond in the long defile of the Seljestad—the foaming river rushing merrily below, shut in by towering rocks—is the divided cascade of the Lotefos. Its gliding waters are separated by a picturesque moss-grown wedge of rock into two silvery falls. A few yards farther the opposite wall of the deep ravine is draped by the graceful Espe-landfos, whose rippling wavelets are almost veiled by the light clouds of spray which float and hover above it.

Soon after this wondrous river gorge widens at its junction with the Jösensdal, yielding a larger vision of rolling wooded hills and a peaceful vale, watered by a tributary streamlet. A deeper turn in the splendid road, cut out of solid rock, and protected towards the ravine with pillars of hewn stone at regular intervals, shuts out for awhile the lovely purple vista. The gradient becomes severe, and the road crosses a kind of devil's bridge, the river rushing noisily below, and winds up in a series of well-planned zigzags, amid fairly well-grown firs and pines, and huge boulders up to the highest point of the pass, whence there is a truly magnificent view of the far-stretching snow-plain of the Folge-fond, which here seems on a level with the line of vision. Then comes a brief descent to reach the solitary and poor post-station of Seljestad, on an open and not particularly attractive plateau. A little beyond this is the turning-point of most people's wanderings towards Thelemarken—the summit of the romantic Gorsvingane. This pass increases in beauty with every moment of the steep and winding long ascent, beguiled by the music of the blue river far away below, which, ever dashing onwards, forms rapids, and even cascades, in its tumultuous course. The walls of the broad ravine rise higher and higher; are graced with many a far-off silent waterfall. Closing in at last, they form a grand defile—a gateway of solid rock, and shut out for ever the magnificent retrospect of the distant mountains of Odde and the vast snow-fields beyond. Truly a lovely picture, with, for once, a noble background—the one thing so often lacking in Norway, the country *par excellence* of mountain-enclosed plateaux, and narrow valleys by land and sea—the fjords.

The sterner scenery of the gloomy summit of

the Gorsvingane contrasts well with the misty softer outlines and purple tones of the charming ravine of Seljestad. Snow lay in deep patches in hollows of the rocks and on the road at 3,300 feet above the sea. Mists half veiled the round summits of the bleak mountains that came into view as we commenced a rapid run down the hundred zigzags planned to avoid the winter avalanches and heavy cross-drifts of snow, and to lighten the difficulties of the far more abrupt ascent from the Røldal side. We had left Odde at 9 a.m., and reached the populous hamlet lying at the southern end of the extensive Røldalsvand about 7 p.m.—distance, forty-eight kilometres, or thirty English miles, which can be traversed almost as rapidly on foot, as quite two-thirds of the way is uphill. At the first real ascent the pony turns his head and lingers for the "gut," or postboy (often the peasant owner, and a heavy man), to jump off, stops decidedly a little farther on for one of the riders to get out, and soon halts again for the remaining occupant to do likewise. Then he will drag up the cart and the luggage, driven from the side by the walking "gut." Thus you are left at leisure to botanise, stop for breath, and rest on pretence of admiring the scenery, for it is an undeniable fact that the Norwegian climate, diet, and hills combined severely try the energies of the most enthusiastic pedestrians. Once the summit is reached, off you again go at full trot, or even gallop, making up lost time, and gaining on the walkers, except when the roads wind and turn on an open descending plateau, when they can take short cuts and keep well on a level.

A local fair had been held that day in the large straggling hamlet of Gryting i Røldal, on the lake of the same name, and the place was quite full. There were neither rooms to be had at the post-station for the night, nor post-horses available for the morrow. But an obliging bonder's wife did her best to accommodate us, and charged only three and a half kroner for two rooms and supper and breakfast for two persons. She also took a keen interest in our search for private horses. It was difficult to find the two saddle-horses, one pack-horse, and necessary conveyances to the end of the high road absolutely required for the next combined stage and ride of 17 English miles. There was but one side-saddle in the village, and that was already engaged or "optaget"—to use a word much in vogue in Norway, and one it is advisable quickly to learn the meaning of—and although a Røldal peasant was found willing to provide two horses with ordinary saddles, it seemed as if the needful third would never be forthcoming. At last another man agreed to let one of his horses if we would start at eight, as he had already arranged to escort two ladies over the Haukelid on returning to his home.

Then began a hunt for the original horse-owner—no easy task with only the aid of bad Norsk in the dusk of a summer evening, for the peasants, like their houses, seem all cut out after one pattern, and, though civil enough, are often stupefied with the effects of the tobacco they chew so persistently. When rediscovered it was apparently enforced on his mind that he was to

come an hour earlier than that previously fixed on. Still, it was with very considerable misgivings that I rose the next morning to find half the peasants of the vicinity performing their ablutions on the high road in front of my window, which was quite unprovided with blinds—a little bit of civilisation not always considered necessary in Norway, where much of domestic life is carried on in public. Breakfast, for once, was punctual to the minute, and so were the peasants with steeds, saddles, and stolkjærrer; and, followed by our "guts," we soon caught up the two Danish ladies ahead, to realise the disadvantages of a combined party, for their attendant was as stupid and troublesome as ours were quick and obliging. He drove first—or rather lay negligently on his back on some bundles of fodder in his low cart, allowing his horse to nibble at the grass on the roadside; or he would abandon it altogether and come and chatter and expectorate with our men for a change. Add three or four loose horses belonging to his companion; sum total a nice little *mêlée* for a stiff day's journey, with the prospect of a rain or snow storm on the bleak fjeld. At last an irate suggestion that I could drive my horse if he would manage his, provoked by a prolonged stoppage of the leader, and the helplessness of the two ladies in the stolkjærrer behind it, was received with a grin of acquiescence, and he once more transferred his attentions to his hungry steed, leaving us more at ease to admire the lovely waterfalls of the Valdalen, and to look back on the peaceful hamlet, now purple in the distance below, the placid Røldalsvand beyond, the abrupt, rugged, and snow-patched Horreheia closing a noble vista.

Far ahead the road rose in ever-winding ascent amid the steep boulder-strewn sides of barren mountains, with summits enshrouded in the shifting mysteries of cloudland. All was lifeless and desolate, silent also, save for the rush and roar of some lonely waterfall wearing out a side ravine or marking with broad gleam of light the gloomy rock outlines. The carriage road ended abruptly as the pass opened into a broad, wind-swept, rock-strewn plateau. The "guts" caught and saddled some loose horses feeding on the bogland near by, turned those in the stolkjærrer adrift on the scanty pasture, and proceeded to securely strap the baggage on wicker cradles, which afterwards, slung separately as panniers on each side of the horse, formed a simple and most efficient pack-saddle. Here the one post-station ladies saddle made its appearance; it was of the arm-chair type, and, failing another of like pattern, one of the Danes elected to walk over the intervening pass, distance an unknown quantity most variously estimated at Bergen, Odde, and Røldal, but little being known in one district of the routes through the next. For an extended riding tour in this country, which would be very enjoyable and open up many interesting and unvisited regions, a private saddle would be a decided acquisition, as it could be easily carried in the stolkjærrer on the main roads; otherwise a broad ox-hide strap is a most useful and necessary addition to the scanty girths provided with the

hired ones, and as some security against their turning when fording a stream or at similar *malapropos* moments. Thus guarded, any horsewoman can easily manage to ride after the fashion of her sex on a man's saddle on the active native ponies, which are invariably gentle-tempered, sure-footed little beasts, with, however, very decided will of their own, which, in default of local knowledge on the rider's part, it is wiser, not to say useless, to attempt to cross or control.

The ride over the Haukelid through Dyreskard pass, over 3,700 feet above the sea, is pleasant enough in mild weather, although bleakness, desolation, and solitude are the chief features of a scene which, save for largeness of scale, presents little that is new to those familiar with the mountains of Wicklow. The horses plodded bravely on, over patches of bog, boulders, through mire holes formed by the blackened half-melted snow, which in less exposed places lay in unsullied purity or formed natural bridges in the ravines, across that which in no country but Norway would be dignified by the name of a path. The "guts" were most troublesome, loosing the pack-horses, which galloped merrily off with their unsaddled companions, or stopped to graze or drink right in front of our steeds wherever the stony slopes narrowed into a pathway strewn with loose rocks and bordered with scanty herbage, or we splashed through the water pools, which at this season occur frequently. A threatening storm cloud burst heavily in a moment, enshrouding the prospect, but it cleared almost as suddenly as we reached the shores of a tiny lake with waters green with vegetation and banks densely clothed with ferns and mosses gleaming with raindrops. Far ahead huge boulders towered skywards, but there was only one rough refuge hut in sight, and not even a solitary cow to enliven a scene as desolate as the bad lands of Dakotah, and as barren also save for the patches of grey reindeer moss, and even that *looked* lifeless. At the base of the ensuing steep and long moraine a broad stream barred progress, bridged by a narrow plank for pedestrians. A "gut" caught and mounted a loose horse and led the way in; the others followed unfalteringly, though the current was strong and the water reached to their haunches. Then the other end of the kariol road came into view, our sturdy little steeds were quickly off-saddled and turned loose to graze on the adjacent bog land, rank grass being their chief nourishment.

After at least an hour of unnecessary delay, fresh horses were harnessed to the stolkjærrer lying by the roadside, and a quick run down a well graded road brought us thankfully "to the haven where we would be"—the Haukelid saeter, long a solitary "fjeld gaard" or mountain refuge on the wide plateau, and now an excellent post-station inn affording comfortable quarters. An elaborately costumed, and stately bejewelled hostess leisurely set forth a luxurious meal of tinned meat, vegetables, pancakes, and claret. At first it seemed as though we must stay the night, as the landlord's four horses were all on the road to Røldal or Thelemarken. But just as

we had agreed to drive an old peasant's horse in a low springless cart without a seat, of the nursery toy-cart type of a past epoch, a most courteous Norwegian gentleman, one of the Government "vei director," or surveyors of highways, persuaded the landlord to produce and let us his private carriage for three kroner extra hire. So the next easy stage to Botten in the Grungedal was performed in a most luxurious fashion in a cushioned phaeton that would almost pass muster in the park, the long rope reins alone suggestive of Norway. The dicky was filled by the venerable old peasant owner of the sleek, round-flanked horse which trotted and galloped gaily over the twenty-two kilomètres (nominal) through scenery of a less stern type, by foaming stream and storm-bleached pines. A solitary unpainted wooden house on a hillside overlooking the road proved to be the new post-station of Botten, in a somewhat rudimentary stage of development, but kept by a quick and obliging host and hostess. Here we parted with regret from our charioteer, who, delighted with a "drikkepenge" of a krøne, shook hands with great warmth after the manner of his kind. Several pedestrians staying here seemed, as usual with Englishmen, to be very dissatisfied with the mountain routes and saeter life, and determined to stick to the high roads in future.

An early start was made in the morning on the next stage of twenty-two kilomètres, or fourteen miles, to Nylønd, the road running almost continuously by a river rushing merrily over the boulders which formed its bed and barred it up into deep pools, whence it only escaped by a narrow cleft in a boiling rage, to be stopped again and again by similar causes. Waterfalls meandered down the soft wooded slopes which opened out into a grassy plateau, whereon the poor post-station of Nylønd is situated. It was a typical Thelemarken home of the poorer class, with an open raised fireplace in one corner of the guest-room. A shelf ran round near the low roof, on which the simple pottery and bright cooking-pots were ranged below the old Norsk greetings painted in scrolls on the walls. Here we were detained two hours for a horse, and dined on tea and bread-and-butter, all the house afforded; but plenty of wild strawberries were offered for sale at the hut of the bright neatly-dressed little old man of about twelve, who acted as our next "gut" and had no sinecure. For the cause of the delay was soon apparent; the poor horse had already been the journey of twenty-two kilomètres to Mule and back again, not a pleasant idea for the second driver, as, with scanty interval for food and rest, it began wearily enough to cover it again, in all fifty-five English miles for its day's work. Fortunately the road was level at first, if somewhat uninteresting; but later on the scene was very beautiful on entering another ravine, with a river below, shut in with wooded heights; and now and then there was a fine view of the purple level-topped ranges of the Thelemarken mountains. For the next three hours steep hills recurred again and again with wearisome persistency; each one surmounted on foot revealed a successor; and Mule, reached at last,

stood on the summit of the steepest of three which followed without a single break of level ground. It was but a small station-house of two rooms, occupied by the peasant owner's numerous family, with but a single double-bedded guest-chamber, which we engaged on behalf of two weary pedestrians known to be following in our wake. The members of the family were bright, kindly, and unsophisticated, and we were soon on the best of terms, consulting over difficulties, for neither post nor private horses were to be had that day on any terms. They examined the contents of a satchel with great interest, and finally produced from their stores a bottle of what was presumably port wine—of which they insisted we should partake. After the usual amount of polite refusal proper on such occasions we were bowing and smiling and clinking glasses with all the silent solemnity of the Norsk "skaal" ceremony. Then two of the girls went with us to appeal for shelter for the night at a solitary bonder's house in the valley below—the only other building for miles. Here one small room was vacant, and I was invited, as is often the case, to share another with two previous arrivals, who proved to be the German-speaking Danish companions of the passage of the Haukelid. The substantial and roomy farmhouse stood in the midst of boggy hay meadows, which sloped down to the low shores of a long lake; and as the soil was moist and spongy in midsummer, it could hardly be a pleasant winter home. The occupiers were nice primitive old folk, very inquisitive as to the ages and relationships of the party. They all assembled to watch us breakfasting, pressed food with hospitable concern, and made the ridiculously modest charge of three and a half kroner for lodging and two meals for two persons. The ensuing early morning drive through fragrant forests of small pines richly carpeted with flowers and moss, up hill and down dale, by the wooded shores of many a placid deep-blue lakelet, was full of tranquil beauty. Detached wooden storehouses (*stabbur*), with richly carved lintels, and decorated with massive iron locks and crossbars of wrought iron—like those in mediæval churches—stood by the roadside near the sparsely scattered homesteads of this thinly populated but productive region.

The excellent station of Mogen, twenty-three kilomètres from Mule, marks the junction of by-roads with the highway to the city of Kongsberg, sixty English miles off, and one of the northern termini of the railroad to Kristiania. The chief attraction to further staging in this direction, through open hilly country, is the quaint old church of Hitterdal, of the tiny pagoda type of that of the better known one at Borgund, on the Lillefjeld. Warned by past experiences of delays and worn-out post-horses under a hot August sun, it was now determined to adopt the Thelemarken lake route to Skien, which promised only twenty more English miles of ups and downs in a stolk-jærre.

So we left Mogen for Laurdal, fourteen kilomètres off, on the shores of the Bandaksvand, driving a splendid peasant's horse, sturdy, round-



flanked, and of the larger build most common in South Norway. The owner, a massive Thelemarken of forty, and weighing sixteen stone at least, acted as postboy. He was attired in the customary suit of solemn black, short jacket, round felt hat, and thick handkerchief, and armed with a heavy short-handled whip, loaded with lead, of the type they are reputed to lay about each other's heads on occasions. This he gravely handed to me—a special mark of confidence; but it proved a great encumbrance, for when you have a good pony or horse, a cheerful chirrup or "pbr"—the first to hasten, the second a vibrating burr, difficult to produce with that effective intonation which is the only invitation to stop they will take the least notice of—are all that is requisite save nerve and patience for a driving tour in Norway. The by-road, not so good as the highway, led through pleasant lanes, down hill, to the level of the lake basin, which is surrounded by high hills almost denuded of forest timber. It is a thriving village, and the houses are of a higher class, with an external gallery and verandah running round the second floor, and often lacking the open store-place on the ground floor so characteristic elsewhere. The detached "stabbur" occur frequently, and many date back several centuries. The costume of the Thelemarken women is dark and sober black and white, unrelieved except for abundance of antique silver-gilt jewellery, and the close white cap is less becoming.

Next morning we quitted this tranquil and deserted little spot in a small steamer plying on the three picturesque lakes connected by narrow, tortuous channels, by duck-haunted little islands, and close to the hamlet-dotted shores of the Hvidsjö and the less beautiful Flaavand, the last of the series. Disembarking at Strengen, we were jolted a final stage to Ulefos over the old mail road, a much-needed new one being in process of formation. The country is open and well cultivated, with good farmhouses, and dotted with trees then heavy with ripening fruit. Close to the town of Ulefos there is a fine fall in the river, a curving green wave of eighty feet, in shape a very miniature Niagara, and like it in its surroundings of wooded knolls, sawmills, and factories. Many well-to-do manufacturers reside here in the villas scattered about the pleasant hills. Here begins the Kent of Norway, and the scenery of this province is utterly different from the rest of the country. From Ulefos another steamer travels down the long Nordsjö, not so picturesque a sheet of water, passing through an interesting series of locks on the Nordsjö canal to the level of the river, on which Skien—or Shane, as it is pronounced—is situated. A few old carved wooden houses were spared by the fire which devastated this city, one of the most ancient in Norway. Peasants in picturesque costumes may be seen in the streets; men with long boots, round postilion jackets ornamented with double rows of buttons, and a gay slashed green-and-white garment, worn hussar fashion, with dangling empty sleeves. Nothing is more remarkable throughout Norway

than the straight figures and graceful bearing of the hardworking peasantry. Well shod and sensibly clad in a variety of picturesque costumes peculiarly suited to the climate, and equally adapted to the pursuits of the post-girls and saeter-girls of the country, and the nursemaids and fisherwomen of the seaports, they do not handicap their energies and deform their bodies by exaggerating, as our own lower classes do, the fashionable frivolities of dress not made for activity. Long skirts and high-heeled shoes are eschewed by the majority even in the towns; and they are too sensible to change the becoming cap and graceful head-shawl for modern bonnets hideous with unreal flowers. Thus the general effect is harmonious and pleasing, and their lithe figures and graceful carriage atone for the prematurely aged faces resulting from exposure, hard fare, and heavy work. For honesty and morality the Scandinavian peasantry are well known to rank first among European races, and the kindly simplicity of their natures and the general absence of greed greatly enhance the delights of travel in the interior. I regret to say these qualities are not always appreciated as they deserve.

The newly completed railway from Skien transports the traveller very slowly through pine forests of nobler growth than any seen in the north, and by larger fields of oats and barley. It winds along the numerous indentations of the coast line, by the shores of the Sandfjord and the modern bathing resort of Laurvik, much frequented by the Kristiania people, passing Tönsberg, another old city on a wooded height, and on through Drammen, the Birmingham of Norway, an extensive manufacturing city. Thence running through a fine, hilly, and well-wooded district, it skirts the shores of the comparatively tame fjord on which Kristiania, the dullest summer capital in Europe, is prettily situated. Here ended our pleasant experiences of "over the Haukelid and through Thelemarken." The route may be recommended to those already familiar with the post-roads through Gudbrandsdal and Romsdal, or through Valdres to Laerdal on the Sogn. Like them, it begins with mild pastoral scenery, deepening in beauty and rising to grandeur, bleakness, and desolation on the Haukelifjeld, ending in sublimity in the ravines of the Hardanger and extensive panorama of the Folgefonn. Odde, the centre of many interesting excursions, is only twelve or eighteen hours steam from Bergen. By stopping at Eide, and driving thence to Voss, the winding, newly completed rail passing through a very pretty district can be taken to that city. A third and interesting two days' extension is the drive from Voss up the steep Stalheimsklev and on through the weird grandeur of the granitic Nerödal to Gudvangen and the solemn sterile fastnesses of the gloomy Sogn fjord—the very antithesis of the soft fertile landscapes and dazzling sublimity of the southern Hardanger. A driving tour through Norway by any of these routes will scarcely be regretted, and not easily forgotten.

AGNES CRANE.

## THE PRINTING AND BINDING OF THE REVISED BIBLE.

**I**N the world of books the great event of the year 1885 has been the publication of the Revised Bible, the printing and binding of which must, we suppose, be allowed to have been the greatest feat of the kind performed in modern times. Of the two Universities, Oxford has taken the larger share of the work, and at the moment of writing the whole machinery of production there is in full activity. An enormous stock of Bibles was stored away at the London warehouse in the early part of the year in anticipation of a great rush on publishing day. But, great as the stock was, it was soon found that it would prove quite inadequate to the demand; and Wolvercote paper-mill, the Clarendon Printing Press, and the Oxford Bindery in Aldersgate Street were again set going to the utmost of their powers; and at the present moment the printing, at least, is going on by night and day, and all other departments of the work are proceeding under the greatest pressure. In America the demand has been very large, our Transatlantic cousins having apparently quite failed to obtain an early copy of the Revised Scriptures so as to get out editions of their own. They put reprints in hand as soon as the new Bible appeared in America, but the enterprise of the University Presses had been beforehand with them. With great business sagacity, Oxford and Cambridge had sent over a large number of books to New York to be placed "in bond," and the moment the rival editions were announced these bonded Bibles were thrown upon the market, and quite took the wind out of the sails of the American speculation.

Practically the two University Presses are supplying the whole English-speaking world with Revised Bibles, and the work, it need hardly be said, has been a gigantic one. As regards Oxford, the manufacture of Bibles involves a great deal more than printing and binding. The Clarendon Press makes its own paper, casts its own type, does its own electrotyping, repairs its own machinery, makes its own ink, and even the materials of which the ink is made are manufactured on the premises. It has a large bookbinding establishment in Aldersgate Street, London; and at Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, it does its own publishing.

The paper on which all the Oxford Bibles are printed is made at the University's own mill at Wolvercote. Oxford Bible paper is a speciality. There is a great deal of print in the Old and New Testaments, and unless great care were taken the volumes would be thick and "podgy." The thinnest paper that can possibly be made opaque is the desideratum, and rags only are used at Wolvercote. Old sailcloths, being made of linen, are in great request here, and they enter into the composition more or less of all the paper used in Oxford Bibles. There are huge piles of this old material gathered in here after battling with breezes in all the seas under heaven. They come in here to be torn into shreds, and

beaten into pulp, and bleached, drawn out into beautiful white sheets, to be presently printed on, wafted off again to all the ends of the earth—certainly rather a quaint and curious metamorphosis. The paper made here, as we shall presently see, is not exclusively used for Bibles, but for this year's issue up to the present time more than 300 tons of paper has been turned out, and of this no less than 120 tons of a specially thin description has been consumed in the printing of the smallest-sized edition. Altogether not less than about 450 tons of rags must have been consumed in manufacturing the necessary paper for the new Bibles. It has been reckoned that the paper would cover about two and a half square miles. Laid out in a strip six inches wide it would more than go round the world. The sheets piled up in reams as they come from the mill would make a column ten or twelve times the height of St. Paul's Cathedral; and if they were stacked up after folding into books, but without binding, the pile would tower to more than a hundred times the height of the cathedral. The completed copies turned out by Oxford alone, if piled up flat, one upon another, would make a pillar some seventeen miles high, and if piled on end they would rise to the height of something over 2,000 times the height of the Monument.

The ink is made at the Clarendon Press, but there is nothing specially noteworthy in the manufacture here. The production of the lampblack from which it is made, however, is well worthy of a passing notice. This is done at a small factory a short distance from the Press, and standing in as open a position as could be secured, the manufacture in one or two respects being somewhat objectionable. The black is made by burning creosote in specially constructed ovens. The fluid is filled into a tank fixed up on the top of a row of such furnaces. A pipe runs from the creosote tank along the front of the ovens, and at intervals along this pipe the fluid is allowed to fall drop by drop into a row of funnels. The lower end of each funnel passes through the front of the oven, and these drops are thus conducted inside, where they fall into a small blaze of burning creosote, and of course perpetuate the blaze. The creosote burns with a flickering flame, giving off abundance of smoke, which it is necessary to secure as a deposit of soot. In order to do this as effectually as possible it is contrived that a slight draught shall be made to waft the smoke through a series of chambers hung round with blankets, and with blankets also here and there suspended across the current of air, which is thus ingeniously made to turn and twist round as many corners as possible, so that by the time any given volume of air reaches the chimney at the end of the course as nearly as possible all the smoke shall have been deposited. From the oven to the final exit is a distance of perhaps some eighty feet, but the smoke is made to zigzag

about so as to give it an actual course of somewhere about two hundred feet, and throughout the whole distance walls and roof and floor are muffled in thick flakes, to which the rough surfaces of the blankets impart a form singularly like that of snow, only of a dead black instead of white. One can get into these funereal chambers, and extremely curious places they are. The blankets across the draught having been hitched aside, the explorer may make his way through a great part of this horizontal smoke-shaft, and if he takes care to move with something of the delicacy of Agag, he may come out again with no more soot upon him than may easily be blown off. This soot-making is, it must be allowed, a very odd incidental feature of Bible printing.

The Oxford University Press, so far at least as its premises are regarded, is, we suppose, the finest in the kingdom. It is a quadrangular building with a handsome façade fronting one of the northern thoroughfares of Oxford, and enclosing a pleasant square adorned with grass and trees, and a great fountain basin. It has a fine entrance ornamented with Corinthian columns, and over this entrance is the "delegates' room"—what would be called the board-room of an ordinary commercial company—and the various offices of the establishment constitute the rest of the front. On the opposite side of the quadrangle are two ivy-clad dwelling-houses, one occupied by the widow of a late manager, the other by the present controller and printer to the University, Mr. Horace Hart. The building on the right-hand side of the quadrangle is the "learned side," and the building on the left is the "Bible side." These are managed as two distinct businesses, but are under one direction.

We are just now chiefly concerned with the "Bible side" of the establishment; but it may be as well perhaps to explain that the Clarendon Press is to a certain extent a "general printing office." Within certain dignified limits it does miscellaneous book-printing for various London publishers and public societies. The establishment will not condescend to light literature, but it prints any works of a religious, scientific, or classical nature, and it is prepared to do this in an astonishing variety of ancient and modern languages, for all of which it casts its own type on the premises. It is on this "learned side" that most of the composing is done, the whole of the two upper floors being devoted to the compositors, who may at almost any time be found to be setting up type in languages of which few of us have any idea.

The printing-off is done on the Bible side of the establishment, in one great room on the ground floor of which there are thirty-nine machines running—powerful, rather slow and antiquated nearly all of them, but splendid machines nevertheless, and, as all the world knows, capable of turning out printing of the very highest class. It is a very noticeable peculiarity of this great machine-room that it has none of the revolving shafting and belting usually to be met with in rooms in which great numbers of machines are driven by one large engine. Instead of this driving gear being

all overhead, as is usually the case, it is all in the vaults below. The whole place is built upon arches, the long vistas and complicated groups of which, seen in the dim glimmer of gas jets or hand-lamps, and seemingly full of swiftly revolving machinery, constitutes one of the most curious spectacles of the kind imaginable. Their boilers here are over one-hundred-horse power, and the engine which drives the whole machinery is of about thirty-horse power.

It is in this wing of the building that they cast their type, both by hand and by machinery. They have also a stereotyping foundry, and a large array of batteries and baths for electrotyping. They have too a room here in which a man is regularly employed in "pulling proofs" of plates before they are sent on to the machines. They have departments also for photo-lithography, for copperplate, and lithographic printing, and for what are known as the Woodbury and Collotype processes. They cast their own printing rollers, they have extensive shops for carpentry and engineering, and this is perhaps the only printing office in the kingdom which can boast a steam hammer for its own use. Everything that can possibly be done upon the premises is done here, and almost everything is done by steam power. Under its vigorous controller the University Press has the appearance of being decidedly a go-ahead place; yet with all its activity there is a spice of antiquity about it at many points. Its old-fashioned platen machines have just been alluded to. The wetting of the paper previous to printing is performed in quite an antiquated manner, and after the printing is done the sheets are dried by hanging up on lines after a method now at least a generation behind the times. Till recently also the printed sheets were rolled very slowly between steam rollers, or pressed in quite an old-fashioned method. The printing of the new Bibles, however, has compelled the introduction of newer methods. The slow but excellent old "platen" machines have been supplemented by some of the finest and swiftest of modern mechanism, and the pressing and rolling appliances have had added to them two of the newest forms of hot rolling machines.

The daily press recently recalled to mind the achievement of the Oxford and Aldersgate Street establishments on the occasion of the Caxton Quarcentenary, an achievement which at the time Mr. Gladstone pronounced to be "the climax and consummation of the art of printing." At two o'clock on the morning of the day on which a meeting in honour of the memory of Caxton was to be held at South Kensington, a hundred copies of the Bible were commenced. By two o'clock in the afternoon one of the copies was handed up on to the platform at the meeting. It was a volume of 1,052 pages, and it had been printed, dried, pressed, sent up to the bindery in London, collated, sewn, rolled, and bound. Its edges had been gilt, and the cover embossed with an inscription and the University arms, and there it was, a complete and handsome volume which had been entirely produced and had travelled some seventy miles in twelve hours. Certainly a re-



markable feat. But affairs have since so advanced that if the establishment were called upon for a similar performance now there would be plenty of time to make the paper as well as the book.

Of course there was no type to set up; that was all in "formes" ready to hand. Of these formes the Press has an enormous accumulation, and they comprise works of a most miscellaneous character.

The kind of books undertaken on the "learned" side we have spoken of. On the Bible side they do not only print Bibles, but prayer-books, hymn-books, and books of devotion generally. This press a short time since was at work upon the third half-million of the "Penny Testament," which was being turned out at the rate of ten thousand copies a day. Large numbers of the devotional books of the United States Episcopal Church are printed here, and the Americans appear to have a very decided liking for Bibles emanating from Oxford or Cambridge.

It is very well known that any person discovering a printer's error in an Oxford Bible will be paid a guinea if he will take the trouble to point it out to the Controller of the Press—provided, of course, that it has not been discovered before. The editions of the Sacred Scriptures issued by the University are very numerous, and from one or another of them errors are now and again picked out, and several times during his term of office the present controller has been called upon for the guinea, and has paid it. When the Revised Bibles were about to be issued the question arose as to whether guineas should be paid for printers' errors in this enormous issue of entirely new print. Every edition, of course, is an independent work of the compositors and proof readers, and in an undertaking of such magnitude it could hardly be doubted that mistakes would in the aggregate be numerous, and prudence seemed to suggest that no undertaking should be entered into until the work had for a time had the benefit of the gratuitous criticism of the public. Up to the moment of our writing, however, after running the gauntlet of public scrutiny for a good month, only three printer's errors have been discovered in all the editions. In the pearl 16mo edition there is an error in Ezekiel xviii. 26, where an "e" is left out of righteous, and the word is printed "rightous." In the parallel 8vo edition there are two mistakes. In Psalms vii. 13, "shatfs" appears instead of "shafts," and in Amos v. 24, in the margin, "overflowing" should be "ever-flowing." Of course there may be others to be found yet, but that for a whole month only these should have been brought to the notice of the authorities is astonishing, considering the magnitude of the enterprise.

We have alluded to a soupçon of antiquity belonging to the University Press. It seems only in the fitness of things that this should be so. Oxford was the second place in the kingdom to set up a printing press, if not the very first. There is a book bearing an imprint, "Oxford, MCCCCLXVIII," and if we could be sure that proof readers were as keen of eye in those days as they are in these, and

could rely upon this date, it would show that Oxford printed a book before Caxton set up his press at Westminster. It is believed, however, that an "x" was omitted by mistake, and that the correct date of this early book was 1478, which brings Oxford in second only to Westminster in point of antiquity as a printing centre. It was not, however, till 1585 that the press was permanently established here, when the Earl of Leicester, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, in his capacity as Chancellor of the University, contributed £100—a munificent sum in those days—towards the necessary expenses. It was not then, however, provided with a palatial-looking building with a frontage of 250 feet as it is now. It had to find accommodation where it could, and had several shifts, until Lord Clarendon's "History of the Great Rebellion"—a work of which the University owns the perpetual copyright—yielded a profit which enabled Oxford to set up the "Clarendon Press," now a venerable-looking building, with massive stone pillars before it, standing at the bottom of Broad Street, in the immediate vicinity of the "Schools," the Bodleian Library, and the Sheldonian Theatre. Some fifty years ago the business was transferred to the present building, which is therefore the representative of a press instituted three centuries ago, and which was itself a revival of nearly the oldest press in the kingdom. The type foundry comprised in the establishment is quite the oldest in this country, and it may be partly due to this fact that the curious arrangement of two distinct businesses being carried on under the same proprietary and management has been perpetuated. For some reason or other the height of the type employed in the "learned press" is different from the height of the type on the Bible side; and this again is higher than the type of other foundries. What was the original cause of this discrepancy nobody knows, but one effect of it has been that each side has been compelled to have its own founts of type for its own work. One cannot borrow of the other, nor can either of them replenish its stores from outside foundries. Whatever may have been the cause, no doubt the peculiarity of the founts of the departments is a relic of times before the typographical world had agreed to a uniform height, and must in itself be regarded as an indication of antiquity. Indeed, in almost every part of the place there are to be met with just such little suggestions of olden times—suggestions which seem to be just about what one ought to expect in a venerable University, but which do not prevent one's fully realising that the University Press is a splendid modern institution, directed by men of great learning and business ability, managed with consummate skill and energy, and supported by practically unlimited funds.

As regards the directorate, the management, and the capital, the same may be said of the Oxford Bindery, at 120, Aldersgate Street, and curiously enough there is here also just the same spice of antiquity, combined with many of the most modern features of modern manufacturing industry. Huge bales of printed sheets are dispatched every day from the Clarendon up to Aldersgate Street for

binding. In ordinary times the establishment here does all the best of its books—all that are done in the finer kinds of leather binding, and the cloth binding of the "learned" and classical books published by the University is done here. The Revised Bibles, however, have quite overrun the powers of the establishment, which has lately been obliged to give out its cloth binding and about half its leather books, reserving the other half for its own hands. They do some of their inferior books here, but the bulk of the work is morocco binding. From the first folding of the sheets to the final gold-lettering and marking, almost everything is done by hand, machinery being employed only for the commoner kinds of books. This, indeed, is the case all over the world; it always has been so and probably always will be. The very best bookbinders are artists, and there are men—more particularly on the Continent—to whom bookbinding is a veritable fine art; men who, if they accept your commission to bind a valuable book, may very likely keep you waiting a twelvemonth for it, and will have their own price too. Any one who will examine the venerable and beautiful old tomes displayed in the cases of the British Museum will perceive that they are distinctly characterised by the individual taste of the binder. They are not the outcome of machinery; they every one of them bear the stamp of the man. This can hardly be said, perhaps, except in a limited sense, of the work of the Aldersgate Street Bindery, where, of course, they are turning out by the thousand books all of the same pattern of binding. But in a limited sense it is true that every one of the morocco-bound Bibles sent from this establishment presents the same individuality of the workman. They are all bound by hand, and the very simplest appliances—bone "folders," needles and thread, hammers, gluepots, common knives, wooden screws, old-fashioned "ploughs"—all of which would have been found in the bookbinderies of the old monks centuries ago. They have for the best books only two machines here which are at all modern. One is the familiar hydraulic press by which every book is brought under a pressure of many tons, and the other is a tremendously powerful pair of steel rollers, by which the printed sheets are crushed extremely thin, so as to bring the completed volume into the smallest possible bulk. Another point of improvement in the best modern Bible binding is the great flexibility and strength of the back, which is attained in the first place by an ingenious process of sewing; in the next by the use of the smallest possible quantity of glue; and in the third place by the paring away of the inside of the leather down the back of the book. The result is that the volume opens with the greatest freedom. It may be forcibly doubled back upon itself, and subjected to very rough treatment, without a leaf starting from its place or being loosened.

It is a very interesting place is this University bindery, under the control of Mr. Henry Frowde, and not the least curious feature of the operations here is the marvellous dexterity of the women and

girls employed in sewing the sections of the books together. It takes from three to five years for this dexterity to be acquired, though the work itself might be learned by any young person of ordinary intelligence in half an hour. With many of them here the rapidity of hand is such that it is not easy for an onlooker to follow the movements of the needles they are plying. There is one department of the work particularly well worth a passing notice, and that is the preparation of the morocco leather in which the books are bound. There is a considerable warehouse for skins of various kinds on one of the floors here, and in this men are employed in bringing out the natural grain of the goatskins—of which, by the way, it has been computed that the best of the Revised Bibles have required no less than 28,000 for their coverings. They lay the skin down on a bench, face upwards, and fold a corner of it over face to face. The operator takes in his hand a small slab of cork, and by means of this he rubs the two faces of the skin gently together, and thus gradually works up the grain of the leather. Altogether they have here on the premises some 260 people at work, but it has been computed that directly or indirectly the binding of the Revised Bibles must have afforded employment for somewhere about 5,000 persons.

A word or two, perhaps, ought to be said upon the relation of the two great Universities, Oxford and Cambridge, in this stupendous undertaking. The Revisers gave their services gratuitously; but the Universities jointly contributed £20,000 towards the expenses of the two companies, and also, of course, found the capital for the subsequent printing, binding, and publishing. The setting up of the work in type was divided between the two, Cambridge taking two editions, and Oxford two, and the Parallel Bible being divided between them. Each University did its own electrotyping of the matter it had set up, and then they exchanged the plates thus produced. Each was thus enabled to produce the whole of the five editions, and each then did its own printing and publishing, Mr. Frowde being the official publisher for Oxford, and Messrs. C. J. Clay and Son publishing for Cambridge. The ultimate profit on the whole business will be divided between the two Universities.

As is generally known, an American Committee of Revision was formed for co-operation with the English Revisers, and a subscription list was opened for the purpose of meeting the necessary expenses of the Committee over there. All subscribers of a certain amount and upwards should, it was arranged, receive a copy of the new Scriptures bound in morocco. Some 900 persons were entitled to these presentation copies, and a special Act of Congress was passed to admit the books into the United States free of duty. They were presented on the 21st of May. According to the "Jewish Chronicle," the issue was on the very day—the eve of the Feast of Pentecost—"on which the first edition was published," as it was then that the revelation took place on Mount Sinai. "It is presumably only a coincidence, but it is certainly a very remarkable one."

## TESTED

BY L. E. DOBRÉE, AUTHOR OF "UNDERNEATH THE SURFACE," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.—LORENZO AND ILLUMINATA.

YOU need not look in a map of Florence to find the Via dell' Uccello. It is a little winding street, of high ochre-coloured houses with brown overhanging eaves, and in the top storey of one of these houses Lorenzo Varini had his studio. It was a large room, and from the windows, on the deep sills of which were wide cushions forming delightful seats, you looked out on the fair city.

How to describe the beauty of that view I know not. The expanse of housetops was not by any means monotonous, being broken by tiny gardens made on the roofs, cupolas of churches, and there away to the left by the pride of Florence, her white lily-like Campanile, standing by the side of the Great Duomo, with its hosts of memories and its grand spaces and treasured frescoes and pictures. There was a glimpse of the Arno, spanned by its bridges; and the autumn sunlight, at the time of which I am writing, seemed to flood the whole scene, making it more charming than ever.

The studio inside was artistic, but not luxurious, and the owner of it, who was working hard at a small copy of one of Sasso Ferrato's Madonnas, seemed poor. So he was, as far as outward circumstances were concerned, but had you asked him if he were happy you would have had a very decided "Davvero" (truly) for reply. He was tall, handsome, with a perfectly oval face and short chestnut-coloured beard, and from his wide forehead swept masses of hair, which, artist-like, he wore long enough to rest on his collar. He was an orphan, had worked as an artist all his life, and had never known riches. But he had his art, and he had Illuminata Gardi as his betrothed. As he thought of her a faint crimson flushed his olive-hued cheeks, and his heart beat high with pleasure when he thought that in a couple of hours at the Ave Maria he would see her. But, above all this happiness, Lorenzo had one supreme source from which the deeper joys of his life sprang, and which transfigured his actions. He was an earnest, devout Christian, putting God and His service first, and finding in that life of obedience, a happiness and peace nothing earthly could give.

How pure and noble his life was none knew to the full but Him whose he was. He was thoroughly unselfish, and the needs, joys, and sorrows of the poorest of his "neighbours" were matters of interest to him. His old servant Rosina often suspected but never knew quite certainly that he went without dinner, and that what she brought him in was given to the poor child who lived downstairs, or to some one he knew who wanted it more than himself. He was truly generous, with a warm, loving nature and gentle temper. He had been brought up by an uncle, who had died, and whose money had gone to a cousin in Sicily, and Lorenzo, besides his own small

earnings, had been dependent on a very small capital inherited from his mother.

Opposite to him lived the old Signora Gardi, whose granddaughter Illuminata, an orphan like himself, had been Lorenzo's friend since childhood. The old lady was very cross, and Illuminata had a dull life, or rather would have had, had it not been for her only other relation, her brother Guido, and Lorenzo. Lorenzo one spring day had called with his uncle, who was business man for the Signora Gardi, and seen Illuminata for the first time. She was then quite a child—just about the age that Beatrice was when Dante's eyes rested on her. The two were attracted towards each other from the first, though it was long before they found it out, and they had been companions and friends ever since. They exchanged little presents on their festas, they played *verde* every year regularly; and many a happy day did the three, Guido, Lorenzo, and Illuminata, have at the cascade, or wandering in the galleries of Florence.

The day on which my story opens was a very happy one to Lorenzo. It was a year that day since he had been engaged to Illuminata, and the day before she had shyly told him that her grandmother had consented to her being married after the Natale—in January, perhaps at the time of the Befania (Epiphany). The old woman had been loth to give her consent to the marriage, as Illuminata was useful to her, and, indeed, the latter sometimes feared she would never let her go. The poor child was torn in two directions. Her love for Lorenzo made her desire that they should be married soon, while her feeling that her grandmother needed her kept her from looking forward with unmixed joy. Of course Signora Gardi had her maid Antoinetta, but still no one could quite take Illuminata's place. However, help came.

A friend of the old lady's had died, leaving her orphan daughter quite unprovided for, and so Signora Gardi offered her a home. It was quite a godsend to Illuminata, for this girl might take her place. And after all she would be able to see her grandmother often.

"Is it not all beautifully arranged?" said Illuminata that evening, as she and Lorenzo sat out on the loggia. The loggia is a kind of arcade, built off so many Italian houses, and much used when their owners wish to enjoy the fresh air. Lorenzo was leaning against the railing looking down at Illuminata, who was seated in a low chair with some work in her hands. The evening was chilly, and she had a soft white shawl wrapped round her; and her face so full of light and joy as she spoke to him made him think that more than ever her beautiful name suited her. Through the open windows of the drawing-room they could see



the signora asleep, and hear Guido, who was playing his beloved violin. The lad was not in a happy frame of mind, and the sad strains of his violin rather jarred upon Illuminata, in marked contrast to the happiness of the moment. There was nothing cold or dreamy in the glow and grandeur of the orange-coloured sky above the housetops.

"Is it not all beautifully arranged?" Illuminata had asked.

"Perfect," said Lorenzo. "Then, my dearest one, you can now fix the day, can you not?"

"Soon I can," said Illuminata, "if Nonna will allow me."

Lorenzo paused for a moment. Guido's music was affecting him strangely; and he stood watching the sky change from its brilliant colour to dusky gold, and then the sudden coming of the twilight turning it to grey. Through the open window he saw Antoinetta bring in her mistress's shawl, and Oreste, their man-servant, bring in the lumino, and set it on the centre table. It was a tall, classical-shaped lamp made of brass, with burners fastened to the centre; from them depended snuffers, extinguishers, etc., swinging from slender chains.

"We shall be poor, Illuminata. Are you afraid of that?" said Lorenzo, presently. "You know you have been brought up in comfort, and—"

"Lorenzo, we are young, and I do not fear," said Illuminata. "With you I have all I need."

Then they were silent for a while, quiet and still in that supreme enjoyment that they felt. What wonder? They had loved each other all their lives, and they belonged to each other. It was simply that. Lorenzo loved beauty as every true artist does, but no face he had ever seen was to him what Illuminata's was, though there might be others more nearly perfect possibly than hers. He loved all that was noble and good, and she was both. Had she not borne her life with her cross old grandmother uncomplainingly, shielding her faults even from Lorenzo, caring for her though she got so little love in return, and living her everyday life simply in the love of God, referring all her actions to Him? And Illuminata loved Lorenzo passionately, and her heart beat loyally and truly to him. The thought of marrying any one else never entered her head, and she felt she was his and his alone.

"Illuminata, come in; it is too cold for you."

The girl started. She had been in a land of dreams, and yet the bliss of reality was very present, as her hand, small and white, lay in Lorenzo's strong clasp.

They went in and found the old lady awake, and complaining that there was no fire in her *scaldino*, a wooden box containing charcoal.

"Shall I ring?" asked Lorenzo.

"No. Illuminata, go you to Antoinetta and get it filled; and stay away, my girl, till I call you."

Illuminata obeyed, her face flushing slightly as she took up the *scaldino* and went to look for Antoinetta, who was in the passage, her head out of the window, screaming down the latest items of news to Silvestia, the porter's wife. Illu-

minata guessed that her grandmother wanted to talk to Lorenzo about her marriage—and she was right.

"There, there, sit down!" said Signora Gardi, as Lorenzo stood near the white stove, looking, as he was—handsome, calm, and grand. Signora Gardi, although her mother had been a contessa, was ignorant and worldly, and had a holy horror of work; she thought painting and sculpture beneath the dignity of a gentleman. Lorenzo sat down in a high yellow chair, and she looked at him curiously from her small brown eyes.

#### CHAPTER II.—A CONVERSATION AND A LETTER.

"I WANT to talk to you," said the signora, "so I sent the child away. Ah! she has come back. Go and tell her I want to have you alone a while."

Lorenzo rose and obeyed, meeting Illuminata just as she was entering. Behind her came Antoinetta, who had filled the *scaldino*, and now placed it under her mistress's feet.

Illuminata blushed a little as she heard her aunt's message, and then retired to her own little room. She sat in the dimness alone, yet not lonely, for she had the sweet thought of Lorenzo with her, and before her mental sight was the recollection of his face, with his eyes so full of love for her.

Her affection for Lorenzo was very pure and good. Had you asked her how she loved him, she might have answered, sincerely, "Less than my God, but very much more than myself," as it was expressed in a book she had lighted upon lately.

Leaving her alone, we can return to the drawing-room, where the signora and Lorenzo sat.

"It's about your marriage I want to talk to you," said the signora. "I never climb over a wall when I can get in by a door, so the shortest way is the best in all things. Illuminata and you are going to be married. Is it so, eh?"

Lorenzo bowed gravely. "Yes, signora, it is my desire and hers. I have loved—"

"I don't want to hear any of that," said the signora, sharply. "It's all very pretty in a picture—a young man with his eyes as if he was going to sneeze gazing up at a girl who pretends she is looking another way. All of a piece with painting and folly."

Lorenzo was silent. He did not feel inclined to say anything, and indeed there was a spice of dry humour in the tone, if not in the signora's words, that, disinclined as he felt to laugh, amused him.

"You can't marry upon love. Love won't put furniture in your appartamento, nor pay your servants, and love will not provide you with choanti and bread and food in general. Now, pray, what is your income?"

Lorenzo told her, naming a sum sufficient to meet his own and Illuminata's wants.

The signora grunted.

"And you expect to succeed in your painting?"

Lorenzo paused. It was hard to discuss his beloved art with a woman like this, who contemplated it solely from the mercenary point of view. How many lire could he make from it? That was all.

"I trust I shall not lose by it," said Lorenzo, "and I hope in time that it will be more to me—in the way of selling my pictures, I mean, for I could not love it more," he said, simply.

The signora nodded.

She was a shrewd woman, and she keenly suspected that, much as she despised pictures and art, that they might be very profitable.

"But you do not depend solely upon them?" she asked.

"Depend? No, not entirely. My mother left me a small capital."

"Where is it?" asked the signora.

Lorenzo smiled.

"Oh, my money is safe enough. It is in the hands of trustees; my uncle saw to that, and now even that I am of age I can't touch it without consulting them—him, I should say, for one of them died last spring."

"Good! Well, you may see about an appartamento. Have you your eye on one?"

"I thought of remaining where I am," said Lorenzo, "at first, till we see our way; there are several more rooms that I can have with a good view."

"Now, you remember, you settle that money on Illuminata when you marry."

"I intended doing so," said Lorenzo. "Surely I shall provide for her."

"Of course, of course; but see you, young man, you must be clear and plain about it, and have it all drawn up and signed before the wedding-day. You understand, for unless that sum, and not one soldo less, is settled on Illuminata, you don't have her. My mind is made up on that point, and I keep generally to what I say."

Lorenzo laughed.

"No fear, signora; the deed shall be all arranged. I shall write to Signor Vareldo to-night."

After a little more conversation, Lorenzo left, not getting even a glimpse of Illuminata, who was equally disappointed at not seeing him.

The money part of her marriage was very hateful to Illuminata, but she had to endure hearing it all from her grandmother.

Lorenzo meanwhile walked down the steps and came out into the street. It was full moonlight, and the tall houses frowning against the sky cast sharp shadows. The air was warmer than it had been, and Lorenzo felt more inclined to go for a walk than return to his rooms. Rosina, he knew, would not wait up for him, so he was free; and, turning to the left, he crossed the marble bridge of the Trinità and paused for a moment to observe the effects of the moonlight on the flowing Arno, the houses, and picturesque silhouettes of Florence.

As he leant there, with his face turned towards the Ponte Vecchio, the very quaintest and most charming bridge that ever was, his thoughts flew rapidly over past, present, and future. To all

sensitive natures any change is apt to fill the soul with awe, although that change be a very happy one. There is in all joy a thrill that is akin to pain, and in this marvellous life of ours all changes touch us more or less. The most keenly sensitive of us can well understand how Lorenzo felt that night. His marriage was all settled. He had never doubted Illuminata's love, he always felt sure of that, but he never fully trusted Signora Gardi. He knew that although she sanctioned the marriage, she did not look very kindly upon it; she had more than once told him Illuminata could have done better, and he knew that her power of making Illuminata obey was very great.

But all anxiety, all suspense, was over now, and it seemed clear and certain, and Lorenzo's heart was full of thanksgiving to God for this great happiness that was coming to him.

Illuminata to be his own! The very thought sent the warm blood tingling to his cheeks, and when he thought of her sweet beautiful face, with its radiant smile and crown of glorious hair, he felt impatient for the next day, when he should see her again.

He walked on down to the Loggia dei Lanzi, which, seen in the full moonlight, was magnificent. There, under the arcade, with its grand pillars and carved lions, are statues which are the pride of Florence. Marbles and bronzes all came out in the clear light, and Lorenzo was soon enjoying a capital view of his favourite amongst them all, Donatello's Perseus, a most exquisite bronze.

As he stood there his dreams were of the time when he should be a famous artist—for Lorenzo, without being in the least degree vain, knew quite well that his powers were rarely great, and that there was a touch of genius in his works. Latterly he had not done much beyond copy a few pictures which a picture-dealer had ordered from him, and that he found not very remunerative.

It was soon time to go home, and so he turned away from the place dear to us for its beauty, and sacred as having been the scene of Savonarola's death, and in a short time he was climbing the stairs to his rooms.

How chill and dreary they seemed to him as he opened the big green-painted door, and then entered the brick-floored ante-chamber, where some rough sketches hung on the walls. Dreary, yes: but they would no longer be so when Illuminata was there; and, smiling at thoughts of her, he went into his studio. Rosina had placed some supper for him on a small table. By the side of the rush-covered flask of thin chianti was a letter. It must have come by the evening post.

Lorenzo drank his chianti and ate some bread without opening the letter. He saw the postmark was "Roma," in large letters, but he thought it was a bill from a colourman who had supplied him with some special varnish he wanted.

At last he opened it. It was not the bill, but a long letter, and as he read it his face grew whiter; and when he came to the end he rose almost mechanically, and, covering his face with his hands, shook with overpowering emotion.

## CHAPTER III.—TESTED.

THE letter was long, but the news of which it told can be explained in a very few words.

The trustee who had the power over Lorenzo's money had made away with it; not a penny remained, and he had run off, no one knew where. He was gone, and the money too!

That was the short of it, and the blow to Lorenzo was very great, as he could not but fear that possibly the Signora Gardi would make it an objection to his marrying *Illuminata*. Possibly. It was more than likely, and as Lorenzo sat there with the letter in his hand, and the white moonlight coming into the room, every word that the old lady had said that night returned to his memory.

He could not conceal the truth even if he had wished to do so, and he was far too honest to do that even in thought. No; it must be told, and then—

But here he dared not think. He was one of those highly imaginative minds who cannot resist going forth by thought into the future, and imagining beforehand what things are likely to be. Yet he did not dare now think that all his bright dreams would be dashed to the ground.

It was early morning before he went to bed, and then he slept—slept so late that Rosina had to call him twice before he answered. The second time it was to tell him that a gentleman wanted to see him.

"Who is it?" asked Lorenzo.

"I don't know; here is his card," and Rosina handed Lorenzo a card with the name of a Roman picture-dealer.

"I will come in a short time," said Lorenzo. "Tell him to wait. Show him into the studio."

"Good!" said Rosina.

Lorenzo dressed quickly, and as he caught sight of the little glass that hung over his table the reflection of his face almost startled him. In spite of sleep, the greatest restorer we know, his face bore distinct marks of all he had gone through the night before. The story of violent emotion and pain could be read in his countenance, and as he dressed the cause of it all seemed to come before him very forcibly.

When he entered the studio he found an old Jew with a very hooked nose, dark eyes, and perfectly white hair framing a sunburnt face. He had spectacles on, and was standing, when Varini entered, before the Madonna that he had been engaged on the day before when first we made his acquaintance.

The sight of the picture reminded Lorenzo of his happy thoughts as he was painting then. The day before! It seemed years and years ago since yesterday afternoon.

"I have come to speak to you on business," said Signor Rocco. "Shall we remain here to discuss it?"

"Yes; pray sit down," said Varini, handing his visitor a chair.

Signor Rocco took it; and then, glancing round the studio, his eyes rested on a heavy cur-

tain which was stretched across one end of the room.

"Is there a wall behind that curtain, or can any one hear?"

"It is a wall. You are safe, Signor Rocco," replied Lorenzo, smiling. "You can speak freely; and the only other person in the place is Rosina, who is deaf."

"So I found out. Well, I will tell you my business at once. I live in Rome, and my name is doubtless familiar to you."

"It is," said Lorenzo, who also remembered having heard that it was a name often associated with actions that were not quite straightforward.

"I shall come to the point at once. An American gentleman I know particularly wants a copy of that picture of Carlo Dolci's, 'The Angel of the Annunciation,' which is in the Pitti Palace. I inquired who was next on the list to copy it, and I came here and found it was one Pietro Bacchi. He was to begin to-morrow, and having no order for the picture, he would let this American have his. Well, I went to him, as I said; and, as luck will have it, he has sprained his wrist, and can't paint for ever so long. The American says it must be a copy from the original; and, just as I was wondering what to do, he telegraphs to me to say he is starting for New York, as he has been suddenly sent for; and he also says that he won't have the picture unless Bacchi can do it. Now, listen to me. You are the best copyist I know next to Bacchi. Do the picture. He will sell his turn to you."

Lorenzo's eyes lightened, and he gave a sigh of relief; and Signor Rocco went on:

"It's a splendid sum you will get for it, even after I have taken my little commission." And he named a sum.

It was large, sufficient to encourage him to hope that he might yet satisfy the old Signora Gardi. Here was a help most unforeseen.

"But how about Signor Bacchi. Will the American take my copy instead of his?"

Rocco winked.

"Leave that to me, young man. You do the picture, and Signor Bacchi just writes the *attesta* to it, and the good American will never know. He is willing, and so am I. Well think of it, and let me know this evening. No answer now," said Signor Rocco, who read perplexity on Varini's face. "I am at the *Albergo dell' Angelo*—you know it." And before Lorenzo could answer Rocco had nodded adieu, and Lorenzo heard the heavy green door bang after him.

For some minutes Lorenzo stood, the bright September sun pouring down on his head. He did not feel it—he did not hear Rosina call him to his breakfast. He was stunned, perplexed, and confused. At last, as if he had suddenly awoke, he realised it all.

He had lost that fortune which was to be *Illuminata's*, and with it he knew quite well he had lost her, for he could not hope much from Signora Gardi. Here was an opportunity which would help replace the sum; and he knew that, so long as it was there, how it was obtained Signora Gardi did not care.



But how could he do it? It would be to act a lie to let his copy pass for Signor Bacchi's. True, he need not say a word; the responsibility of the whole transaction rested in Rocco's hands, not his, and gradually he began to think he must accept the offer.

Then suddenly came to his mind the scene of last night, and the thought that he had often, as he stood there, envied Savonarola his fate of witnessing for the truth a dying martyr's death, sooner than deny what he believed to be right. How often he had told his Saviour, in fervent, passionate words, how dearly he loved Him. How often, in the fervour of his prayers, he had prayed that he might be proved—that his faith might be tested—his love tried, so that he might indeed be a soldier of the Cross. The answer had come. Would he choose a lie, which would ensure him his earthly love; or would he give her up rather than descend to a base deceit? The test of a man's fidelity lies now more often in his power to resist such a temptation—so common that it offers no suggestion of romance—than in more heroic acts of devotion or endurance.

For many hours he remained there in that sunlit studio fighting a hard battle. Ah! those battles are very real, very terrible. The devil on one side urging the path of ease and earthly happiness as the one to be chosen, Christ on the other pointing to the Cross which must be taken up and carried along the thorny road if the soldier be loyal. His love was being tested—sorely tested, and his good angel with grave face looked down and watched for the issue.

Not till sunset had gilded the glorious town and lightened the creeping waters of the Arno had he decided.

Then he took his answer to Signor Rocco.

#### CHAPTER IV.—TOGETHER.

HOW much may be lived through in a short space of time!

As far as time is reckoned by days, very few had been passed by Lorenzo since first we saw him. But how much he had lived through in those few hours! They seemed a lifetime to him. He had told Signor Rocco that he would not copy the picture.

He had been tested, and he came forth as gold. He had won the victory through Him whom he was serving—ay, though with aching heart. Illuminata was out when he reached the Gardi's that evening, and he remembered that she was going to spend the evening with Giustina Conti, the cousin who was coming to live with them. Guido was also out, and so Lorenzo had the signora to himself.

It was all soon told. The signora most positively refused to sanction the marriage, as Lorenzo could not settle the sum she wished on Illuminata.

She allowed him to say good-bye to Illuminata, and next day was the parting.

On it we need not dwell. She alone knew why he could not marry her, and, spite of her agony, she loved him and respected him all the more.

The parting was necessitated by the fact that Signora Gardi wished Lorenzo not to see Illuminata at all any more.

The girl dared not disobey, and so weeks sped on, and, though living opposite to each other, Lorenzo never caught sight of her. One day Rosina told him she heard that Illuminata was going to be married at Easter to an elderly man, whom the signora liked, and who was rich. At the same time Lorenzo was obliged to go to Rome to execute an order he had received for a copy of Battoni's *Nativity*, which is in the Corsini Gallery in Rome.

At Rome he caught a bad cold, and was ill for some time, and when he returned to Florence he heard that Signora Gardi and Illuminata had gone to Naples, and that Guido had died suddenly from the results of an accident.

Illuminata was not married.

Three years passed away, and suddenly Lorenzo by the death of his uncle's cousin found himself again in possession of some capital. He went to Naples, found Illuminata, and together they met once more on the balcony of a villa which the old lady had rented. Beneath them was the white town lying in the sunshine fringing the broad blue bay, from the border of which rise the heights of Vesuvius. The islands lay in the sunshine, and all was very still and beautiful. But nothing seemed so beautiful to Lorenzo as Illuminata's face.

It was worn, certainly, and showed signs of suffering, but the wonderful light in her eyes was the same as ever, and as Lorenzo looked into them he read the old story of faith and love.

"And now I can marry you, carissima!" said Lorenzo, who had interviewed the signora successfully first. "Are you willing?"

For answer Illuminata looked at him; that was answer enough.

"But you were going to be married once, were you not, Illuminata?"

"I?"

"Yes; to that Signor Mara?"

"He asked Nonna for me, but I said 'No.' She pressed it, but I refused. She was very unkind to me all that time," said Illuminata, who could have told many a tale of the cruelty the old lady had been guilty of to try and force Illuminata into a marriage so distasteful to her—"very."

No more remains to be told. Illuminata Gardi became Illuminata Varini that spring.

Some years afterwards Lorenzo met a gentleman who had known his uncle's cousin in Sicily, and learnt from him that he had heard from Signor Bacchi the story of Lorenzo Varini refusing to paint the picture and let it pass for his.

The cousin, an honest, God-fearing man, had been much struck by the story, and had left Varini all his money.

It does not always follow that right actions meet with an earthly reward. One, the "answer of a good conscience," must follow, but to many the reward is hidden away in the future.

But it is there, and love that has stood the test of trial and pain shall be gladdened one day by the sight of Him—the King of Love Himself.

## LEOPOLD VON RANKE.



**D**R. LEOPOLD VON RANKE, the historian, on March 31, 1885, completed his sixtieth year as Professor in the University of Berlin. The event was celebrated in a handsome way, by the freedom of the city of Berlin being conferred on him. That this is deemed a high distinction will be understood from the fact that there are already only four honorary members, two of them being Moltke and Bismarck. The venerable historian is now in his ninetieth year, and is still, with undiminished zeal, engaged in his studies. On the 13th of February, 1882, he celebrated the fiftieth year of his membership of the Academy of Science, and upon that occasion was appointed by the Emperor Privy Councillor (Geheimrath), with the title of Excellency. He is thus a very important personage in the German Empire, apart from his higher distinction as one of the most learned and venerable chiefs in the Republic of Letters.

Ranke was born at Wiehe, in Thuringia, on the 21st December, 1795. He commenced life as a student, and then tutor (Ober-lehrer), at the College of Frankfort-on-the-Oder. His first work was

published in 1824, "The History of Roman and German Nations from 1494 to 1535." Soon after he published "Criticism on Modern Historians." In consequence of these two works he was appointed Professor of History at Berlin in 1825. In 1829 he was sent officially to examine the public archives accessible to him in Vienna, Venice, Florence, and Rome, an occupation extending over four years. In this period he obtained the materials for the books which successively appeared—"The Princes and Peoples of Southern Europe in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," "The Osmanlis and the Spanish Monarchy," "The History of Servia," "Lectures on Italian Poetry." Of these the only volume translated into English was that on Servia, by Mrs. Alexander Kerr, in 1847, with the author's approbation and sanction.

The work which first gave him European reputation was entitled "The Popes of Rome," which was really a continuation of "The Princes and Peoples of Southern Europe." This work appeared in 1834. The review of it by Lord Macaulay in the "Edinburgh Review" is one of his

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masterpieces, and it made Ranke's name familiar to English and American readers. In 1841 he was appointed Royal Historiographer.

Of the works published during the last fifty years the mere enumeration would occupy great space. They are on most varied subjects: "The History of Wallenstein," "The Seven Years' War," "The History of France in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth, and of England in the Seventeenth Centuries," "Memoirs of Hardenberg, the Imperial Chancellor," and a multitude more, for the titles of which we must refer to German encyclopædias and lexicons. A complete edition of his works, issued at Leipzig, is in forty-five volumes.

As historian he takes decidedly the highest place in Germany. A man of immense industry, he has accumulated vast materials, from original sources, and he has used his materials with judgment. At the same time it must be noted that his books are to be considered as works of reference, the style and often the subjects not being particularly attractive. The works on the Reformation and the "History of the Popes" had the advantage of being brought before English readers by Mrs. Austin and her daughter, and the subjects are of wider interest than most of his other studies.

In 1865 he was made President of the Historical

Commission of Munich, and at the same time entitled to prefix Von to his name. After the death of Boëkh he became Chancellor of the Order of Merit.

Von Ranke married an Irish lady, Miss Graves, a very superior woman, but of retiring disposition, and who never shared his literary work. He had a son and two or three daughters. A nephew is Professor at Munich.

The venerable old man still works about eight hours a day, from 8 to 12 and from 6 to 10. He dictates now to an amanuensis. A friendly physician forbids his leaving the upper storey in the house in Luisen Strasse, where he has resided for the last forty years. His habits and ways of life are extremely simple. His little cot reminds one of the equally simple couch of the Duke of Wellington. A visitor last summer has given us a pleasant account of a friendly interview, after many years' absence from Berlin, but the details we are not justified in publishing. He has a great horror of professional interviewers. One remark only we repeat, as it shows the indomitable hope of the aged student. He said that, after he completed his present work on Universal History, he "intends, if it please God, to write Recollections of his own life." May his health and strength continue, and may his welfare equal the honour in which he is held!

## The South Wind.

STRAYED from over the tropic seas,  
Rich with odours of shaken trees,  
Welcome hither, O sweet new comer,  
Fairy wind of the fleeting summer;  
Leave the golden glamour of home,  
Palm-fronds shading the coral foam,  
Scarlet petals and purple trails,  
Wide blue waters and wing-like sails;  
Here are valleys and glades as fair:  
All things wait for thy coming there.

Gone, indeed, are the yellow buds  
April-strewn by the silver floods,  
Yet, in their place, is a fair new race  
Dowered all with colour and grace,  
Shaming the tints of the sunset glow  
Falling aslant on peaks of snow;  
Faint they lie in the dreams of death,  
Longing to feel thy cooling breath.  
Sweep the reach of the shining river:  
Ruffle the pools where the rushes quiver:

Rock the grey eggs in the reed-bird's nest,  
Till twilight falls from the crimson west.  
Over meadow and moorland fly:  
Winnow the white mists out of the sky:  
Draw the shreds of azure together:  
Tumble the bells of foxglove and heather;  
Half in heaven and half on earth,  
Breathe on all the spirit of mirth.

Gladden the slave of the toiling town:  
Lighten the labour of those weighed down:  
Scatter the smoke-cloud heavy and grey:  
Chase all cares from the mind away:  
Dry the tear on the mourner's cheek:  
Bring sweet rest to the worn and weak:  
Till the heart grows calm, and the reeling brain  
Turns refreshed to its work again.  
Blow, soft wind, till the dog-star fade,  
And the harvest fall to the reaper's blade,  
When leaves are sere, and the swallows fly,  
And the snow-clouds drift in a sunless sky.

HORACE G. GROSER.



## THE KRAKATOA ERUPTION.

BY THE REV. PHILIP NEALE, LATE BRITISH CHAPLAIN AT BATAVIA.

### IV.

LEAVING Bantam Bay—a spot more beautiful than healthy—behind us, we retraced our steps to the little town of Serang. It was a long, dark drive, and we were very thankful when our tired ponies brought us back once more to the friendly shelter of the hotel from which we had started in the afternoon, and which we had then arranged should be our resting-place for the night. The Dutch have a fancy for dining late in the evening—generally about eight or half-past—and so there was plenty of time to wait before dinner was announced. When at length it came we had the novelty of dining off Bantam fowls, reared in their own native district. It did not take us long to come to the conclusion that, whatever their merits for breeding purposes may be, Bantam fowls are no better on a dinner-table than any other, and to hungry travellers like ourselves they certainly had the serious drawback of being very diminutive in size.

Knowing that a hard day's work awaited us on the morrow, combined with a very early start, we were soon glad to creep into our mosquito-curtained beds, and get a good night's rest. The thermometer was at its normal height of nocturnal heat (about 80°). It naturally sounds rather too hot to be pleasant, but it is surprising how very soon one gets accustomed to sleeping in such a high temperature, especially considering the moist, clammy heat which prevails in all parts of Java. It may be that this is owing to the even range of the thermometer throughout the year, which never alters in either summer or winter—if tropical seasons can be so designated—or it may be owing to the lofty and well-ventilated character of the sleeping apartments; but certain it is that good, sound, refreshing sleep can be had in Java far more regularly than one would expect. At any rate, on this occasion we found the night far too short, for it was scarcely four o'clock when we were summoned to prepare for our second day of exploration.

By the light of a kerosene lamp we sat down—long before daybreak—to a wretched breakfast. It consisted of bread-and-butter, cold eggs, which had been cooked overnight, and a trifle stale as well, while, instead of tea or coffee, the only beverage provided was soda-water, called by the natives, on account of its effervescing nature, *ayer blanda*, or fire-water. With such untempting viands before us we did not linger long over our morning meal, and it was still quite dark when we made our start. The first part of our journey lay along the main post-road once more, and so our travelling-carriage of the previous day was again brought into use. Our Batavian driver was still on the box, but the ponies and “runners” were provided fresh for each stage. A little awkwardness occurred here with one of the ponies. The

Serang stables had produced an animal notorious for jibbing—one which, as the driver told us, would rather be cut to pieces than make the journey to Kramat-watoe—and it was only after some trouble and delay that a start was effected. However, when once our team were off there was no cause for complaint, and the next halting-stage was reached in less than half an hour.

It was now almost light, so rapidly does the sun seem to rise in the tropics. From total darkness to perfect daylight there is only an interval of three-quarters of an hour. And there is just the same rapid change in the evening after sunset, there being scarcely any twilight. At Tji-legon, at the end of the second stage from Serang, we came to the last of our posting. We could go no farther, for the best of all reasons, “because there was no-road,” as a Dutch official naïvely informed us, and on further inquiry we learnt that on the two remaining stages so much damage had been done as to render posting quite out of the question. We therefore had once more to exchange our comfortable travelling carriage for the inconvenient conveyance to which I have before referred—the native *ka-har*. The vehicles in this district presented a most dilapidated and broken-down appearance, with ponies to match; but of course Krakatoa is not to be saddled with the blame of this. Broken springs, rotten harness, and worn-out ponies gave one the impression that they had fared very badly in the recent eruption, but one of the owners regretfully assured us that such was not the case, or else he should have had a heavy claim for compensation from the Relief Committee. Aided by the *mandoer* (or head waiter) of the hotel, we made a bargain for the best two vehicles in the place, and prepared to start off in the direction of one of the ruined towns called Merak.

Whilst the choice of a suitable conveyance was being made we had been waiting in the hotel at Tji-legon, a building which bore serious traces of the damage caused by the eruption. This hotel, in its management, brings a remarkable Java custom to light. It is kept up at the expense of the Dutch Government, and is under the direction of an official appointed by them. In this and other remote districts of the island, where there are not sufficient travellers to make it worth a man's while to become an hotel-keeper, the Government undertake the management of the establishment, and bear whatever annual loss there may be. Owing to this piece of forethought, the traveller in Java frequently meets with some of the best accommodation in the most unlikely districts. The official in charge showed us the marks, both inside and outside the building, which the eruption had caused. The pillars in the front portico were injured considerably, and the heavy ash rain had

left some ugly stains on many parts of the white-washed walls and outside verandahs. The darkness on the two days of the outburst had been intense, and we were told that the abject terror of the natives in the village and neighbourhood had been piteous to see.

On my way to Merak I had for my companion in the *ka-har*, a young man from Anjer—one of the few who escaped on the fatal morning. He had been directed to meet us at Serang on the previous afternoon, and now acted as our guide for the day. The narrative of his escape was full of interest, and some parts of it, I think, are worth being repeated.

"On the Monday morning on which Anjer was destroyed," he said, "I had a suspicion that something dreadful was likely to happen. Of course I had no clear idea on the subject, and never for a moment supposed that it would be a great wave that would do all the mischief. I had heard the deafening reports from Krakatoa on Sunday afternoon, and had seen later on the dense black smoke and the glare of fiery light resting upon the summit of the volcano. Still we all hoped for the best. But on the following morning, when the darkness remained instead of light, and the shower of ashes increased, I grew more alarmed. It seemed to me that if matters got worse we should be completely buried by falling lava, like some of the places in olden times were, and that a dreadful death awaited us if we remained in the town. I therefore thought it best to get as far away from Krakatoa as possible. It was still quite early when I decided upon making for the neighbouring hills, several miles distant. I had a number of relations living in the town, but they seemed to fancy themselves safe enough at home, and they accordingly remained behind. I never saw any of them again alive. Five of them perished, and, worst of all, only two of their bodies were recovered. These were found buried beneath the ruined house in which they met their end, and were scarcely recognisable. The others must have been carried out to sea, and probably formed part of the many hundreds seen later on floating in the Straits of Soenda by the captains of passing vessels. I had not proceeded a great distance from Anjer when the first volcanic wave broke upon the coast. Of course, even that one was terrible enough, but it was nothing to be compared with the second one, which followed a little later. I could see that the town had been seriously injured by the inundation, and no doubt some lives were lost even in that first overflow. Alarmed by what I had already noticed, I quickened my pace inland. The farther from the coast, I thought, the safer I should be, and so it proved. The site of Anjer is, for the most part, very level ground; but four or five miles away are some hills, densely covered with cocoa-nut palm-trees. These formed a pretty background to the town. I decided to make to this rising ground as fast as I possibly could. As I proceeded I found some of my neighbours from Anjer making for the same spot. Some of them were fortunate enough to reach this place of safety before the final destruction came. Others whom I passed on

the way were overtaken by the second wave, or rushing torrent, and at once found a watery grave.

"Breathless with running, I came as fast as possible up the densely wooded slopes, and was only just in time. The great wave, sweeping all before it, was close on my heels as the rising ground brought me safely out of its reach. Its fury was much spent as it broke upon the hills, but it was very powerful even then. But the higher ground soon checked its force, and sent it back again towards the sea. Of the actual destruction I saw but little. I was too much frightened to stop and watch the ruin it caused. My one idea was to get as high up as I was able, and of course I thought of nothing else at the time.

"There were some terrible scenes afterwards on the roads leading into the interior of the island. All the natives in the neighbouring *kampongs* turned against us, and refused those of us who had escaped the least help or food. Many of the Europeans—especially the women—exhausted with fatigue, and almost frightened out of their lives, were sinking down in a helpless state by the wayside. Although the worst was over as regards the volcanic wave, many sank down and died on the road from exhaustion and neglect. Not only did many of the natives refuse to help us in the least, but they actually drove us fiercely from their houses. The reason of this was that, like all the Mohammedans, the Javanese are exceedingly superstitious, and attributed their misfortunes to us. They said that we Europeans were the cause of all their troubles. We had offended Allah, and the outburst of Krakatoa, with all its attendant horrors, was the result of his vengeance. When I asked what we had done to offend their deity, they said it was owing to the war which the Dutch Government are now carrying on against the Acheenese. We were fighting against their brethren unjustly on the neighbouring shores of Sumatra, and Krakatoa was simply the medium of Allah's retribution. They refused to give us anything, and threatened to kill us if we did not move away at once.

"Fanaticism had gained so much the upper hand among these people that they were on the point of marching armed to Anjer and plundering it. One poor lady who begged for a drink of water merely was sternly refused. She was nearly dead with fright and exhaustion, but even that made no impression on this ignorant and superstitious race. At last, in sheer desperation, she offered two gold rings she was wearing for the water. The greedy natives could not stand out against such a tempting offer, and, braving Allah's wrath, they complied with her request on condition that she proceeded on her way immediately. One of the doctors at Anjer who managed to escape with his wife and child was treated in much the same way. He and his family were driven off and chased away by the natives, and both rice and water were refused them. They were on the point of giving up all in despair, when one native, more compassionate than the rest, at length deigned to point out to us Christian dogs (as they called us) a forsaken village, where we

obtained some rice and dried fish, and on this we subsisted until we fell at length into more friendly hands."

With such a companion as this at my side our three miles drive in the *ka-har* seemed quickly over. And now at a turn in the road the scene of destruction suddenly came in view. Descending a little hill, we came into level country, and saw at a glance the terrible havoc which the inundation had caused. First came the destroyed roadway. The well-made road from Batavia to Merak—on which we had thus far travelled—now came to an abrupt ending. Its metalled track had suddenly disappeared, partly washed away at first, and a little farther on completely swept away. A ruined bridge was all that remained to show where once the road had been. Our *ka-har* could now proceed no farther, and the rest of our exploration had to be performed on foot. We were still several miles from the coast, but all the land between us was perfectly bare of timber. A few weeks before, the whole of the country we were gazing on was one dense forest of cocoa-nut palms, and beneath the shelter of tropical vegetation scores of native *kampongs* nestled, inhabited by many thousands of busy people. And now this immense district—fifteen miles long and four or five in width—was so completely ruined as to be nothing more or less than a huge cemetery. What a change had come over that thriving district on the western shore of Java in so short a period! The palm-trees were all thrown down—without a single exception torn up by the roots, lying in endless confusion one above another. The native houses—made of their frail materials of bamboo and leaves—were now on the ground, just as the receding waters had left them. Beneath the fallen *débris* lay all kinds of smashed furniture, broken cooking utensils, doors wrenched from their hinges, and every article of native costume in one great indescribable mass.

A more awful sight could scarcely be imagined. One great matter for thankfulness, as the fierce rays of a tropical sun beat down upon us, was that nearly all the bodies had been recovered and buried. It was well for us that our visit had not been made earlier, or else the sight would have been a still more terrible one. Now and again we detected decomposing matter near us, and the Malays who were accompanying us said that probably many a body still lay concealed beneath the immense fallen masses which lay on each side of us, and which they had not yet had time to examine. Closely following our guides, we made our way very slowly through the ruined district. A rougher piece of walking I never experienced. The road had completely disappeared, and there was no track or footpath in its place. Fallen trees lay everywhere, and every few yards they had to be scrambled over. By many a *détour* we tried to avoid the masses of fallen *débris*, and frequently these too had to be scaled, or else all further progress would have been stopped. Mile after mile we slowly picked our way amid these melancholy surroundings. Here and there we found ourselves hemmed in by pools of water, left in the hollows after the wave had receded. Whenever

possible we waded through these, or if too deep for fording a long circuit had to be made.

But one of the most remarkable facts concerning the inundation remains to be told. As we walked or scrambled along we were much surprised to find great masses of white coral rock lying at the side of our path in every direction. Some of these were of immense size, and had been cast up more than two or three miles from the seashore. It was evident, as they were of coral formation, that these immense blocks of solid rock had been torn up from their ocean bed in the midst of the Soenda Straits, borne inland by the gigantic wave, and finally left on the land several miles from the shore. Any one who had not seen the sight would scarcely credit the story. The feat seems an almost impossible one. How these great masses could have been carried so far into the interior is a mystery, and bears out what I have said in previous papers as to the height of this terrible wave. Many of these rocks were from twenty to thirty tons in weight, and some of the largest must have been nearly double. Lloyd's agent, who was with me, agreed in thinking that we could not be mistaken if we put down the largest block of coral rock that we passed, as weighing not less than fifty tons.

It seems very hard to imagine what a great volume of water would be required to carry such heavy masses so far into the adjacent country. The force with which they had met obstructions was very noticeable in several instances. In one case a bridge had been ruined by being thus struck. The keystone of the arch carrying the road over a little stream had been struck by a piece of rock some twenty tons in weight, and this mass had split the brickwork right through the centre just like a wedge, and lay finally jammed in half across the road. It is not at all probable that some of the larger of these coral blocks will ever be moved from the spots where the receding waters have left them, and they will thus remain a standing memorial of the Krakatoa disaster in August, 1883. To scientific men they will naturally be objects of no little interest, as being an index, to some extent, of the power which water has as an element of destruction, and also as gauging the immense height of the unparalleled volcanic wave.

Merak, the district through which our path thus far lay, was densely populated, and this will account for the great loss of life which here occurred. Our intelligent Malay guide told us something of the difficulties of his task in superintending the workmen who were engaged in recovering the bodies of the ill-fated victims. About three thousand he considered had been recovered in the neighbourhood where we then were. Most of them were buried as near as possible to the places where they were discovered, so that there should be as little carrying about as possible. In some cases it was found necessary to burn the remains. We could scarcely take a step anywhere in one part of the district without walking on a grave. Wherever we saw a stake driven into the ground we knew that some unfortunate victim lay buried beneath.



Nearer to Merak was the Chinese settlement. Their bodies were treated just the same as the Javanese—buried or burnt, as was thought best at the time. The great difficulty of the superintendent was in finding workers for this sad

task. It was only by sending to distant *kampongs* that the services of a sufficient number of coolies could be obtained. Some of these soon fell ill and died, and thus added a few more to the long roll of victims.

## FIFTY-FOUR FORTY, OR FIGHT.

AT the time when the collision between the Russians and the Afghans seemed to render war inevitable, Dr. Irenæus Prime, editor of the "New York Observer," recalled a memorable scene witnessed by himself in the United States Senate. He told in the following personal recollection how war between the United States and Great Britain was averted, when the crisis seemed as perilous as it did between Russia and England.

The north-western boundary line between the United States and the British possessions was in dispute. Mr. Polk, the President, in his inaugural address had declared our title to the country of the Oregon "clear and unquestionable." The Democratic party held that the dividing line was the latitude of fifty-four degrees and forty minutes north. The popular sentiment was condensed into the war-cry, "Fifty-four forty, or Fight." The excitement was intense, and the tide seemed irresistibly sweeping us into war with Great Britain.

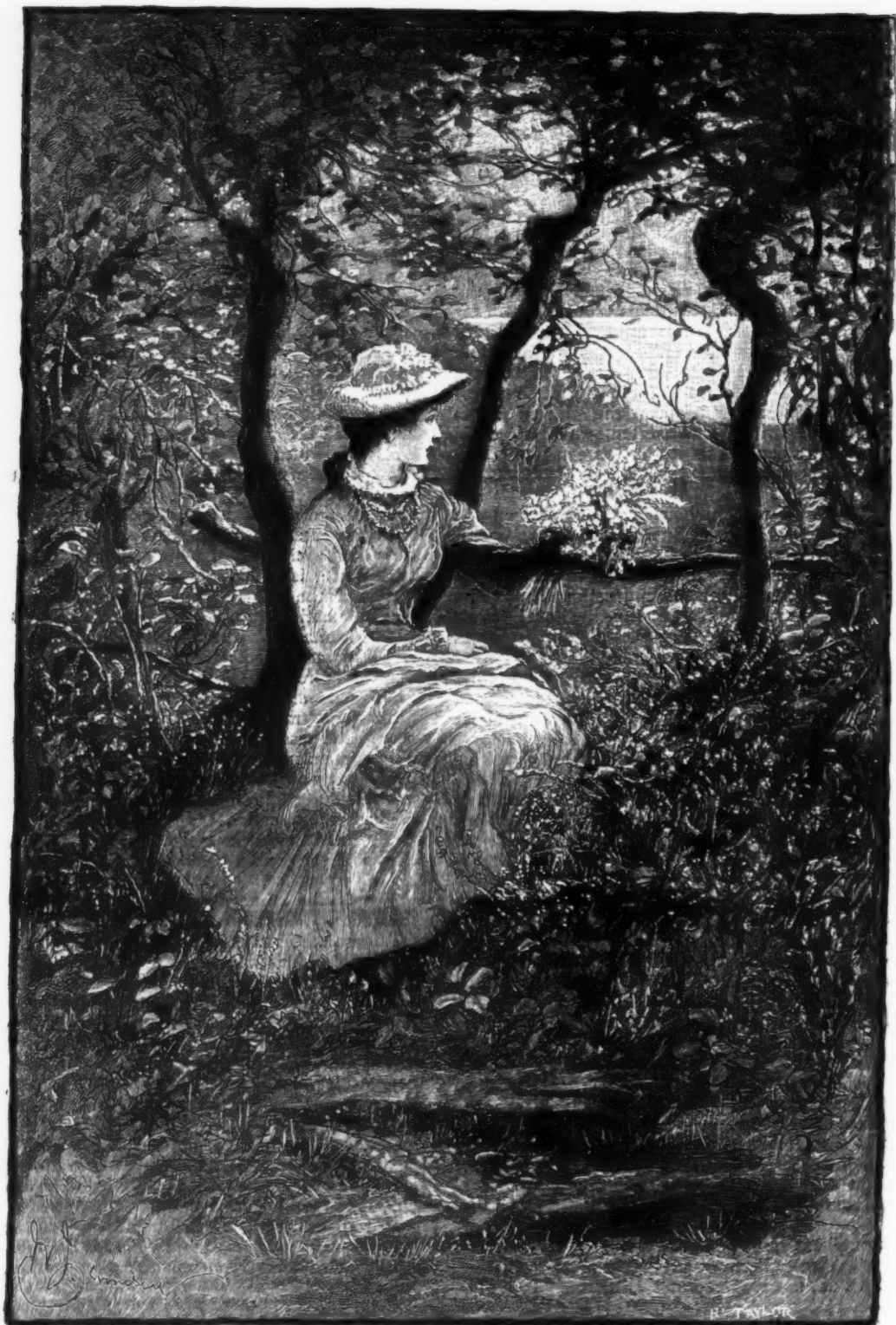
General Cass was a leader in the Senate, and his voice was for war. The subject was before the Senate while I was sitting in the gallery partaking largely of the excitement that raged on the floor below. Colonel Thomas H. Benton, the Nestor of the Senate, and its most distinguished Democratic member, was making a speech in reply to Mr. Cass, and against his own party, the President, and the popular sentiment of the day. He had no notes, no books of reference, no maps, but with perfect self-command, without hesitation for a date or a fact, he went through a detail of history, diplomacy, statistical information, going back more than a hundred years, establishing the position that by the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, between Great Britain, France, Holland, and other Powers, the line between the French and British possessions had been settled much to the south of the one now claimed by the United States, and that it was impossible for us who had obtained title from France to make good our right to go up to 54-40. It was a wonderful exhibition of memory as well as intellectual force, and when he concluded, having made out his case triumphantly, General Cass said, "The Senator has evidently been refreshing himself in history, and I am not prepared at this moment to reply."

Mr. Benton, holding a glass of water in his hand, remarked, "I have not looked at the subject in forty years."

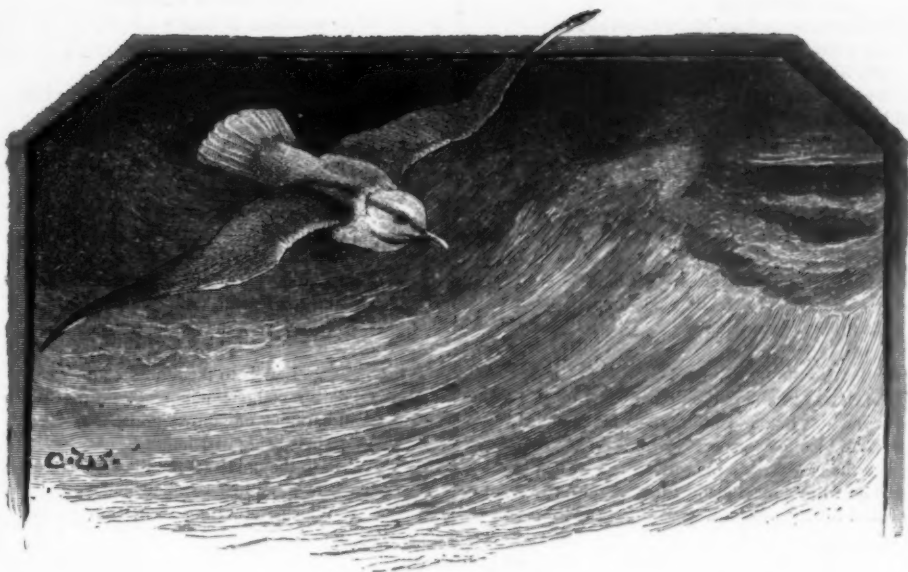
Turning to a friend sitting by me, I said, "There will be no war: the question is settled." History says, "The administration's views were opposed with so much force by Mr. Benton that Mr. Polk acquiesced and accepted forty-nine as the line." This was satisfactory to Great Britain, and the N.W. Boundary Treaty of 1846 established that as the northern boundary of the United States and the southern line of the British possessions.

In the interests of peace and in the name of Christianity, the dominant influence in the civilised world, is not this item in history an illustration of the power of truth and human reason, that the nations of the earth may contemplate with advantage? The dispute between Russia and England is not so hard to compose as was ours with Great Britain in 1846. It is now nearly forty years since that war cloud darkened our horizon, and most of those who were then on the stage have passed away. But I can recollect that the people clamoured for war then just as British people are now hounding the Government to immerse the world in blood. It is the darkest phase of human nature that war is almost always popular. Kings and great generals dread it, but the outcry of the people bears them into the field of battle.

War is the crime of all crimes. One side or the other, oftentimes both sides, are criminal. One resolute man in England or in Russia, we would think, might stand up and in the name of Jesus Christ and humanity roll back the tide of war. Colonel Benton was not a statesman of the highest order of ability. But his will-power was prodigious. Probably it was greater than that of any statesman who has yet appeared in American history. When he put his foot down there was no human power that could make him take it up. Such men are great blessings to a nation when they are right. And they are generally right when they oppose a resort to arms to settle a dispute which it is possible to settle by mutual concession or by arbitration. At all events we look with admiration at the conduct of statesmen who are willing to stand up as Benton did against his own party and the people too when crying out for war.



A GLIMPSE OF THE SEA.



## To a Seagull.

FAR and fair  
In the large spaces of the dim blue air,  
Where whirling winds thy snowy plumes upbear,  
Whither away, bold bird?  
Is the high heart in thy soft bosom stirr'd  
By the wide wonder of the breathing deep,  
Whose pulses never sleep?

And thou hast pulses, too,  
That throb in unison with the warm blue  
And gleamy silver that the skies renew—  
Liberty and delight—  
The thrill of ecstasy that's born of flight,  
And all the changes of the sky and sea  
That change, wild bird, with thee.

Oft have I known  
Thy white wing poised against the storm alone,  
And a stray wildfire from the fading sun  
Ling'ring has loved and lit  
Thy snowy breast with snow more white than it,  
Till on the grim face of the mountain pile  
Thy flight showed like a smile.

More spirit, then, than bird  
When the storm-music of the main is heard;  
But I have seen when scarce a foam-bell stirr'd  
And the grey air was still  
As the grey deep—moved by a wandering will  
In ceaseless circles, thou hast shown less fair  
Than the dim, lightless air.

And when the blue  
Day-dawn has robed the sea in its own hue,  
And flashing sun-gems scintillate anew,  
Then with thy snowy band  
Of brothers, in bird-joys, the glittering strand  
Thou whitenest, like the babe-waves' creamy flow,  
With flakes more white than snow.

But most when skies are dark  
Dost thou describe, with frenzied glee, thine arc  
Of wildering flights, more raptured than the lark  
In myriad fields of morn;  
And thus, when on the whirlwind's breast upborne  
Thy soft wild bosom with the wild storm stirr'd,  
I love thee best, bold bird!

What dreams are thine  
Of hope and gladness, in thy misty shrine  
Of storm-clouds? Does the diamond light divine  
Of liberty, with fires,  
Soft as intense, irradiate thy desires?  
Dost thou, oh wild storm-lover, feel and see  
That thou art glad and free?

For this is all *our* aim;  
Not love's rose-glory, the far cry of fame,  
The greed of gold, allures with such an aim  
As liberty—that state  
For which in blood and tears we dare a fate  
That slaves would flee, to learn in fruitless pains  
Ourselves are our own chains.

Dream of the high  
And noble hearts whom song has not let die,  
Though men may look askance and pass them by!  
With thy soft fires is starr'd  
The sad life-history of many a bird  
And many a hero-slave, until set free  
By death and not by thee!

Red, red the page  
That tells the story, when a struggling age  
Has striven for liberty—and blood its wage!  
Tyrants and slaves have died,  
Fetters have fallen, kings laid down their pride,  
And still the phantom with its sword and star  
Is beautiful and far.



And far and fair  
Floats the white sea-king of the ocean air,  
His life a law, but to himself no care.  
His liberty is won  
From wind and waters, storm, and shower, and sun,  
Wild gentle loves and cares, and joy in flight,  
His nature's own delight.

Hast thou, then, bird, in thee  
The spirit of some old wanderer of the sea,  
Who in his northern foam alone was free?  
Or of some poet-soul,  
Nurtured in wild sea-cavern, whom the roll  
Of sonorous waves to all had made akin  
That liberty can win?

Alas! the king of old  
Who the wide empire of the ocean held,  
Oft stained his innocent northern foam unquelled,  
With blood of liberty;  
And to the bard beside the singing sea,  
Freedom with sadness made a lifelong moan  
And liberty was lone.

Oh, far and fair  
In the large spaces of the limitless air  
Do thou upon thy snowy plumes upbear  
My spirit with thine own.  
Delight thy law—my liberty is lone,  
Give thou thy wild and gentle joy to me,  
Or take my soul with thee.

Only to thee, oh white  
Wave wanderer, is liberty delight,  
For thou art captive to a gentle might  
Which yet thou knowest not.  
Law rules the innocent wildness of thy lot,  
Poises thy wing and gives thee all thy free  
Fair empire of the sea.

Gentle and wise  
Are they who, most like thee, not with surprise  
Or murmuring greet the wonder of the skies,  
The glory of the earth.  
No foundlings are they, but the free glad birth  
Of Nature's bosom, full of humble heeds,  
Wild loves, and gentle needs.

Law is to them no dream  
Of dark rebellion; mingling with the stream  
And harmony of happy worlds, they deem  
Their being best fulfilled  
When to the universal life they yield  
Their own, and cherish but the love and need  
Which Nature first decreed.

KATHLEEN KNOX.

## SUMMER RAMBLES IN MY CARAVAN.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

## CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY

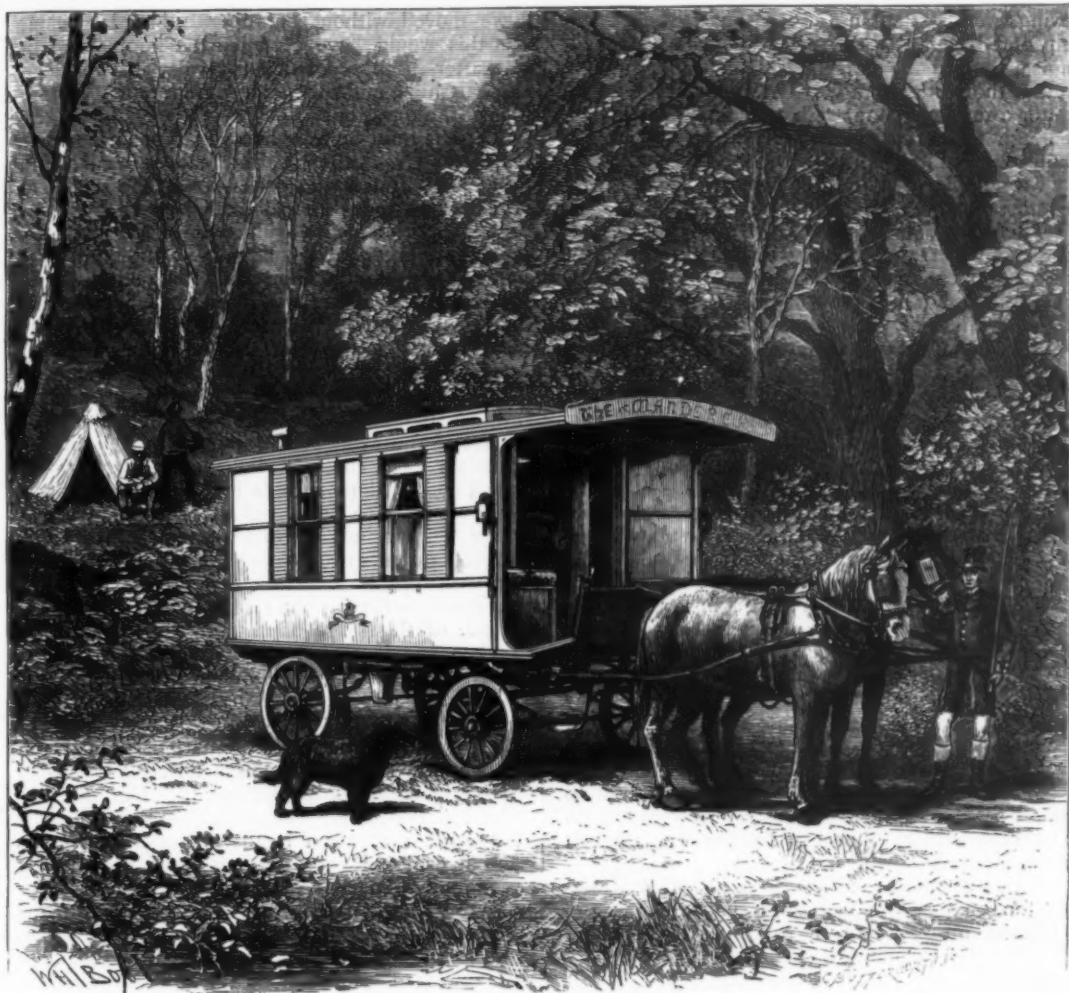
NO man who cannot live in his house on wheels, cook, eat, and sleep in, on, or under it, can say that he is cut out for a gipsy life. But to do this you require to have your temporary home well arranged—a perfect *multum in parvo*, a *domus in minimo*. The chief faults of the old-fashioned caravan are want of space—two ordinary-sized adults can hardly move in it without trampling on each other's toes—general stuffiness, heat from sky or stove, or probably both combined, and a most disagreeable motion when on the road. This latter is caused by want of good springs and errors in the general build.

"The man who is master of a caravan," says a writer, "enjoys that perfect freedom which is denied to the tourist, whose movements are governed by the time-table. He can go where he likes, stop when he lists, go to bed at the hour which suits him best, or get up or lie adreaming, knowing there is not a train to catch nor a waiter's convenience to consult. If the neighbourhood does not suit the van-dweller, all he has to do is to hitch in the horses and move to more eligible quarters. The door of his hotel

is always open. There is no bill to pay nor anybody to 'remember;' and, if the accommodation has been limited, the lodger cannot complain of the charges. In a caravan one has all the privacy of a private residence, with the convenience of being able to wheel it about with a facility denied to the western settler, who shifts his 'shanty' from the 'lot' which he has leased to the more distant one which he has bought. In the van may, for all the passer-by can discover, be a library and drawing-room combined, or it may be bedroom and dining-room in one, though, as the pioneers in this mode of touring sleep under canvas, we may presume that they find the accommodation indoors a little stuffy."

Now, this sounds very well, but at the present sitting I have my doubts if a gipsy's—even a gentleman-gipsy's—life be altogether as independent and sunshiny as the sentences represent them to be.

About going where he likes, for instance? Are there not certain laws of the road that forbid the tarrying by the way of caravan folks, for a longer period than that necessary to water and feed a horse or look at his feet? By night,



THE SALOON CARAVAN WANDERER.

again, he may spy a delightfully retired common, with nothing thereon, perhaps, except a flock of gabbling geese and a superannuated cart-horse, and be tempted to draw up and on it, but may not some duty-bound policeman stroll quietly up, and order him to put-to and "move on"?

Again, if the neighbourhood does not suit, then the caravan-master may certainly go elsewhere, if the horses be not too tired or dead lame.

To be sure, there is inside a caravan all the privacy to be desired; but immediately outside, especially if drawn up on a village common, it may be noisy enough.

As regards going to bed and getting up when he pleases, the owner of a caravan is his own master, unless he chooses to carry the ideas and customs of a too-civilised life into the heart of the green country with him, and keep plenty of company.

Methinks a gentleman-gipsy ought to have a little of the hermit about him. If he does not love nature, and quiet and retirement, he is unsuited for a caravan life, unless, indeed, he would

like to make every day a gala day, and the whole tour a round of pleasurable excitement—in other words, a *farce*.

It is, however, my impression at the present moment that the kind of life I trust to lead for some months to come, might be followed by many who are fond of a quiet and somewhat romantic existence, and especially by those whose health requires bracing up, having sunk below par from over-work, over-worry, or over much pleasure-seeking, in the reckless way it is the fashion to seek it.

Only as yet I can say nothing from actual experience. I have to *go* on, the reader has to *read* on, ere the riddle be solved to our mutual satisfaction.

CHAPTER II.—THE SALOON CARAVAN WANDERER—FIRST TRIALS—GETTING HORSED.

TRAVELLING through the romantic little village of Great Marlow one summer's day in a pony-trap, I came suddenly on a row of caravans drawn up on the roadside. Some flying

swings were started just as I approached, and the unwonted sight, with the wild whooping and noise, startled my horse. He shied and made a rather thoughtless but very determined attempt to enter a draper's shop. This resulted in damage enough to the trap to necessitate my staying an hour or two for repairs.

I would have a look at the caravans, at all events.

There was one very pretty little one, and, seeing me admire it, the owner, who stood by, kindly asked if I cared to look inside. I thanked him and followed him up the steps. It proved to be a good thing of the class, but inside the space was limited, owing to the extraordinary breadth of the bed and size of the stove.

I asked the address of the builder, however, and wrote to him for an estimate. This was sent, but the penmanship and diction in which it was couched sent no thrill of pleasure through me. Here is a sentence: "Wich i can build you a wagon as ill cary you anyweres with 1 orse for eity pounds, i as built a power o' pretty wagons for gipsies, an can refer you to lots on em for reference."

Well, to be sure, there is no necessity for a builder of caravans being a classical scholar, but there was a sad absence of romance about this letter; the very word "wagon" was not in itself poetic. Why could not the man have said "caravan"? I determined to consult a dear old friend of mine who knows everything, C. A. Wheeler, to wit (the clever author of "Sportascrapiana").

Why, he said in reply, did not I go straight to the Bristol Waggon Company? They would do the thing well, at all events, and build my caravan from my own drawings.

This was good advice. So I got a few sheets of foolscap and made a few rough sketches and thought and planned for a night or two, and thus the Wanderer came into existence—on paper.

Now that the caravan is built and fitted she is so generally admired by friends and visitors, that I may be forgiven for believing that a short description of her may prove not uninteresting to the general reader.

Let us walk round her first and foremost and view the exterior.

A glance will show you (vide illustration) that

#### THE SALOON CARAVAN "WANDERER"

is by no means of small dimensions. From stem to stern, without shafts or pole, she measures seventeen feet, her height from the ground being about eleven feet, and her breadth inside six feet fully.

For so long a carriage you will naturally say the wheels seem low.

This is true; the hind wheels are little over four feet, but they are *under* the carriage. Had they been tall they must have protruded beyond her considerably, and this would have given the Wanderer a breadth of beam which would have been awkward on the road and rendered it impossible to get her through many gateways.

I might have had a semicircle or hollow in the sides of the caravan, in which high wheels could

have moved without entailing a broader beam, but this would have curtailed the floor space in the after-cabin, on which my valet has to sleep athwartships, and this arrangement was therefore out of the question.

But she must be very heavy? Not for her size and strength. Although solid mahogany all round outside and lined with softer wood, she scaled at Bristol but 30 cwt., and loaded-up she will be under two tons. The loading-up includes master, valet, coachman, and a large Newfoundland dog, not one of whom need be inside on a stiff hill.

Obeying my instructions, then, the builders made her as light as was consistent with strength. The wood too is of the best and best seasoned that could be had. A firm that builds Pullman cars, not only for England but for America, has always a good supply of old wood on hand.

But if the Wanderer does not look light she certainly looks elegant. Polished mahogany with black and gold mouldings and shutters—jalousie—leaves little to be longed for as regards outside show, neither does it give a gay appearance. The wheels and underworks are dark chocolate, picked out with vermilion. The only "ornament" about her is the device on the side, and this is simply a sketch of the badge of my uniform cap—crown, anchor, and laurel leaves, with a scroll of ribbon of the Robertson tartan—my mother's plaid. This looks quite as pretty and costs less than armorial bearings.

In the illustration the fore part of the caravan is visible. There is a splash-board, an unusual luxury in carriages of this kind. The dicky is very roomy; the Newfoundland lies here when he likes, and a chair can be placed on it, or if rugs and a cushion are put down it forms a delightful lounge on a fine day, and this need in no way interfere with the comfort of either the driver or the great dog. The driver's seat is also the corn-bin, and holds two bushels. From the broad panel at the other side of the door a board lets down at pleasure, and this forms still another seat for an extra passenger.

It may also be noticed that the front part of the roof protrudes, forming ample protection against sun and rain. This canopy is about three feet deep. The break, which is handy to the driver, is a very powerful one, and similar to those used on tram-cars. There is also an iron skid to lock one wheel if required on going down hill, and a roller besides for safety in stopping when going up hill.

There is a door behind right in the centre, similar in appearance to the front door, with morsels of stained glass let in at the upper corners.

Both doors have light shutters that are put up at night.

Under the rear door the broad steps are shipped, and at each side is a little mahogany flap table to let down. These the valet finds very handy when washing up. Beneath these flaps and under the carriage are a drawer to contain tools, dusters, blacking-brushes, and many a little article, without which comfort on the road could hardly be secured.

Under the caravan are fastened by chain and

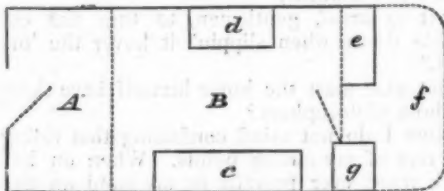


padlock a light long ladder, a framework used in holding out our after-awning or tent, a spade, and the buckets. But there is also space enough here in which to hang a hammock.

In order to give some notion of the internal economy of the Wanderer I append a linear plan of her floor.

I may mention first that there is quite as much room inside for even a tall man to stand as there is in a Pullman car.

Entering from behind you pass through *A*, the pantry or kitchen, into *B*, the saloon. Folding doors with nice curtains divide the caravan at pleasure into two compartments. *C* is the sofa, upholstered in strong blue railway repp. It is a sofa only by day. At night it forms the owner's bed. There are lockers under, which contain the



LINE OR PLAN OF THE FLOOR TO SHOW THE FITTINGS.

bed-clothes, etc., when not in use, as well as my wardrobe. *D* is the table, over which is a dainty little bookcase, with at each side a beautiful lamp on brackets. *E* is the cupboard, or rather the cheffoniere, both elegant and ornamental, with large looking-glass over and behind it. It will be noticed that it juts out and on to the dickey, and thus not only takes up no room in the saloon, but gives me an additional recess on top for glove-boxes, hanging baskets for handkerchiefs, and nicknacks. The cheffoniere and the doors are polished mahogany and glass, the bulkheads maple with darker mouldings, the roof like that of a first-class railway carriage, the skylight being broad and roomy, with stained glass and ample means of ventilation.

The other articles of furniture not already mentioned are simple in the extreme, simple but sufficient, and consist of a piano-stool and tiny camp-chair, music-rack, footstool, dressing-case, a few artful cushions, pretty mirrors on the walls, with gilt brackets for coloured candles, a corner bracket with a clock, a guitar, a violin, a navy sword, and a good revolver. There are gilded cornices over each window, with neat summer curtains, and also over the cheffoniere recess.

The floor is covered with linoleum, and a Persian rug does duty for a carpet.

The after-cabin contains a rack for dishes, with a cupboard above, a beautiful little carbon-silicated filter, a marble washstand, a triangular water-can that hangs above, complete with lid and tap, and which may be taken down to be filled at a well, a rack for hats and gloves, etc., neat pockets for tea and other towels, a box—my valet's, which is also a seat—and a little flap-table, at which he can take his meals and read or write. Also the Rippingille cooking-range. This after-

cabin is well ventilated; the folding-doors are shut at night, and the valet makes his bed athwartships, as I have already said. The bed is simply two long soft door-mats, with above these a cork mattress. The latter, with the bedding, are rolled up into an American cloth cover, the former go into a Willesden canvas bag and are placed under the caravan by day.

No top-coat or anything unsightly hangs anywhere; economy of space has been studied, and this goes hand-in-hand with comfort of fittings to make the gipsy's life on the road as pleasant as



THE PANTRY, SEEN FROM BACK DOOR.

ever a gipsy's life can be. A glance at the illustrations of our saloon and pantry will give a still better idea of the inside of the Wanderer than my somewhat meagre description can afford. These are from photographs taken by my friend Mr. Eales, of Wargrave.

The Rippingille cooking-range is a great comfort. On cool days it can be used in the pantry, on hot days—or, at pleasure, on any day—it can be placed under our after-tent, and the *chef's* work got through expeditiously with cleanliness and nicety. Our caravan *menu* will at no time be a very elaborate one. I have long been of opinion, as a medical man and hygienist, that plain living and health are almost synonymous terms, and that intemperance in eating is to blame for the origin

of quite as many diseases as intemperance in drinking.



THE SALOON OF THE WANDERER.

#### ON GETTING HORSED.

A correct knowledge of horseflesh is not one of those things that come intuitively to anybody, though I have sometimes been given to think it did. It is a kind of science, however, that almost every one, gentle or simple, pretends to be at home in. Take the opinion of even a draper's assistant about some horse you happen to meet on the road, and lo! he begins to look knowing at once, and will strain a nerve, or even two, in order to give you the impression that *he* is up to a thing or two.

But let a young man of this kind only see the inside of a stable a few times, then, although he can hardly tell the heel from the knee in the *genus equus*, how glibly does he not begin to talk, till he almost takes your breath away, about capped hocks, side-bones, splints, shoulders, knees, fetlocks, and feet, and as he walks around a horse, feeling him here or smoothing him there, he verily seems to the manner born.

Ladies are seldom very far behind men in their knowledge of hippology. What young girl fresh from school can be found who cannot drive? "Oh, give me the reins, I'm sure I can do it." These are her words as often as not. You do not like to refuse, badly as a broken-kneed horse would look. You sit by her side ready for any emergency. *She* is self-possessed and cool enough. She may not know her own side of the road, but

what does that matter? If a man be driving the trap that is meeting her, is it not his duty to give place to her? To be sure it is. And as for the reins, she simply holds them; she evidently regards them as a kind of leathern telephone to convey the wishes of the driver to the animal in the shafts.

But a man or woman either may be very clever at many things, and still know nothing about horses. It is their want of candour that should be condemned. Did not two of the greatest philosophers the world ever saw, attempt to put their own nag in the shafts once. Ah! but the collar puzzled them. They struggled to get it on for half an hour, their perseverance being rewarded at last by the appearance on the scene of the ostler himself. I should have liked to have seen that man's face as he quietly observed, suiting action to his words,

"It is *usual*, gentlemen, to turn the collar upside down when slippin' it hover the 'orse's 'ead."

But what must the horse himself have thought of those philosophers?

Now I do not mind confessing that riding is not one of my strong points. When on horseback there ever prevails in my mind an uncertainty as regards my immediate future. And I have been told that I do not sit elegantly, that I do not appear to be part and parcel of the horse I bestride. My want of confidence may in some measure be attributed to the fact that, when a boy of tender age, I saw a gentleman thrown from his horse and killed on the spot. It was a terrible sight, and at the time it struck me that this must be a very common method of landing from one's steed. It seems to me the *umbra* of that sad event has never quite left my soul.

It is due to myself, however, to add that there are many worse whips than I in single harness. Driving in double harness is harder work, and too engrossing, while "tandem" is just one step beyond my present capabilities. The only time ever I attempted this sort of thing I miserably failed. My animals went well enough for a time, till all at once it occurred to my leader to turn right round and have a look at me. My team was thus "heads and tails," and as nothing I could think of was equal to the occasion, I gave it up.

Notwithstanding all this, as far as stable duties are concerned, I can reef, steer, and box the compass, so to speak. I know all a horse needs when well, and might probably treat a sick horse as correctly as some country vets. No, I cannot shoe a horse, but I know when it is well done.

It is probably the want of technicality about my language when talking to real professed knights of the stable, which causes them to imagine "I don't know nuffin about an 'orse." This is precisely what one rough old farmer, with whom I was urging a deal, told me.

"Been at sea all your life, hain't you?" he added.

"Figuratively speaking," I replied, "I may have been at sea all my life, but not in reality. Is not," I continued, parodying Shylock's speech—"Is not a horse an animal? Hath not a horse

feet, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with good oats, oftentimes hurt by the whip? Subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is?"

The man scratched his head, looked puzzled, and we did not deal.

But, dear reader, were I to tell one-tenth part of the woes I endured before I got horsed and while still tossed on the ocean of uncertainty and buffeted by the adverse winds of friendly advice, your kindly heart would bleed for me.

I believe my great mistake lay in listening to everybody. One half of the inhabitants of our village had horses to sell, the other half knew where to find them.

"You'll want two, you know," one would say.

I believed that I would need two.

"One large cart-horse will be ample," said another.

I believed him implicitly.

"I'd have a pole and two nags," said one.

"I'd have two nags and two pair of shafts," said another.

"I'd have two nags," said another; "one in the shafts and the other to trace."

And so on *ad nauseam* till my brains were all in a whirl, and at night I dreamt I was a teetotum, and people were playing with me. Perhaps they were.

A friend to whom I appealed one day in my anguish cut the Gordian knot.

"You've got a nut on you?" he remarked (he meant my head). "Well," he said, "make use of that."

I took his advice.

#### CHAPTER III.—FIRST EXPERIENCES OF GIPSY LIFE—THE TRIAL TRIP—A THUNDER-STORM ON MAIDENHEAD THICKET.

IT was to be our first outing—our trial trip, "by the measured mile," as navy sailors call it.

Not so much a trial, however, for the caravan itself as for a certain horse that was to be attached thereto; and, considering the weight of our house upon wheels, I thought it at least doubtful if any one horse would be sufficient to do the work.

The horse in this instance was—a mare. A splendid powerful dark bay draught mare, with small head, strong, shapely, arching neck, good shoulders, and long enough in body not to look cloddy. Her tail, about two yards long, had been specially plaited and got up for the occasion.

Matilda, as she was named, had never done anything except ploughing before, unless it were an occasional visit to the railway station with a load of wheat or hay. But she appeared quiet, and took the situation in at a glance, including the caravan and its master. We put to, and after as much manœuvring as would have sufficed to bring a P. and O. steamer away from a Southampton pier, we cleared the gate and got fairly under way.

In the matter of provisions the Wanderer was amply furnished. We had edibles for the day, and

enough for a week, my wife having been steward and caterer for the occasion.

My companion *voyageurs* were the two eldest members of my family. Inez (ætat 7), Lovat (ætat 10), their summer dresses and young beauty making them look quite gay. Besides these, I had Hurricane Bob, my champion Newfoundland, who looked as though he could not quite understand any part of the business.

Very slowly at first walked that mare, and very solemnly too—at a plough-pace, in fact—and the farmer's man walked soberly on at her neck. A rousing touch or two of the light gig whip mended matters considerably, and there was far less of the "Dead March" in "Saul" about the progress after this. Matilda warmed to her work; she neighed merrily, and even got into a kind of swinging trot, which, properly speaking, was neither trot nor tramp, only it took us over the ground at four knots an hour, and in pity I made the farmer's man—who, by the way, had his Sunday clothes all on—get up and sit down.

The morning was very bright and sunny, the road hard and good, but dusty. This latter was certainly a derivative from our pleasure, but then gipsies do not have it all their own way in this world any more than other people. The wind was with us, and was somewhat uncertain, both in force and direction, veering a little every now and then, and soon coming round again. But a select assortment of juvenile whirlwinds had been let loose from their cave, and these did not add to our delight.

Matilda had plenty of pluck, only she must have thought it an exceedingly long furrow, and at the end of two miles suddenly made up her mind to go about of her own accord. This determination on Matilda's part resulted in a deviation from the straight line, which nearly landed our fore wheels in the ditch; it also resulted in admonitory flagellation for Matilda.

Before we had gone three miles the perspiration was streaming down the mare's legs and meandering over her hoofs, so we pulled up to let her breathe. The day was young, it was all before us, and it is or ought to be in the very nature of every gipsy—amateur or professional—to take no note of time, to possess all the apathy of a Dutchman, all the drowsy independence of a garden tortoise.

The children begged for a cake, and Inez wanted to know what made the horse laugh so.

She might well put this question, for Matilda laughed nearly all the way.

"Why, pa," said Inie, "the horse laughs at everything; he laughs at the trees, he laughs at the flowers, and at the ponds. He laughs at every horse he meets; he laughed at the cows cropping the furze, and at the geese on the common, and now he is laughing at that old horse with its fore feet tied together. What are the old horse's fore feet tied together for, pa?"

"To keep him from running away, darling."

"And what does this horse keep on laughing for?"

"Why, he is so proud, you know, of being harnessed to so beautiful a caravan that he can't help



laughing. He wants to draw the attention of every creature he sees to it. He will be sure to dream about it to-night, and if he wakes up at any time before morning he will laugh again."

"Oh!" said Inie, and went on eating her currant-cake thoughtfully.

In about a quarter of an hour we had started again. Lovat, who had been aft having a view from the back door window, came running forward and said excitedly,

"Oh! pa, there is a gentleman with a carriage and pair behind us, making signs and shouting and waving his whip."

I pulled to the side at once, and the party in the waggonette passed, the gentleman who handled the ribbons scowling and looking forked lightning at us. No wonder, the idea of being stopped on the road by itinerant gipsies!

Well, in driving a large caravan, as you cannot look behind nor see behind, it is as well to keep pretty near your own side of the road. This was a lesson I determined to lay to heart. But if seeing behind me was impossible, hearing was quite as much so, unless it had been the firing of a six-pounder. This, owing to the rattling of things inside the van, for this being but our trial trip, things had not settled ship-shape.

It is but fair to the builders of the Wanderer to say that an easier-going craft or trap never left Bristol. The springs are as strong and easy as ever springs were made. There is no disagreeable motion, but there is—no, I mean there was on that first day—a disagreeable rattling noise.

Nothing inside was silent; nothing would hold its tongue. No wonder our mare Matilda laughed. The things inside the sideboard jingled and rang, edged towards each other, hobnobbed by touching sides, then edged off again. The crystal flower-boat on the top made an uneasy noise, the crimson-tinted glass lamp-shades made music of their own in tremolo, and the guitar fell out of its corner on top of my cremona and cracked a string. So much for the saloon; but in the pantry the concert was at its loudest and its worst—plates and dishes, cups and saucers, tumblers and glasses, all had a word to say and a song to sing; while as for the tin contents of the Rippingille cooking-range—the kettle and frying-pan, and all the other odds and ends—they constituted a complete band of their own, and a very independent one it was: Arab tom-toms would hardly have been heard alongside that range.

With bits of paper and chips of wood I did what I could to stop the din, and bit my lip and declared war *à outrance* against so unbearable a row. The war is ended, and I am victor. Nothing rattles now; nothing jangles; nothing sings or speaks or squeaks. My auxiliaries in restoring peace have been—wedgelets of wood, pads of indiarubber, and nests of cotton-wool and tow; and the best of it is that there is nothing unsightly about any of my arrangements after all.

But to resume our journey. As there came a lull in the wind, and consequently some surcease in the rolling storm of dust, we stopped for about an hour at the entrance to Maidenhead Thicket.

The children had cakes and they had books, and I had proofs to correct—nice easy work on a day's outing.

Meanwhile great banks of clouds (*cumulus*) came up from the N.E. and obscured the sun and most of the sky, only leaving ever-changing rifts of blue here and there, and the wind went down.

Maidenhead Thicket is a long stretch of wild upland—a well-treed moor, one might call it, and yet a breezy, healthful table-land. The road goes straight through it, with only the green-sward level with the road at each side, then two noble rows of splendid trees, mostly elm and lime, with here and there a maple or oak. But abroad, on the thicket itself, grow clumps of trees of every description, and great masses of yellow blossoming furze and golden-tasselled broom.

To our left the thicket ended afar off in woods, with the round braeland called Bowsy Hill in the distance; to the right, also in woods, but finally in a great sweep of cultivated country, dotted over with many a smiling farm and private mansion.

Maiden Thicket in the old coaching days used to be rather dreaded by the four-in-hands that rolled through it. Before entering it men were wont to grasp their bludgeons and look well to their priming, while ladies shrank timorously into corners (as a rule they did). The place is celebrated now chiefly for being a meeting-place for "Arry's 'Ounds."

How have I not pitied the poor panting stag! It would be far more merciful, and give more real "sport," to import and turn down in the thicket some wild Shetland sheep.

Some few weeks ago the stag of the day ran for safety into our very village of Twyford; after it came the hounds in full cry, and next came pricking along a troop of gallant knights and ladies fair. Gallant, did I say? Well, the stag took refuge in a coal-cellar, from which he was finally dragged, and I am thankful to believe that, when they saw it bleeding and breathless, those "gallant" knights were slightly ashamed of themselves. However, there is no accounting for taste.

Sometimes even until this day the thicket is not safe. Not safe to cyclists, for example, on a warm moonlit summer's night, when tramps lie snoozing under the furze-bushes.

But on this, the day of our trial trip, I never saw the thicket look more lovely: the avenue was a cloudland of tenderest greens, and the music of birds was everywhere around us. You could not have pointed to bush or branch and said, "No bird sings there." It was the "sweet time o' the year."

Where the thicket ends the road begins to descend, and after devious and divers windings, you find yourself in the suburbs of Maidenhead, two long rows of charming villas, with gardens in front that could not look prettier. The pink and white may, the clumps of lilac, the leafy hedge-rows, the verandahs bedragged with mauve wistaria, the blazes of wallflower growing as high as the privet, and the beds of tulips of every hue, and

beds of blood-red daisies in the midst of green lawns—it was all a sight, I can assure you! It made Matilda laugh again, and the children crow and clap their tiny hands with glee.

We passed through the town itself, which is nice enough, and near the bridge drew to the side and stopped, I walking on and over the bridge to find a place to stand for a few hours, for Matilda was tired and steaming, and we all looked forward to dinner.

The river looks nowhere more lovely and picturesque than it does at Maidenhead in summer. Those who cross it by train know this, but you have to stand on the old bridge itself and look at it before you can realise all its beauty. The Thames here looks so broad and peaceful, it seems loth to leave so sweet a place. Then the pretty house-boats and yachts, with awnings spread, and smart boats laden with pleasure-seekers, and the broad green lawns on the banks, with their tents and arbour and bright-coloured flower-vases, give this reach of the Thames quite a character of its own. How trim these lawns are to be sure! almost too much so for my ideas of romance; and then the chairs need not be stuck all in a row, nor need the vases be so very gaudy.

I found a place to suit me at last, and the Wanderer was drawn up on an inn causeway. Matilda was led away to the stable, the after-steps were let down, and the children said, "Isn't it dinner-time, pa?"

Pa thought it was. The cloth was spread on the soft carpet, and round it we all squatted—Hurricane Bob in the immediate rear—and had our first real gipsy feed, washed down with ginger-ale procured from the adjoining inn.

I wonder if the Wanderer really was an object of curiosity to the groups who gathered and walked and talked around us.

Younger ladies, I know, were delighted, and not slow to say so.

But I do not think that any one took us for hawkers or cheap-Jack people.

"If I had that caravan, now, and a thousand a year," we heard one man observe, "I'd kick about everywhere all over the country, and I wouldn't call the king my cousin."

Soon after we had returned from a walk and a look at the shops a couple of caravans with real gipsies crossed the bridge.

"Stop, Bill, stop!" cried one of the tawny women, who had a bundle of mats for a chest-protector. "Stop the 'orses, can't yer? I wouldn't miss a sight o' this for a pension o' taters."

The horses were stopped. Sorry-looking nags they were, with coffin heads, bony rumps, and sadly swollen legs.

"Well I never!"

"Sure there was never sich a wan as that afore on the road!"

"Why, look at her, Sally! Look at her, Jim! Up and down, and roun' and roun', and back and fore. Why, Bill! I say, that wan's as complete as a marriage certificate or a summons for assault."

We people inside felt the compliment.

But we did not show.

"Hi, missus!" cried one; "are ye in, missus? Surely a wan like that wouldn't be athout a missus. Will ye buy a basket, missus? Show your cap and your bonny face, missus. Would ye no obleege us with just one blink at ye?"

They went away at last, and soon after we got Matilda in and followed.

With her head towards home, and hard, level road, Matilda trotted now, and laughed louder than ever.

But soon the road began to rise; we had to climb the long, steep Maidenhead hill.

And just then the storm of rain and hail broke right in our teeth. At the middle of the hill it was at its worst, but the mare strode boldly on, and finally we were on fairly level road and drew up under some lime-trees.

The distance from Twyford to Maidenhead is nine miles, so we took it as easy going as we had done coming.

We had meant to have tea in the thicket, but I found at the last moment I had forgotten the water. There was nothing for it but to "bide a wee."

We stopped for half an hour in the thicket, nevertheless, to admire the scenery. Another storm was coming up, but as yet the sun shone brightly on the woods beyond the upland, and the effect was very beautiful. The tree masses were of every colour—green elms and limes, yellow-leaved oaks, dark waving Scottish pines, and black and elfin-looking yews, with here and there a copper beech.

But the storm came on apace. The last ray of sunlight struck athwart a lime, making its branches look startlingly green against the dark purple of the thunder-cloud.

Then a darting almost blinding flash, and by-and-by the peal of thunder.

The storm came nearer and nearer, so that soon the thunder-claps followed the flashes almost instantly.

Not until the rain and hail came on did the blackbirds cease to flite or the swallows to skim high overhead. How does this accord with the poet Thomson's description of the behaviour of animals during a summer thunder-storm, or rather the boding silence that precedes it?

"Prone to the lowest vale the aerial tribes  
Descend. The tempest-loving raven scarce  
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze  
The cattle stand," etc.

Our birds and beasts in Berkshire are not nearly so frightened at thunder as those in Thomson's time must have been, but then there were no railway trains in Thomson's time!

The poet speaks of unusual darkness brooding in the sky before the thunder raises his tremendous voice. This is so; I have known it so dark, or dusk rather, that the birds flew to roost and bats came out. But it is not always that "a calm" or "boding silence reigns." Sometimes the wind sweeps here and there in uncertain gusts before

the storm, the leaf-laden branches bending hither and thither before them.

But I digress.

We came to a part of the road at last where the gable end of a pretty porter's lodge peeped over the trees, and here pulled up. The thunder was very loud and lightning incessant, only it did not rain then. Nothing deterred, Lovat, kettle in hand, lowered himself from the dicky and disappeared to beg for water. As there was no other house near hand it was natural for the good woman of the lodge seeing a little boy with a fisherman's red cap standing at her porch begging for water to ask,

"Wherever do you come from?"

Lovat pointed upwards in the direction of

the caravan, which was hidden from view, and said,

"From up there."

"Do ye mean to tell me," she said, "that you dropped out of the clouds in a thunder-storm with a tin-kettle in your hand?"

But he got the water, the good lady had her joke, and we had tea.

The storm grew worse after this. Inez grew frightened and asked me to play.

"Do play the fiddle, pa," she beseeched.

So, while the

"Lightning gleamed across the rift,"

and the thunder crashed over head, "pa" fiddled even as Nero fiddled when Rome was burning.

### SAMUEL WELLS WILLIAMS,

PROFESSOR OF THE CHINESE LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN YALE COLLEGE, U.S.

DEATH has recently removed an American scholar, to whom the opening of China to European influence and Christian teaching has been largely due. His name may not be widely known in England, but this is only one of many instances where the greatest work is done by those who are little heard of in the wide world.

Samuel Wells Williams was a native of Utica, N.Y. State. His father was a bookseller and printer. From his experience in a printing-office, combined with much general knowledge, he was qualified, while yet under age, to accept an unexpected invitation to superintend the Mission press at Canton, where he arrived in October, 1833.

At that time there were only three European missionaries in China, although several were labouring among the Chinese in various Eastern settlements. Visits to China had been made by Dr. Gutzlaff and others, none of whom obtained a footing similar to what the Jesuits had held in former times. The three Protestant missionaries were Dr. Morrison, who had pursued his solitary labours ever since 1807, Mr. Abeel, and Mr. Bridgman, who arrived in 1830. A printing-press, sent from America, was set to work in 1832 by Mr. Bridgman, who then commenced the well-known "Chinese Repository," a publication of valuable information and wide influence. To this work Mr. Williams devoted himself on his arrival, and his own contributions in the first twenty years of issue were above eighty in number.

In 1842 he published his "Easy Lessons," a work for beginners in the study of Chinese; in 1844 an "English and Chinese Vocabulary in the Court Dialect," both of which volumes long continued to be standard educational works. In the same year appeared from his pen a small manual of "Chinese Topography," of 103 pages octavo, being an alphabetical list of all the provinces, departments,

and districts of the Chinese Empire, with the latitude and longitude of each; also his "Commercial Guide," consisting of a collection of important facts in regard to trade with China, a description of the open ports, sailing directions, and other practical information. This work he re-wrote repeatedly, and enlarged as trade expanded, new ports were opened, and new treaties formed, until in its fifth edition, printed at Hong Kong in the year 1863, and containing 653 pages octavo, it has become a most valuable source of information in all business transactions with the Chinese.

In 1844 Mr. Williams left China on his first visit to the United States, having been eleven years in the mission field. Many important changes had taken place in that period. The control of the East India Company over British trade with the empire had ceased in 1834. He had seen the last of the artificial system for adjusting foreign commerce in the abolition of the "Thirteen Factories" at Canton. The new arrangements at Canton, the rise of the opium traffic, the first protests of the Government, the forming of treaties after "the Opium War," the opening of the five treaty ports—all these events occurred during Mr. Williams's first residence in China.

On his return to America (by way of Egypt, Syria, and Europe) Mr. Williams found that great desire prevailed for fuller information about China. He was invited to give lectures on various subjects connected with the laws, institutions, government, religion, history, education, and resources of the empire. These lectures attracted much attention, and became the basis of his work entitled "The Middle Kingdom," first published in 1848, of which many editions have since appeared.

Being urged by the officials of the Board of Missions and by friends to receive ordination as



a minister, he firmly declined. He believed that he could be of more service to the cause of Christ by remaining a layman, and he was not hindered from speaking as well as writing on Christian subjects as he had opportunity.

In 1848 he returned to China, now united in marriage to an American lady, who sympathised with him in all his work. Until this time no foreigners were allowed to bring their wives to Canton. He resumed his superintendence of the "Chinese Repository," and continued its editor and publisher till it was discontinued in 1851.

In 1853 Commodore Perry's famous expedition to Japan took place, and Dr. Williams (he had received an honorary degree of LL.D. when in America) was invited to join the Commodore as interpreter. He had long before studied the Japanese language by intercourse with some Japanese who were shipwrecked on the Chinese coast, and were forbidden to return to their own land, as was the law then. He had made more than one attempt to visit Japan, but was unable to effect a landing. Now the way was open, and he made good use of the opportunities, in 1853 and 1854, to collect materials for interesting papers on Japan, published in the journal of the North China branch of the Asiatic Society. His services during the expedition were so useful that the Government at Washington invited him to become Secretary of the Legation of the United States in China. This office he held for twenty years, acting at some times, during the absence of any resident Minister, as *Chargé d'Affaires*. When he resigned his post in 1876 he held the oldest commission in the American diplomatic service. From his long and varied experience he was the chief adviser of the successive American Ministers at the Chinese Court, and it was through him mainly that the difficulties in negotiating the treaties at Tientsin in 1858 were overcome.

One benefit procured by his influence is worthy of special and grateful remembrance. The French and Russian Governments had secured toleration for the Christian religion under the Latin and Greek forms, but it was not easy to obtain the same privileges for Protestants of various denominations. It was only after long and arduous efforts by Dr. Williams that the Chinese officials were induced to insert in the American treaty,

and in the British treaty, which was subsequently signed, an article securing that toleration to Christianity which has been enjoyed in recent times.

Dr. Williams, after the ratification of this treaty in 1859, re-visited America, and was there during the Anglo-French War with China in 1860, and during the American Civil War. He returned in 1862 to Macao, where he had left his family, and in the following year round to Peking, where he remained in residence at the Legation.

He finally resigned his office, and left China in 1876. His health in the latter years had been much enfeebled, both by his arduous official labours and by his severe literary studies. The offer of the Professorship at Yale College was a honourable tribute to one who had so highly distinguished himself, and here, among other gratifications, he found himself a colleague of James D. Davis, Professor of Geology, the schoolfellow and friend of his early days. He had many years before resigned his connection with the American Board of Missions, but he continued to take deep interest in the work, and in 1881 he was chosen President of the American Bible Society, and also of the American Oriental Society, both of which offices he held at the time of his death.

His last years were largely devoted to the revision and completion of his great works, "The Middle Kingdom," and the "Chinese Dictionary." In these volumes he has left the valuable results of his labours for above forty years in the Chinese Empire. On finishing his literary work, he wrote, with pious earnestness, "I have made my last effort, and I implore the blessing of God on my work, which has for its object to further Christ's Kingdom. That is all I want." In the preface to the last edition of "The Middle Kingdom" he spoke hopefully of the cause of missions in China, and said that on their success depended "the salvation of China as a people, both in its moral and political aspects." The last words he ever wrote for the press were these: "The promise of the Spirit will fulfil the prophecy of Isaiah, delivered before the era of Confucius, and God's people will come from the land of Sinim and join in the anthem of praise with every tribe under the sun." Honour to the memory of Samuel Wells Williams!

## Varieties.

### Some Incidents in the Life of Bishop Percy.

Recently, in the "Girl's Own Paper," there appeared an interesting sketch of the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," with some facts of the life of Bishop Percy. In the account given, no mention is made of the once popular ballad, "O Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?" or the reason that gave rise to its production. The circumstances, however, were of such an unusual character, that they will certainly bear telling once more.

It was in 1771, about six years after the publication of the "Reliques," and at the very height of Percy's literary fame, that Mrs. Percy was summoned to the Court of George III and appointed nurse to the infant Prince Edward, afterwards Duke of Kent, and ultimately the father of our present good and most gracious sovereign Queen Victoria. Mrs. Percy is said to have been a very amiable and excellent woman. Miss M. L. Hawkins, in writing of the occurrence, says; "His Royal Highness Prince Edward's temper, as a private gentleman, did not discredit his nurse, for his humanity was conspicuous."

It was when Mrs. Percy had fulfilled the duties of her high position as personal attendant to the young prince, and on her return to the quiet Northamptonshire vicarage of Easton Mandit, that Dr. Percy greeted his long absent wife with the following verses:—

"O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me,  
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town;  
Can sileft glens have charms for thee,  
The lowly cot, and russet gown?  
No longer dressed in silken sheen,  
No longer decked with jewels rare;  
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?"

"O Nanny, when thou'rt far away,  
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?  
Say, canst thou face the parching ray  
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?  
O can that soft and gentle mien  
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,  
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?"

"O Nanny, canst thou love so true,  
Through perils keen with me to go?  
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,  
To share with him the pang of woe?  
Say, should disease or pain befall,  
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,  
Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recall  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?"

"And when at last thy love shall die,  
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?  
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?  
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay  
Strew flowers and drop the tender tear  
Nor there regret those scenes so gay,  
When thou wert fairest of the fair?"

When the ballad was first published it is said to have been exceedingly popular, and greatly enhanced the reputation of its author. The "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1780 speaks of it as being "not undeservedly" regarded as "the most beautiful song in the English language."

Mrs. Percy was a native of Northamptonshire, and the daughter of Barton Gutteridge, Esq., of Desborough. Her union with Dr. Percy proved to be a very happy one, though clouded over on several occasions with grief and sorrow at the loss of some of their children, particularly at the death of their only son Henry, a promising young man of twenty years of age. The greatest affection existed between husband and wife, and continued to the end of their days. A very pleasing illustration of this fact is given in Pickford's Life of Percy. The incident occurred in Ireland when Percy held the see of Dromore. On one occasion, when the bishop was from home, a violent storm came on in the evening, and was of such a character that the friends with whom he was staying earnestly entreated him to remain for the night, but the companionship of the "Nanny of his Muse" was a more powerful magnet than the pleading of kind friends or shelter from the tempest, so he ventured forth heedless of the howling winds and drenching rain. Subsequently he commemorated the event by writing the following lines, which were first published in 1867:—

"Deep howls the storm with chilling blast,  
Fast falls the snow and rain,  
Down rush the floods with headlong haste,  
And deluge all the plain.

"Yet all in vain the tempests roar,  
And whirls the drifted snow;  
In vain the torrents scorn the shore,  
To Delia I must go.

"In vain the shades of evening fall,  
And horrid dangers threat;  
What can the lover's heart appal,  
Or check his eager feet?"

"The darksome vale the fearless tries,  
And winds its trackless wood,  
High o'er the cliff's dread summit flies,  
And rushes thro' the flood.

"Love bids achieve the hardy task  
And act the wondrous part,  
He wings the feet with eagle speed,  
And lends the lion-heart.

"Then led by thee, all-powerful boy,  
I'll dare the hideous night;  
Thy dart shall guard me from annoy,  
Thy torch my footsteps light.

"The cheerful blaze—the social hour,  
The friends—all plead in vain,  
Love calls—I brave each adverse power  
Of peril and of pain."

Mrs. Percy died on the 31st December, 1806. Her remains were interred within the Cathedral of Dromore. Several poems were published on her decease in the "Gentleman's Magazine" at that time, one of them, descriptive of the graces of this excellent lady, reads thus:—

"Within the precincts of this silent cell  
Distinguished Percy's sacred relics dwell;  
Whose youthful charms adorn'd the courtly scene,  
And won the favour of a British Queen;  
Whose moral excellence, and virtues rare,  
Shone as conspicuous as her face was fair.  
By none throughout a long and happy life  
Was she surpassed as mother, friend, or wife.  
Alike from ostentation free, and pride,  
Humanity her motive, and sense her guide.  
Her charity with constant current flowed,  
And its best gifts so usefully bestowed,  
That, ere her spirit reached its native sphere,  
Her goodness marked her as an angel here."

Dr. Percy lived on for five years longer, passing away on September 30th, 1811, revered and beloved for his piety, liberality, benevolence, and hospitality, by persons of every rank and religious denomination. W. P.

#### The Skin.

A POEM BY SIR ALFRED POWER.

Sir Alfred Power, during a long official career, was the main instrument in establishing the present Poor Law system in Ireland. His name deserves to be held in honour as that of one of those to whom Ireland owes whatever good government it has had in the last two generations. Sir Alfred Power is now an octogenarian, and lives in retirement at Dublin.

There's a skin without, and a skin within,  
A covering skin and a lining skin;  
But the skin within is the skin without,  
Doubled inwards and carried completely throughout.

The palate, the nostrils, the windpipe and throat  
Are all of them lined with this inner coat,  
Which through every part is made to extend,  
Lungs, liver, and bowels from end to end.

The outside skin is a marvellous plan  
For exuding the dregs of the flesh of man,  
While the inner extracts from the food and the air  
What is needed the waste of the flesh to repair.

Too much brandy, whisky, or gin  
Is apt to disorder the skin within,  
While if dirty and dry, the skin without  
Refuses to let the sweat come out.

Good people all, have a care of your skin,  
Both that without and that within ;  
To the first, give plenty of water and soap,  
To the last, little else but water, we hope.

But always be very particular where  
You get your water, your food, and your air,  
For if these be tainted or rendered impure,  
It will have its effect on the blood, be sure.

The food which will ever for you be the best  
Is that you like most, and can soonest digest.  
All unripe fruit and decaying flesh  
Beware of, and fish that is not very fresh.

Your water, transparent and pure as you think it,  
Had better be filtered and boiled ere you drink it,  
Unless you know surely that nothing unsound  
Can have got to it over or under the ground.

But of all things the most I would have you beware  
Of breathing the poison of once-breathed air :  
When in bed, whether out or at home you may be,  
Always open the windows and let it go free.

With clothing and exercise keep yourselves warm,  
And change your clothes quickly if caught in a storm,  
For a cold caught by chilling the outside skin  
Flies at once to the delicate lining within.

All you who thus kindly take care of your skin,  
And attend to its wants without and within,  
Need never of cholera feel any fears,  
And your skin may last you a hundred years.

#### Cowper's Melancholy Life.

So much has been said about his mental disorder by Cowper himself, as well as by his biographers, that the impression made on most readers is a gloomy and painful one. His life is often regarded as a life of melancholy, brightened only by occasional lucid intervals. Nothing could be further from the truth. As to the periods when he was under medical treatment there can of course be no question. But these periods did not cover a large proportion of his life, and they interrupted his ordinary occupations less than other illnesses to which most men are subject. The more enduring malady which for the latter half of his life afflicted him—the despondency as to his spiritual state and final destiny—might seem to call for deeper pity. Yet even in regard to this we are willing to believe that exaggerated ideas have been held. He was almost always occupied, and his occupations were in accordance with his education, culture, and taste. There was no large margin of idle time left for moodily meditating on his

own state. His friends Newton and Bull testify that on every other matter except his acceptance with God his judgment was excellent and his company delightful. To others who knew not his inner trials he never expressed his doubts and fears, but spoke and acted like any English gentleman of good birth and breeding. He did not care for society in the usual meaning of the word, preferring quiet study and undisturbed retirement. Thus he passed on the whole a happy homely life, such as he has described in the *Winter Evening* of "The Task" as suiting his taste—

"To me, an unambitious mind, content  
In the low vale of life, that early felt  
A wish for ease and leisure, and ere long  
Found here that leisure and that ease I wished."

Above all other pleasant employments the most absorbing was poetry, to which much of his time was devoted :

"Me Poetry (or rather notes that aim  
Feebly and vainly at poetic fame) ;  
Employs, shut out from more important views,  
Fast by the banks of the slow winding Ouse ;  
Content if thus sequestered I may raise  
A monitor's though not a poet's praise,  
And while I teach an art too little known,  
To close life wisely, may not waste my own."

Even with regard to the last period of his existence, when the feebleness of old age was increasing, we believe his life, although overclouded by fear, was not a life of suffering. "It is consolatory to believe," says Southey, "that during this long stage of his malady Cowper was rarely so miserable as he represented himself to be." If, then, there has been an undue extent of pity for him as a sufferer, there is at least this compensation, that the sympathy felt for him has secured all the wider influence for his lessons of wisdom and virtue.

**Russia and England in the East.**—I am not of that school who view the advances of Russia into Asia with those deep misgivings that some do. I think Asia is large enough for the advances of both Russia and England. Far from looking forward with alarm to the development of the power of Russia in Central Asia, I see no reason why Russia should not conquer Tartary any more than why England should not have conquered India. I only wish the people of Tartary might gain as much advantage by being conquered by Russia as the people of India have gained from England.—*Lord Beaconsfield.*

**Charles James Fox.**—If any doubt existed as to the influence of Fox at an age when most young men have no greater ability than is displayed by an average University undergraduate, the following statement by Horace Walpole is notable : "I went to the House of Commons the other day (March, 1772) to hear Charles Fox, contrary to a resolution I had made of never setting my foot there again. The object answered : Fox's abilities are amazing at so very early a period, especially under the circumstances of such a dissolute life. He was just arrived from Newmarket, and had sat up drinking all night, and had not been in bed. How such talents make one laugh at Tully's rules for an orator, and his indefatigable application. His laboured orations are puerile in comparison with this boy's manly reason." Fox was then only twenty-three. He shone as a speaker in Parliament at twenty-one.

**Victor Hugo on Capital Punishment.**—In the "Life of Victor Hugo," by Mr. G. Barnett Smith, a striking incident is recalled in reference to the poet-patriot's aversion to capital punishment. His son, Charles Hugo, in 1849, was prosecuted for his vehement denunciation of a scene at an execution. His father defended him in the Court of Assize, and in his speech said : "The real culprit in this matter, if there is a culprit, is not my son. It is I myself—I, who for a quarter of a century have not ceased to battle against all



forms of the irreparable penalty—I, who during all this time have never ceased to advocate the inviolability of human life. . . . Yes, I assert it, this remains of barbarous penalties—this old and unintelligent law of retaliation—this law of blood for blood—I have battled against it all my life; and so long as there remains one breath in my body I will continue to battle against it with all my power as an author and with all my acts and votes as a legislator! And I make this declaration" (the pleader here stretched out his arm towards the crucifix at the end of the hall above the tribunal) "before the victim of the penalty of death whose effigy is now before us, who is now looking down upon us, and who hears what I utter,—I swear it, I say, before this sacred tree, on which, nearly two thousand years ago, and for the instruction of men to the latest generation, the laws instituted by men fastened with accursed nails the divine Son of God."

**Burns's Poems, Early Editions.**—Only 500 copies of the first edition of the poems were printed, hence the comparative scarcity of single copies a century after. This edition was printed at Kilmarnock by John Wilson in August, 1786, and is entitled "Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect, by Robert Burns." It is a thin octavo of 240 pages, with a preface, but no dedication, and has the following lines, generally believed to be the poet's own, on the title-page:

"The simple Bard unbroke by rules of art,  
He pours the wild effusions of the heart;  
And if inspir'd, 'tis Nature's powers inspire;  
Hers all the melting thrill, and hers the kindling fire."

—*Anonymous.*

The second edition, known as the first Edinburgh edition, has the same title without these lines, and was printed there in April, 1787, "for the Author, and sold by William Creech." It is an octavo of 368 pages. It was dedicated "To the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt," and the volume differs from the first edition in other respects—in not having any preface; by the insertion of a long list of subscribers; and by the introduction of many new poems and songs. Some years ago the editions of Burns were estimated at from 100 to 150, but from a catalogue drawn up by Mr. McKie of Kilmarnock it appears that they far exceed that number. There are at the present time upwards of 350 different issues, besides American editions, and pieces published separately.

**A Remarkable Hen.**—The following account of a rather remarkable hen is given by a correspondent of "Land and Water": "She is a cross between a game hen and a Brahma cock, and was hatched in May, 1882. She commenced laying in January of the following year, and laid 189 eggs within the twelve months. This year she has laid 156 eggs, and is still laying. I may add that she is quite a Cockney, having lived on the leads of a public office for the last two years, her owner being the hall-porter. She is very fond of lying before the fire, stretching herself like a dog. At meal-times a chair is placed for her at the table, her food being washed down with stout. Possibly it is the latter, combined with the warmth of her quarters, that has caused her to lay so well. The most curious thing is that a great number of the eggs have been laid in the lap of the porter's wife."

**Carlyle in Bruges Cathedral.**—Few things which I have seen were more impressive. Enormous high arched roofs—I suppose not higher than Westminster Abbey, but far more striking to me, for they were actually in use here—soaring to a height that dwarfed all else; great high altar-pieces with sculpture, wooden carvings hanging in mid-air, pillars, balustrades of white marble edged with black marble, pictures, inscriptions, bronze gates of chapels, shrines, and votive tablets; above all, actual human creatures bent in devotion there, counting their beads with open eyes, or, as in still deeper prayer, covered by their black scarfs—for they were mostly women—and only their little pointed shoe soles distinct to you; all this with the yellow evening sunlight falling down over and beneath the new and ancient tombs of the dead; it struck me dumb, and I cared nothing for Rubens or Vandyck canvases while this living painted canvas hung here before me on the bosom of eternity. The mass was over, but these worshippers, it seemed, still loitered. You

could not say from their air that they were without devotion—yet they were painful to me. The fat priests, in whose real sincerity, not in whose sincere cant, I had more difficulty in believing, were worse than painful. I had a kind of hatred of them, a desire to kick them into the canals unless they ceased their fooling. Yet at bottom one cannot wish these men kicked into the canals, for what would follow were they gone? Atheistic Benthamism, French Editorial "rights of man," and "Grande Nation." That is a far worse thing, a far untruer thing. God pity the generation in which you have to see deluded and deluding *simulacra*, Tartuffes and semi-Tartuffes, and to stay the uplifted foot, and not kick them into the canal, but go away near weeping in silence!—*Life of Carlyle.*

**Carlyle and his Shoemaker.**—The following characteristic letter was sent by Thomas Carlyle to his shoemaker, a worthy Scotchman in the Strand:—

"Dear Sir,—Not for your sake alone, but for that of a public suffering much in its feet, I am willing to testify that you have yielded me complete and unexpected relief in that particular; and in short, on trial after trial, that you seem to me to possess, in signal contrast to so very many of your brethren, the actual art of making shoes which are easy to the wearer. My thanks to you are emphatic and sincere.

"5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea,  
"10 July, 1868."

"T. CARLYLE.

**Canadian Fisheries.**—The report on the fisheries of Canada for the year 1883 showed a continued improvement in condition and yield. The total value of the catch in that year was £3,532,957 (taking the dollar at 4s. 2d.), an increase of £27,937 over that of 1882; this is exclusive of the catch in Manitoba and the North-West territories, for which there are no returns, but which may be roughly estimated at £10,000. The values of the principal kinds of fish are as follow in 1883: Cod, £938,981; herring, £471,526; lobster, £406,095; salmon, £316,276; mackerel, £276,976, showing a considerable advance over the previous year in all except lobster, which is smaller by £187,595. These fish represent more than 67 per cent. of the value of the total catch. Out of the total value of the 1883 catch, nearly \$17,000,000, Nova Scotia is credited with more than seven and a half millions, New Brunswick with rather less than three and a quarter millions, and Quebec under two and a quarter millions, British Columbia one and a half millions, Prince Edward Island one and a quarter, and Ontario one million dollars. The total expenditure for the fishery service was £23,890, of which £12,987 was for general service, £5,370 for fish breeding, and £5,533 for maintenance of an armed steamer. We have not seen a later report.

**Dustbins.**—During the summer the columns of the "Times" for some days contained numerous letters of complaint about dustbins, and expounding the dangers arising from their not being frequently emptied. The editor of the "Times" evidently was unaware that in the City, where his office is, as in Edinburgh and other places, the house refuse is removed every morning by the dust-carts. Wooden or galvanised iron boxes, light enough to be easily lifted, are placed overnight or early in the morning outside the houses at the side of the roadway. In Paris the street scavenging is far better than in London, a whole army of cleansers being engaged before daybreak.

**California in Autumn.**—A Californian writes: "The southern portion of the State requires more or less irrigation, but the counties of Napa, Sonoma, Santa Clara, Marin, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Sacramento, Solano, Lake, and many others, can produce the finest cereals, grasses, root crops, grapes, and all known fruits, save those that are strictly tropical, and with no water excepting what falls in the form of rain during the winter months. To-day (October 7th) I have been into the vineyards of Napa County, as a member of a committee, to get an exhibit of fruits for the New Orleans International Exposition, and find bunches of grapes weighing fifteen pounds, peaches measuring twelve inches round, and other fruits in like proportions. These fruits yield a net profit to the grower of from one hundred to three

hundred dollars per acre, and I know of orchards this year that have yielded a net income of from five hundred to one thousand dollars per acre. Our fruit is dried, or evaporated, is canned, is preserved in glass, is shipped to New York, Chicago, and other great markets; and the fruit, the raisin, the grape industries are but in their infancy. A nurseryman from the Eastern States has recently written to a fruit-grower here to send him a 'two-year-old peach-tree by mail!' In our nurseries here, without irrigation, peach-trees *one year old* are from six to eight feet high, and one to two inches in diameter! Visitors to California are amazed at her wonderful productions, and the Eastern States are jealous of us."

**The Sette of Odd Volumes.**—The society of bibliophiles who quaintly call themselves "The Sette of Odd Volumes," dined together recently at Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, the president, Mr. J. R. Brown, who was addressed as his "Oddship," occupying the chair. The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres and Mr. Waller, the American Consul-General, responded for the visitors. Later in the evening the president and Mrs. Brown gave a *conversazione*, at which some rare and fine editions of old books and manuscripts were exhibited by Mr. Bernard Quaritch, the librarian to the Sette. The most highly estimated of these, at least in money value (for it was priced at £5,250), was one of the seven known copies of the *Fust and Schoeffer Psalter*. This, the second book printed with a date, issued from the press in 1457-9. It is the first work in which large capital letters printed in colours were employed, and the book is interesting as an example of an art disused almost after its invention until our own days.

**Optical Experiment.**—A contributor to "Cosmos" suggests a curious optical experiment which may serve to show the principle of the stereoscope. If we cut out of black paper two similar figures—two crosses, for example—and place them, their extremities almost touching, at about three inches from the eyes, before a sheet of white paper, we shall see three crosses, the middle one being dark and completely separate. This phenomenon is explained by the simultaneous vision of the two eyes, and it is easy to show this by looking at the objects successively with one eye. The experiment becomes still more interesting when, instead of black figures we employ complementary colours—red and green, for example. In this case we must use a dark background, and there will appear a white cross in the middle.

**Royal Literary Fund.**—The balance-sheet of the Royal Literary Fund is somewhat of a curiosity. Last year it received from its landed estate and funded accumulations £1,808 7s. 11d., and distributed in relief £1,568 11s. 10d. If the balance of £240. ad. been spent on distribution, there would be no particular reason to complain. Sixteen per cent. is a large rate, but excusable, considering the smallness of the total; but a great deal more was so spent. The society raised by subscriptions and donations (including the proceeds of the annual festival) a further sum of £1,147 15s. 6d., so that its total income was very nearly £3,000—almost double the sum given away. Now for its actual expenses. These amounted to £869 12s. 3d., being at the rate of 29 per cent. on the income, and of as much as 55 per cent. on the sums spent on the object of the society. —*Pall Mall Gazette*.

**Police of London in 1802.**—In a guide to London of this date we find these curious statements:—Two of the things in London that fill the mind of the intelligent observer with the most delight are the slightness of the restraints of police, and the general good order that mutually illustrate each other. A few old men (called *watchmen*), mostly without arms, are the only guard through the night against depredations; and a few magistrates and police officers the only persons whose employment it is to detect and punish depredators; yet we venture to assert that no city, in proportion to its trade, luxury, and population, is more free from danger to those who pass the streets at all hours, or from depredation, open or concealed, or have fewer street robberies, and scarcely ever a midnight assassination. This last circumstance is owing to the benevolent spirit of the people, for, whatever crimes the lowest orders of society are tempted to

commit, those of a sanguinary nature are less frequent here than they are in any other country. It is calculated that 2,044 beaules, watchmen, and patrols are nightly on duty in and around the metropolis. The City itself contains 25 wards, in which there are 765 watchmen and 38 patrols. Watch-houses are placed at convenient distances in all parts, where a parochial constable attends in rotation to see that order prevails, to receive offenders and deliver them the next morning to the sitting magistrate. Travellers who are unable to enter London before dark are subject to two evils during the last stage, that of being robbed by highwaymen or footpads, or of having their luggage cut from behind their carriage. They should, if possible, always make their arrangements so as to reach the metropolis by daylight.

**Marriage and Suicide.**—A curious incident is noted in respect to the young woman who, being disappointed in love, jumped from the suspension bridge at Clifton (the highest bridge in England) into the bed of the River Avon, and escaped with very slight injury. Her case, which is of surgical interest, has in this a psychological bearing, for we are informed that before she left the infirmary she received three offers of marriage. —*British Medical Journal*.

[We presume that this statement is authentic, being given in the official journal of the British Medical Association. It would be interesting to know whether the candidates were house-surgeons or medical students. An acquitted murderer or other person of notoriety is sure of similar offers.]

**Actors, Artists, and Authors.**—The different social position of these classes, and of musicians also, in our own day and in times not very remote is marked. Moore tells us that when Sheridan came to town with his first wife it was a subject of earnest debate whether the son of a player could be received at Devonshire House, although that player was by birth and education a gentleman. An excuse is suggested by Miss Berry, when, referring to the society she had seen as a girl, she says, "Authors, actors, composers, singers, musicians were all equally considered as profligate vagrants. It was not," she adds, "till late in the reign of George III that sculptors and painters were received and formed a chosen part of the best society in London." The personal character of Dr. Johnson, of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and David Garrick did much to alter the tone of public opinion in this matter. There was still, however, so large a proportion of what was disreputable in the members of these "professions," as they assumed be, that only in a few exceptional cases were they held in estimation such as is now admitted. In our day all social grades are mingled, and the three learned professions, law, physic, and divinity, no longer obtain precedence in non-official life over engineers, accountants, architects, and other respectable callings of more recent origin. The artistic and literary professions are to be congratulated on their advancement in social position, which they will increase the more that Bohemianism is tempered by such character and conduct as were exemplified in Johnson and Reynolds.

**Turner and Rogers.**—The illustrated editions of Rogers's "Italy" and of his "Poems" were enriched by engravings from designs by the first English painters, including E. Landseer, Stothard, Calcott, and Turner. The illustrations cost the author about £15,000, and there was a period when the speculation threatened to be a losing one. Turner was to have received £50 apiece for his drawings, but on its being represented to him that Rogers had miscalculated the probable returns, the artist (who has been ignorantly accused of covetousness) immediately offered to take them back, and it was eventually arranged that he should do so, receiving £5 apiece for the use of them.

**The Tax upon and the Consumption of Alcohol.**—The "Allgemeine Brauer-und-Hopfen Zeitung" gives the following as being the most recent statistics with regard to the tax upon spirits in Europe:—The tax yields a revenue of £18,725,850 in Russia, of £15,581,290 in Great Britain, of £14,508,000 in the United States, of £10,603,660 in France, of £2,334,640 in North Germany, of £1,890,450 in Holland, of £1,062,400 in Austria-Hungary, and of £681,200 in Belgium. This is equivalent to 9s. per head of the population in Holland, 8s. 6d. in Great Britain, 6s. in the United States,

5s. 6d. in France, 4s. 6d. in Russia, 2s. 4d. in Belgium, 1s. 3d. in North Germany, and 7d. in Austria-Hungary; while the consumption per head of alcohol is given as 2½ gallons in Denmark, 2 gallons in North Germany, 1½ gallon in Russia, rather less than 1½ gallon in Austria-Hungary, 1½ gallon in Belgium, 1½ gallon in France and Holland, 1 gallon in Sweden, two-thirds of a gallon in Great Britain, and rather less than two-thirds of a gallon in the United States. The comparatively small consumption per head in Great Britain is due, we suppose, to the larger proportion of beer consumed. It would have been instructive to know the rate in Scotland and Ireland separately, where beer is less drunk than in England. In Shakespeare's time the Englishman headed the list, if we judge by the song of Iago, of which he says in reply to the inquiry of Cassio, "I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting; your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander are nothing to your English."

**Anti-Vaccination.**—In one of our midland large towns Dr. Jenner was recently hung in effigy; a horse and a cow were exhibited in waggons as the sources of Jenner's poison; and a coffin on an open bier symbolised the result of Jenner's discovery! These and other features proved that the demonstration was not simply against compulsory vaccination, but represented entire disbelief in this defence against small-pox. To argue with such people is useless, nor will they give credit to facts and statistics. Here is one fact which can be easily verified. In the metropolitan small-pox hospitals there are nearly 370 officials, on an average, constantly exposed to infection. Only one case is on record of the disease occurring. In the Highgate Hospital, says Mr. Goode, whose experience extends over nearly half a century, there has never been a single case among the officials, with the exception of a temporary gardener, who refused to be re-vaccinated. The statistics from the German army, from the police and other bodies, at home and abroad, leave no room for the least doubt in any rational mind. At the same time the facts as to occasional injury and death from vaccination are not to be questioned. The occurrence of such cases leads us, not to decry vaccination, but to advocate greater care in all public arrangements for its efficiency, and also the permission of larger discretion in medical officers to delay or even to dispense with the operation in cases where constitutional weakness or other good reason justifies interference with the routine required by law.

**Army Mismanagement and Mortality.**—In a recent memoir of Mr. Flower, now superintendent of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, it is stated that he was assistant-surgeon in the 63rd Regiment at Sebastopol. During the early months of the siege officers and men alike did not take off their clothes for ten weeks, day or night. For the first three weeks they slept every night in the open air. Half the regiment died in four months, and a large number more were sent home invalided, including Mr. Flower. In recent campaigns, as in the first of the Egyptian expeditions, there was less absence of materials for shelter, but the mismanagement seems to have been scarcely less. Inquiry was suppressed, but the fact stated in the "Times" by Miss M. Whately, of Cairo, has not been explained, that regiments were camped on malarious soil, which the lowest natives would not occupy, and no provision was made for raising the body above the damp soil. The more that we are proud of the gallantry and endurance of the British soldier, the more shame should be felt at the want of care in the army authorities. The losses by disease always greatly exceed those from casualties in war.

**Sir Julius Benedict.**—By the death of Sir Julius Benedict (June 5th, æt. eighty-one) a link is severed which connected the music of our day with that of past generations. The veteran composer, who has passed away, after fifty years' public life in England, was first known to the musical world as a pupil of the famous Weber, through whose influence he became director of the Royal Opera in Vienna at an unusually early age. He then held a similar place as director of the lyric stage at Naples, and it was there that Madame Malibran, then in the height of her fame, advised him to settle in London, as the surest place to seek wealth and repu-

tation. He took the advice, and for more than half a century he has taken a leading part in most of the events of the musical world. In lyrical dramas, in oratorios, classical and popular concerts, and every department of vocal and instrumental art, he has been a recognised leader and organiser. His name is associated with those of most of the celebrities of the present century, from his first teacher, Hummel, seventy years ago, to our own day. He had personal recollections of Weber, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Malibran, Grisi, Jenny Lind, Balfe, Dolby, Clara Novello, and others famous as composers or artists. His own original works were of wonderful range, from the oratorio of "St. Peter" to the lighter operettas and cantatas, the mere titles of which would require much space to enumerate. His annual concert of classic and popular music has for fifty years been one of the events of the London season. He was honoured with many foreign decorations, and in 1871 the title of knight from the Queen bore testimony to the esteem in which he was held both for his artistic accomplishments and his personal worth.

**Madeira Wine-growing.**—The system of viticulture in Madeira differs from that of most wine-growing countries. There are no large vineyards, the vines being grown by small holders, or farmers, over a cane lattice-work a few feet from the ground, called the "latada." It is customary for the merchants to buy the produce of a vineyard while the grapes are still on the vines, instead of waiting till they are converted into "must;" but they depute a responsible agent to see that picking does not commence till the right moment, and to supervise the work up to the time of the delivery of the "must" into their cellars. After being picked the grapes are thrown into a press standing in the vineyard, and are then trodden by barefooted natives, who indulge in all sorts of wild and fantastic capers. The "must" is then carried down from the hills in goat skins, from which it is emptied into casks in the shippers' stores. Here it remains undisturbed until after fermentation has taken place, when about three per cent. of brandy is added. The wines now require careful attention and judicious racking and fining. They are rarely shipped until three years old.—*Wine-trade Circular.*

**Free Registries for the Unemployed.**—It is proposed to keep at the offices of local registrars of births, deaths, and marriages free registries of the unemployed, open to all who had resided six months in their respective parishes, and who might be known or recommended to the registrar. This plan has been tried in a populous rural parish, with the result that in the four months during which the registry had existed about seventy persons obtained permanent work through its agency out of about one hundred and ten entered by the registrar as requiring employment. An abstract of the registry is advertised periodically in the local papers, and circulated on post-cards among local employers. Our correspondent proposes to affiliate the local registries to a central office in the county town for exchange of information as to vacancies and unemployed applicants, so as to facilitate migration of labour to the district where the vacancies are registered. It is claimed that such local registries would enable workmen to market their labour more advantageously than by the present haphazard tramp for work, guided by vague reports from their fellow-workmen, or by the gossip of the pot-house bar. Such registries for adult workmen might also be made available to record vacancies for apprentices, and reliable information concerning emigration.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

**Farming Statistics and Prospects in England.**—In Great Britain, where capital and income are larger per head of population than in any other European country, the agricultural classes constitute little more than twelve per cent. of the entire community, while the industrial classes are fifty-seven per cent., the professional and domestic rather more than twenty-one per cent., and the commercial not much more than eight per cent. In the United States the agricultural classes are rather more than forty-four per cent. of the total population, and the industrial only twenty-two per cent. A comparison of these figures will show how small is the proportion of agriculturalists in Great Britain, and the natural inference is that, living in the midst of a population of



four hundred and forty-six souls to the square mile, Englishmen connected with the land, either as owners or tenant-farmers, ought to make a better living than their far more numerous congeners in such countries as France and the United States. Forty-eight per cent., or nearly one-half of the French population, and forty-four per cent. of the American, were agriculturalists in 1882, against a little more than twelve per cent. in this country. Surely the British farmer ought to make a better fight of it than he has lately done. He lives within easy reach of the best markets in the world; the island which he inhabits is intersected by more railways and canals than any other area of the same size; the consumption of meat, butter, poultry, milk, eggs, fruit, vegetables, and malt liquors is larger per head of the British population than in any other European country; and, taken altogether, our climate and soil are unsurpassed for agricultural purposes. In addition to these natural advantages, the English farmer enjoys opportunities for gaining instruction in scientific agriculture which none of his foreign rivals possess.

**The Carpet Manufacture of Philadelphia.**—The city of Philadelphia is now the leading seat of the carpet manufacture in the United States, if not of the world. A recent report shows that it turns out almost every grade known to the trade, from the cheap and coarse rag carpet to the high-priced and delicately wrought velvet fabric. The growth of the industry has been very rapid. At the present time the total number of establishments engaged in the production of carpets, mats, and rugs in Philadelphia is 336, with a capital of \$10,232,675, employing, when running full time, 11,308 hands, who received for wages last year \$4,628,059. The value of the material used amounted to \$11,706,893, producing 32,536,180 yards of carpets, and nearly 2,000,000 mats and rugs. There are 6,334 looms in the city, of which 3,872 are worked by hand, and 2,482 are run by steam. Of the hand looms, 1,567 are engaged in the manufacture of rugs and mats, and 2,305 are employed on in-grain carpets. Of the power looms, 1,700 are devoted to the production of extra supers and three-ply carpets, while 722 are engaged on tapestry, Brussels, Wilton, and other superior qualities. Little more than twenty years ago almost the whole of the carpets of a superior kind were imported from England and the Continent. If protection has caused this growth of native industry, it is not surprising that America is not yet ripe for holding free trade doctrines. When for their own interest the Americans will be sharp enough to alter their present policy.

**Primitive European Races.**—Among the human remains discovered in recent times none have more interest than those discovered in 1858 at Cro-magnon, in the valley of the Vézère in Southern France. Three men, a woman, and a child had all been buried in the cave. From their remains it is seen that the race was unusually tall, and bore equally little resemblance to the Neanderthal or "Canstadt" type, or to the modern Eskimo. The best preserved skulls—those of an old man and a woman—are finely proportioned, with large, high foreheads, and a great cerebral capacity. M. Broca stated that of the man to be fully 1,590 cubic centimetres, or 96.99 cubic inches; and Dr. Pruner-Bey says of two of the male skulls and that of the female, they "have a cranial capacity much superior to the average of the present day." It may remind us of Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace's remark that "natural selection could only have endowed savage man with a brain a little superior to that of an ape, whereas he actually possesses one very little inferior to that of a philosopher."

**The Chronicle of Limburg.**—Heinrich Heine, whose songs were once so popular, for several years at the close of his life was a solitary bedridden invalid. He could still write, and in one of his latest works makes this touching allusion to a song-writer spoken of in the old Chronicle of Limburg. "This chronicle," he says, "is very interesting for those who desire information about the manners and customs of the middle ages in Germany. It describes, like a 'Journal des Modes,' the costumes both of men and women as they came out at the time. It gives also notices of the songs which were piped and sung about each year, and the first lines of many a love ditty of the day are there preserved. Thus, in speaking of A.D. 1480, it mentions that in that

year through the whole of Germany songs were piped and sung, sweeter and lovelier than all the measures hitherto known in German lands, and that young and old—especially the ladies—went so mad about them that they were heard to sing them from morning to night. Now these songs, the chronicle goes on to say, were written by a young clerk, who was affected by leprosy, and who dwelt in a secret hermitage apart from all the world. You know, dear reader, what an awful malady in the middle ages this leprosy was, and how the poor creatures who fell under this incurable calamity were driven out of all civil society, and allowed to come near no human being. Dead-alive, they wandered forth, wrapt up from head to foot, the hood drawn over the face, and carrying in the hand a kind of rattle called the Lazarus-clapper, by which they announced their presence, so that every one might get out of their way in time. This poor clerk, of whose fame as poet and songster this 'Chronicle of Limburg' has spoken, was just such a leper, and he sat desolate, in the solitude of his sorrow, while all Germany, joyful and jubilant, sang and piped his songs. Many a time, in the mournful visions of my nights, I think I see before me the poor clerk of the 'Chronicle of Limburg,' my brother in Apollo, and his sad, suffering eyes stare strangely at me from under his hood; but at the same moment he seems to vanish, and clanging through the distance, like the echo of a dream, I hear the sharp rattle of the Lazarus-clapper."

**Education Code and Revised Instructions.**—It is part of the system which was adopted at the introduction of the New Education Code in 1882 that once a year the practical working of the Code should be considered and discussed by the school inspectors upon whose shoulders falls the task of seeing that its regulations are duly carried out. The whole of England and Wales is parcelled out into ten great divisions, over each of which is placed a senior inspector. These divisions, again, are each cut up into districts, eleven districts on an average going to each division. The oversight of each district is entrusted to one or more ordinary inspectors, together with a staff of sub-inspectors and inspectors' assistants numerous enough for its efficient management; the whole of the inspectorial body numbering ten senior inspectors, 111 ordinary inspectors, 27 sub-inspectors, and 142 inspectors' assistants. In the early spring of each year the senior inspector gathers around him all the inspectors of every grade in his division. In the conference so constituted the details of the actual working of the Code are closely scanned, suggestions are made for the more effectual administration of its several regulations, and a report of the proceedings is adopted and entrusted to the hands of the senior or presiding inspector. At a subsequent conference of the senior inspectors the various suggestions sent up from the ten divisions are reviewed, and, when thought desirable, changes in the mode of administering the Code are recommended as the basis for the revised instructions afterwards to be issued to every inspector from the department. The revised instructions recently put in circulation are the final result of all this careful deliberation and expression of views, and as giving what may be considered as the official interpretation of the Code in 1885.—*Times*.

**Swallowing Land.**—In a Temperance conference in the Free Church Assembly at Edinburgh, Major M'Leod, Esq., said that he remembered when he was in the army there was only one teetotaler besides himself at the time, while when he left India eight thousand soldiers were total abstainers. They heard a great deal of agricultural depression, and that depression was undoubtedly very great, for every one who drank a glass of whisky swallowed a yard of the best land in Scotland. Was the House aware that any one who drinks a glass of whisky swallowed thirty-two yards of crofters' land?—and he left the House to judge, if they signed the pledge, how soon they would present every crofter in the Highlands with a croft.

**Coke the First of Holkham.**—Having occasion lately to refer to the translation of Xenophon's "Anabasis" by Edward Spelman, Esq., I found the Dedication to the Right Honourable Lord Lovell to contain some curious points. High compliments are paid to his lordship's learning and taste, and Holkham is described as "an Athenian country house," from its treasures of art and its refined elegancies.

The owner had at the same time the foresight "to leave the person who, according to the course of nature, would succeed to these monuments of taste, qualified to relish the possession of them. This you have effectually provided for by taking care that as Nature has made Mr. Coke heir to your understanding and the Law to your fortune, his education should make him so to your accomplishments." The most amusing point in the Dedication is the following: "I remember, when we were fox-hunters, and a long day's sport had rather tired than satisfied us, we often passed the evening reading the ancient authors; when the beauty of their language, the strength and justness of their thoughts, for ever glowing with a noble spirit of liberty, made us forget not only the pains but the pleasures of the day." So it is clear that all fox-hunting squires were not of the type of "the roaring reeking heroes of the chase" described by Addison and Cowper. The famous agriculturist familiar to us as Mr. Coke of Holkham was created Earl of Leicester in 1837. He had long been a bulwark of the Whig interest and friend of Earl Grey and other leaders of the Reform time. The present earl, born in 1822, succeeded in 1842. The present incumbent of Holkham is a son of Professor Napier, the Whig editor of the "Edinburgh Review" in the days of Grey and Coke. M.

**Quarrelling.**—In the depth of a forest lived two foxes, who never had a cross word with each other. One of them said one day, in the politest fox language—

"Let's quarrel."

"Very well," said the other, "as you please, dear friend; but how shall we set about it?"

"Oh, it cannot be difficult," said fox number one. "Two-legged people fall out; why should not we?"

So they tried all sorts of ways, but it could not be done, because each would give way. At last number one brought two stones.

"There," said he, "you say they're yours, and I'll say they're mine, and we will quarrel and fight and scratch. Now I'll begin. These stones are mine."

"Very well," answered the other, gently, "you are welcome to them."

"But we shall never quarrel at this rate," cried the other, jumping up and licking his face.

"You old simpleton, don't you know that it takes two to make a quarrel any day?"—*The Welcome.*

**Queen Elizabeth's Prayer-book.**—There was lately on view at Mr. Joseph's gallery in Bond Street a very curious and, it would seem, genuine relic of Queen Elizabeth. This is a small Prayer-book, 3in. by 2in., in which the Queen has written in a very neat hand, on sixty-five leaves of vellum, prayers in English, Greek, Latin, French, and Italian. The inside of the shagreen case, which is adorned with ruby clasps, contains a pair of miniatures of the Queen and the Duc d'Alençon, painted by Nicholas Hilliard, and the book is evidently a *gaze d'amour* prepared by the Queen for her suitor, probably about 1581, when, as readers of Mr. Froude will remember, she announced to her Court that she had accepted him for husband. The prayers are very autobiographical; the writer speaks of herself as "drawing my blood from kingly," and thanks God for "passing me from a prison to a palace," and "placing me a Souveraigne Prince over this people of England." The history of the book can be traced from James II, who gave it to the Duke of Berwick, whence it passed to Horace Walpole, and afterwards to the Duchess of Portland. At her sale, in 1786, it was bought for Queen Charlotte for 101 guineas. She left it to one of her ladies-in-waiting, from whom it was acquired by the late Duchess of Leeds; thence it passed into the late owner's hands. It is described in Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting," in his account of the famous miniaturist Nicholas Hilliard.

**Panics in War.**—Sir H. Maxwell related the following in the House of Commons on the authority of an eye-witness:—A battalion of old soldiers on the return from India were intercepted at the Cape and brigaded with two battalions of young soldiers from England. They were bivouacked shortly after the battle of Korke's Drift in line of columns on a hill side. In front of each battalion lay pickets, and in

front of them batches of friendly Zulus. One night one of the Zulus let off his rifle by mistake. The result was a panic. The pickets ran in. The old regiment from India—Highlanders—fell in as steadily as on their own barrack parade. The other two regiments of young soldiers fell into the wildest confusion. They began firing on every moving object, and incredible and discreditable as it might seem, no fewer than ten thousand rounds of ammunition were fired before these regiments were restored to order. The result was that five of our own men and fifteen or sixteen friendly Zulus were killed. A similar panic occurred in the Suakim Campaigns. One night a stray mule approached a zereba or encampment. Three shots were quickly fired. "The whole battalion flew to arms, and instantly there burst from all sides of the square a tremendous fusillade, which would have destroyed every living thing within range of the zereba. Colonel Huyshe at once gave the order to the bugler to sound 'Cease firing!' and the din subsided as suddenly as it had risen. Now and again a sharp shrill cry comes from the bush—no doubt from parties of the enemy seeking their outlying wounded. No attack has been made, and the only sounds that break the deep silence besides those which I have spoken of are the occasional stamp of a horse, and the groan of a wounded camel, and the only light seen is that of a match as some of the men light their pipes."

**Secret Police of New York.**—Referring to the article in our June number on the secret police of Paris, a correspondent calls attention to the following statement, by an Irish writer, in the "Nineteenth Century" of October, 1884, on "Emigrant Life in New York." "Talking one evening with the member of a benefit club, the weather being warm and he being in his shirt sleeves, I noticed a silver badge, worn on the breast, and asked the meaning. 'This,' said he, 'is a deputy-sheriff's badge. I am a long-shore man, and go to my work every day. If I see any crime committed, in the street or elsewhere, I can at once clap the fellow on the back and arrest him. I can arrest a policeman when I show this badge.' I then learnt that in the city of New York five hundred men are thus chosen as deputy-sheriffs, men belonging to all classes of life. The badge is hidden, and the men attend to their ordinary business; but, in virtue of their office, they act in fact as a detective force, having power even over the open guardians of the peace. Such a system, if well carried out, must be of the utmost importance in a city like New York, always swarming with a fluctuating population; and the trust it implies in the conduct of citizens, even of the poorest class, tends to raise that class."

If this statement is correct, it explains much of the preference shown by the Irish to their position in America over that at home, where the idea of government is always associated with rule from a lofty and alien class, in which the people have no part. It also affords a useful suggestion for the improvement of our own police system in London and other large towns. We do not remember this organisation of "under-sheriffs" being mentioned in books of American travel, but it has the ring of old English popular government about it.

**What Goethe received for his Works.**—A controversy on this subject has been long going on in Germany, and will perhaps be settled by a communication lately published in the Leipzig "Gazette for the Book Trade," by H. Boehlau, a bookseller of Weimar, who has had the opportunity of referring to documents held by Goethe's family, and also the books of J. G. Cotta, of Stuttgart, the poet's publisher. From these it would appear that between 1795 and his death in 1832 Goethe received from Cotta 223,969 florins (about £20,054), and his heirs down to 1865 the further sum of about £23,233; making for the seventy years from 1795 to 1865 a total of £43,277.

**Really!**—David Wilkie and Stewart Newton, R.A., were walking home after a dinner-party, when the following dialogue occurred:—*Newton:* Well, we have had a pleasant evening, Wilkie. *Wilkie:* Really. *Newton:* But you were very silent. *Wilkie:* Really? *Newton:* In fact, I heard you say only one word. *Wilkie:* Really. *Newton:* There it goes again! Why, Dawdill, you never do say any thing but "really"! *Wilkie:* Really?

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# "LEISURE HOUR" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

## I.—ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

The Prize of TEN GUINEAS for the best Paper on ENGLAND UNDER QUEEN ELIZABETH and ENGLAND UNDER QUEEN VICTORIA has been awarded to ROBERT CORLETT COWELL, Addingham, near Leeds.

The Prize of FIVE GUINEAS for the second Paper in the same Competition has been given to Miss SARAH ELIZABETH DAVIES, Cardiff.

165 Essays were submitted, representing all classes and ages. The youngest competitor gave his age as twelve; the oldest as seventy-six. A good average of work was maintained in a large proportion of the Essays. There were a considerable number of lady competitors.

II.—The Prize of Two GUINEAS for the best Acrostic Lines on the names of any SIX CLASSICAL ENGLISH POETS is awarded to Miss ETHEL BLAIR OLIPHANT, Datchet, near Windsor,

And the Prize of ONE GUINEA to the Rev. T. L. LINGHAM, Fordham Rectory, Colchester.

There were seventy-nine Competitors, of ages ranging from twenty-one to eighty-seven. The six poets selected by the largest number were Milton, 64; Shakespeare, 57; Wordsworth, 40; Cowper, 34; Spenser, 31; Tennyson, 28.

## III.—THE COMPETITION IN DRAWING.

The Prize of TEN GUINEAS has been awarded to Miss MARY THERESA SADLER, Hackney; and that of FIVE GUINEAS to Miss AGNES MALDEN, Ventnor.

It should be stated, however, that the number of Drawings sent in was small.

## IV.—MUSICAL COMPOSITION.

The Prize of TEN GUINEAS for the best Original Setting of LONGFELLOW'S POEM, "THE SINGER," is awarded to JOHN MORE SMIETON, Broughton Ferry, N.B.

The Prize of FIVE GUINEAS to GEORGE FREDERICK HORAN, Dublin.

A Third Setting, recommended for Mention, is by T. HAGUE KINSEY, West Derby, near Liverpool.

Sir Julius Benedict had consented to adjudicate, and the compositions were already in his hands, when his lamented death occurred. In these circumstances, Lady Benedict kindly gave the final award, so confirming the judgment of Mr. Myles B. Forster, the Organist of the Foundling Hospital, who had previously examined them.

The Prize Competitions, or a selection from them, will appear in the "LEISURE HOUR."

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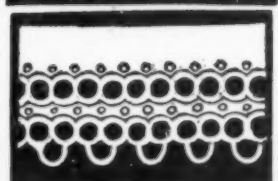
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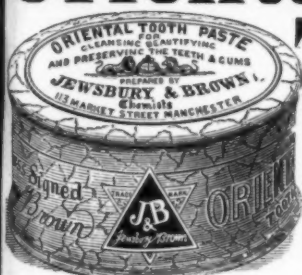
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